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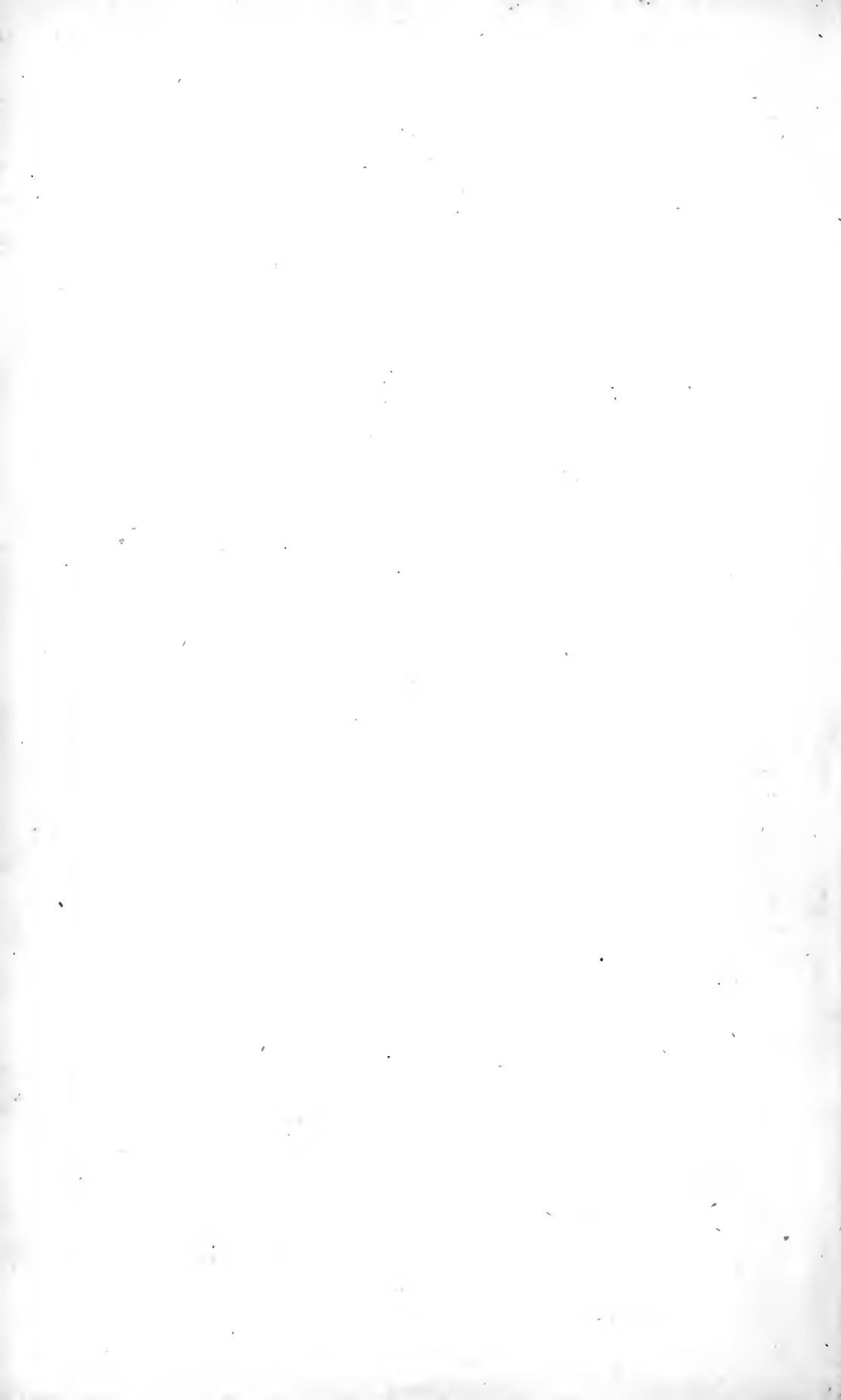
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A JULY HOLIDAY
IN
SAXONY, BOHEMIA, AND SILESIA.



A JULY HOLIDAY

IN

SAXONY, BOHEMIA, AND SILESIA.

BY WALTER WHITE,

AUTHOR OF "A LONDONER'S WALK TO THE LAND'S END;"
"ON FOOT THROUGH TYROL."

"Ne wolde he call upon the Nine;
'I wote,' he sayde, 'they be but jyltes:'
Ne covet when he wander'd forth
Icarus' wings—ne traytor stiltes."

Old Author.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

MDCCCLVII.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| What the Bookseller said—A Walk in Frankfort—What the Portress said—Glimpses of Landscapes—Forest and River—Würzburg—Stein Wine—View from the Citadel-hill—A Change of Bedrooms—Coming to an Understanding with the Reader—Good Night! | 1 |

CHAPTER II.

| | |
|--|----|
| Würzburg—The University—Red, Green, and Orange Caps—The Marienkapelle—The Market—The Cathedral—The Palace—Spacious Cellars—A Professor's Hospitality—To Bamberg—Frost—Hof—A Shabby Peace—The Arch-Poisoner—Dear Bread—A Prime Minister Hanged—Altenburg—The Park—The Castle—Reminiscences and Antiquities—The Chapel—The Princes' Vault—Wends—Costumes in the Market-place—Female Cuirassiers—More about the Wends—Grossen Teich—The Plateau—The Cemetery—Werdau | 11 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER III.

| | |
|--|--|
| Origin of Altenburg—Prosperous Burghers—A Princely Crime—Hussite Plunderers—Luther's Visits—French Bonfire—Electress | |
|--|--|

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Margaret's Dream—Kunz von Kauffungen—"Don't burn the Fish"—A Conspiracy—Midnight Robbers—Two Young Princes Stolen—The Flight—The Alarm—The Köhler—The Rescue—Kunz Beheaded—The <i>Triller's</i> Reward, and what a famous Author said concerning it | 25 |

CHAPTER IV.

| | |
|---|----|
| Zwickau—Beer Bridge—Beer Mount—The Triller Estate—Triller Bierbrauerei—The Braumeister—The Beer—Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Prinzenraub—A Friendly Clerk—"You will have a Tsigger?"—Historical Portraits—A Good Name for a Brewery—A Case of Disinterestedness—Up the Church Tower—The Prospect—Princess Schwanhildis—The Fire-god Zwicz—Luther's Table—The Church—Geysers—Petrified Beds—Historical Houses—Walk to Oberhaselau—The Card-players—The Wagoners | 33 |
|---|----|

CHAPTER V.

| | |
|--|----|
| Across the Mulde—Scenery—Feet <i>versus</i> Wheels—Villages—English Characteristics—Timbered Houses—Schneeberg—Stones for Lamps—The Way Sunday was Kept—The Church—A Wagon-load of Music—A Surly Host—Where the Pepper Grows—Eybenstock—Neustädl—Fir Forests—Wildenthal—Four Sorts of Beer—Potato Dumplings—Up the Auersberg—Advertisements—The School—The Instrument of Order—"Look at the Englishman"—The Erzgebirge—The Guardhouse—Into Bohemia—Romish Symbols—Hirschenstand—Another Guard-house—Differences of Race—Czechs and Germans—Shabby Carpentry—Change of Scenery—Neudeck—Arrive at Carlsbad—A Glass Boot—Gossip . . . | 43 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER VI.

| |
|--|
| Dr. Fowler's Prescription—Carlsbad—"A Matlocky sort of a Place"—Springs and Swallows—Tasting the Water—The Cliffs and Ter- |
|--|

CONTENTS.

vii

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| <p> races—Comical Signs—The Wiese and its Frequenters—Disease and 'Health—The Sprudel: its Discharge; its Deposit—The Stoppage—Volcanic Phenomena—Dr. Granville's Observations— Care's Rest—Dreikreuzberg—View from the Summit—König Otto's Höhe—"Are you here for the Cure?"—Lenten Diet— Hirschsprung—The Trumpeters—Two Florins for a Bed </p> | 61 |

CHAPTER VII.

| | |
|---|----|
| <p> Departure from Carlsbad—Dreifaltigkeits-Kirche—Engelhaus— The Castle—A Melancholy Village—Up to the Ruins—An Im- perial Visit—Bohemian Scenery—On to Buchau—The Inn—A Crowd of Guests—Roast Goose—Inspiring Music—Prompt Waiters—The Mysterious Passport—The Military Adviser—How he Solved the Mystery—A Baron in Spite of Himself—The Baron's Footbath—Lighting the Baron to Bed </p> | 77 |
|---|----|

CHAPTER VIII.

| | |
|--|----|
| <p> Dawn—The Noisy Gooseherd—Geese, for Home Consumption and Export—Still the Baron—The Ruins of Hartenstein—Glimpses of Scenery and Rural Life—Liebkowitz—Lubenz—Schloss Peters- burg—Big Rooms—Tipplers and Drunkards—Wagoners and Pea- sants—A Thrifty Landlord—Inquisitorial Book—Awful Gendarme —Paternal Government—Fidgets—How it is in Hungary—Wet Blankets for Philosophers—An Unhappy Peasant </p> | 86 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER IX.

| | |
|---|----|
| <p> The Village—The Peasant again—The Road-mender—Among the Czechs—Czechish Speech and Characteristics—Crosses—Horsedil —The Old Cook—More Praise of England—The Dinner—A Jour- ney-Companion—Famous Files—A Mechaniker's Earnings— Kruschowitz—Rentsch—More Czechish Characteristics—Neu Straschitz—A Word in Season from Old Fuller—The Mechaniker departs </p> | 96 |
|---|----|

CHAPTER X.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| A Talk with the Landlord—A Jew's Offer—A Ride in a Wagen— Talk with the Jew—The Stars—A Mysterious Gun-barrel—An Alarm—Stony Ammunition—The Man with the Gun—The Jew's opinion of him—Sunrise—A Walk—The White Hill—A Fatal Field—Waking up in the Suburbs—Early Breakfasts—Imperial and Royal Tobacco—Milk-folk—The Gate of Prague—A Snappish Sentry—The Soldiers—Into the City—Picturesque Features and crowding Associations—The Kleinseite—The Bridge—Palaces— The Altstadt—Remarkable Streets—The Teinkirche—The Neu- stadt—The Three Hotels | 105 |

CHAPTER XI.

| | |
|--|-----|
| The Hausknecht—A Place to Lose Yourself—Street-Phenomena— Book-shops — Glass-wares — Cavernous Beer-houses — Signs— Czechish Names—Ugly Women—Swarms of Soldiers—A Scene on the Bridge—A Drateňik—The Ugly Passport Clerk—The Suspension-bridge—The Islands—The Slopes of the Laurenzberg —View over Prague—Schools, Palaces, and Poverty—The Rookery—The Hradschin—The Courts—The Cathedral—The Great Tomb—The Silver Shrine—Relics—A Kissed Portrait— St. Wenzel's Chapel—Big Sigmund—The Loretto Platz—The Old Towers—The Hill-top and Hill-foot | 118 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XII.

| | |
|---|-----|
| The Tandelmarkt—Old Men and Boys at Rag Fair—Jews in Prague —The Judenstadt—Schools and Synagogues—Remote Antiquity —Ducal Victims—Jewish Bravery—Removal of Boundary Wires | 131 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XIII.

| | |
|--|-----|
| The Jewish Sabbath—The Old Synagogue—Traditions concern- ing it—The Gloomy Interior—The Priests—The Worshippers and the Worship—The Talkers—The Book of the Law—The Rabbi— The Startling Gun—A Birth at Vienna—Departed Glory | 136 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XIV.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| The Alte Friedhof—A Stride into the Past—The Old Tombs—Vegetation and Death—Haunted Graves—Ancient Epitaph—Rabbi Löw—His Scholars—Symbols of the Tribes—The Infant's Coffin—The Playground—From Death to Life | 141 |

CHAPTER XV.

| | |
|---|-----|
| The Kolowratstrasse—Piccolomini's Palace—The Museum—Geological Affluence—Early Czechish Bibles—Rare Old Manuscripts—Letters of Huss and Ziska—Tabor Hill—Portraits—Hussite Weapons—Antiques—Doubtful Hussites in the Market-place—The Glückliche Entbindung—A Te Deum—Two Evening Visits—Bohemian Hospitality—The Gaslit Beer-house | 146 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XVI.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Sunday Morning in Prague—Gay Dresses—Pleasure-seeking Citizens—Service in the Hradschin Cathedral—Prayers and Pranks—Fun in the Organ-loft—Glorious Music—A Spell broken—Priests and their Robes—Osculations—A Flaunting Procession—An Old Topographer's Raptures—The Schwarzes Ross—Flight from Prague—Lobositz—Lost in a Swamp—A Storm—Up the Milleschauer—After Dark—The Summit—Mossy Quarters—The Host's Story | 153 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XVII.

| | |
|--|--|
| Morning on the Milleschauer—The Brightening Landscape—The Mossy Quarters by Daylight—Delightful Down-hill Walk—Lobositz again—The Steam-boat—Queer Passengers—Sprightly Music—Romantic Scenery—Hills and Cliffs—Schreckenstein—How the Musicians paid their Fare—Aussig—The Spürlingstein—Fairer Landscapes—Elbe <i>versus</i> Rhine—Tetschen—German | |
|--|--|

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Faces—Women—Waders—The Schoolmaster—Passport again— Pretty Country—Signs of Industry—Peasants' Diet—Markers- dorf—Rustic Cottages—Gersdorf—Meistersdorf—School—Trying the Scholars—Good Results—A Byeway—Ulrichsthal . . . | 162 |

CHAPTER XVIII.

| | |
|--|-----|
| A Hospitable Reception—A Rustic Household—The Mother's Talk —Pressing Invitations—A Docile Visitor—The Family Room— Trophies of Industry—Overheating—A Walk in Ulrichsthal— A Glass Polisher and his Family—His Notions—A Glass En- graver—His Skill and Ingenuity—His Earnings—A Bohemian's Opinion on English Singing—Military Service—Beetle Pictures —Glass-making in Bohemia—An Englishman's Forget-me-Not —The Dinner—Dessert on the Hill—An Hour with the Hay- makers—Magical Kreutzers—An Evening at the Wirthshaus— Singing and Poetry—A Moonlight Walk—The Lovers' Test . . . | 174 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XIX.

| | |
|---|-----|
| More Hospitality—Farewells—Cross Country Walk—Steinschönau —The Playbill—Hayda—All Glass-workers—Away for the Moun- tains—Zwickau—Gabel—Weisskirchen—A Peasant's Prayer— Reichenberg—Passport again—Jeschkenpeak—Reinowitz— Schlag—Neudorf—A Talk at Grünheid—Bad Sample of Lanca- shire—Tannwald—Curious Rocks—Spinneries—Populousness— Przichowitz—An Altercation—Heavy Odds—The Englishman Wins—A Word to the Company | 190 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XX.

| |
|---|
| Stephanshöh—A Presumptuous Landlord—Czechs again—Stewed Weavers—Prompt Civilities—The Iser—A Quiet Vale—Bar- rande's Opinion of the Czechs—Rochlitz—An offshoot from Tyre |
|---|

CONTENTS.

xi

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| —A Happy Landlord—A Rustic Guide—Hill Paths—The Grünstein—Rübezahl's Rose Garden—Dreary Fells—Source of the Elbe—Solitude and Visitors—The Elbfall—Stony Slopes—Strange Rocks—Rübezahl's Glove—Knieholz—Schneegruben—View into Silesia—Tremendous Cliffs—Basalt in Granite—The Landlord's Bazaar—The Wandering Stone—A Tragsessel—A Desolate Scene—Rougher Walking—Musical Surprises—Spindlerbaude—The Mädelstein—Great Pond and Little Pond—The Mittagstein—The Riesengrund—The Last Zigzags—An Inn in the Clouds . . . | 201 |

CHAPTER XXI.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Comforts on the Koppe—Samples of Germany—Provincial Peculiarities—Hilarity—A Couplet worth remembering—Four-bedded Rooms—View from the Summit—Contrast of Scenery—The Summit itself—Guides in Costume—Moderate Charges—Unlucky Farmer—The Descent—Schwarzkoppe—Grenzbäuden—Hungarian Wine—The Way to Adersbach—Forty Years' Experience | 218 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XXII.

| | |
|--|-----|
| The Frontier Guard-house—A Volunteer Guide—A Knave—Schatzlar—Bernsdorf—A Barefoot Philosopher—A Weaver's Happiness—Altendorf—Queer Beer—A Short Cut—Blunt Manners—Adersbach—Singular Rocks—Gasthaus zur Felsenstadt—The Rock City—The Grand Entrance—The Sugarloaf—The Pulpit—The Giant's Glove—The Gallows—The Burgomaster—Lord Brougham's Profile—The Breslau Wool-market—The Shameless Maiden—The Silver Spring—The Waterfall—A Waterspout—The Lightning Stroke | 225 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XXIII.

| | |
|---|--|
| The Echo—Wonderful Orchestra—Magical Music—A <i>Feu de joie</i> —The Oration—The Voices—Echo and the Humourist—Satis- | |
|---|--|

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| fying the Guide—Exploring the Labyrinth—Curious Discoveries —Speculations of Geologists—Bohemia an Inland Sea—Marble Labyrinth in Spain—A Twilight View—After a' . . . | 235 |

CHAPTER XXIV.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Baked Chickens—A Discussion—Weckelsdorf—More Rocks—The Stone of Tears—Death's Alley—Diana's Bath—The Minster— Gang of Coiners—The Bohdanetskis—Going to Church—Another Silesian View —Good-bye to Bohemia —Schömberg —Silesian Faces and Costume—Picturesque Market-place—Ueberschar Hills —Ullersdorf—An amazed Weaver—Liebau—Cheap Cherries— The Prussian Simplon—Ornamented Houses—Buchwald—The Bober—Dittersbach—Schmiedeberg—Rübezahl's Trick upon Travellers—Tourists' Rendezvous—The Duellists' Successors— Erdmannsdorf—Tyrolese Colony . . . | 240 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XXV.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Schnaps and Sausage—Dresdener upon Berliners—The Prince's Castle at Fischbach—A Home for the Princess Royal—Is the Mar- riage Popular?—View from the Tower—Tradition of the Golden Donkey—Royal Palace at Erdmannsdorf—A Miniature Chats- worth—The Zillerthal—Käse and Brod—Stohnsdorf—Famous Beer—Rischmann's Cave—Prophecies—Warmbrunn . . . | 250 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XXVI.

| | |
|--|-----|
| The Three Berliners—Strong Beer—Origin of Warmbrunn—St. John the Baptist's Day—Count Schaffgotsch—A Benefactor—A Library—Something about Warmbrunn—The Baths—Healing Waters—The Allée—Visitors—Russian Popes—The Museum— Trophies—View of the Mountains—The Kynast—Cunigunda and her Lovers—Served her right—The Two Breslauers—Oblatt —The Baths in the Mountains . . . | 256 |
|--|-----|

CONTENTS.

xiii

CHAPTER XXVII.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Hirschberg — The Officers' Tomb — A Night Journey — Spiller— Greifenberg—Changing Horses—A Royal Reply—A Griffin's Nest —Lauban—The Potato Jubilee—Görlitz—Peter and Paul Church —View from the Tower—The Landskrone—Jacob Böhme—The Hidden Gold—A Theosophist's Writings—The Tombs—The Un- derground Chapel—A Church copied from Jerusalem—The Public Library—Loebau—Herrnhut | 262 |

CHAPTER XXVIII.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Head-Quarters of the Moravians—Good Buildings—Quiet, Cleanli- ness, and Order—A Gottesdienst—The Church—Simplicity—The Ribbons—A Requiem—The Service—God's-Field—The Tombs —Suggestive Inscriptions—Tombs of the Zinzendorfs—The Pavi- lion—The Panorama—The Herrnhuters' Work—An Informing Guide—No Merry Voices—The Heinrichsberg—Pretty Grounds —The First Tree—An Old Wife's Gossip—Evening Service—A Contrast—The Sisters' House—A Stroll at Sunset—The Night Watch | 269 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XXIX.

| | |
|---|-----|
| About Herrnhut—Persecutions in Moravia—A Wandering Car- penter—Good Tidings—Fugitives—Squatters on the Hutberg— Count Zinzendorf's Steward—The First Tree—The First House —Scoffers—Origin of the Name—More Fugitives—Foundation of the Union—Struggles and Encouragements—Buildings—Social Regulations—Growth of Trade—War and Visitors—Dürninger's Enterprise—Population—Schools—Settlements—Missions—Life at Herrnhut—Recreations—Festivals—Incidents of War—March of Troops—Praise and Thank-Feasts | 279 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XXX.

| | |
|--|--|
| A Word with the Reader—From Herrnhut to Dresden—A Gloomy City—The Summer Theatre—Trip to the Saxon Switzerland— | |
|--|--|

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Wehlen—Uttewalde Grund—The Bastei—Hochstein—The Devil's Kettle—The Wolfschlucht—The Polenzthal—Schandau—The Kuhstall—Great Winterberg—The Prebischthor—Herniskret- schen—Return to Dresden—To Berlin—English and German Railways—The Royal Marriage Question—Speaking English—A Dreary City—Sunday in Berlin—Kroll's Garden—Magdeburg —Wittenberg—Hamburg—A-top of St. Michael's—A Walk to Altona—A Ride to Horn—A North Sea Voyage—Narrow Escape —Harness and Holidays | 291 |
| <hr/> | |
| INDEX | 303 |

ERRATA.

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1856

A JULY HOLIDAY

IN

SAXONY, BOHEMIA, AND SILESIA.

CHAPTER I.

What the Bookseller said — A Walk in Frankfort — What the Portress said — Glimpses of Landscapes — Forest and River — Würzburg — Stein Wine — View from the Citadel-hill — A Change of Bedrooms — Coming to an Understanding with the Reader — Good Night !

“How happens it,” I said to a bookseller in the *Zeil*, “that a map of Bohemia is not to be had in all Frankfort?”

“How it happens?” he answered, with a knowing smile: “because no one ever goes to Bohemia.”

He searched and searched, as did a dozen of his fraternity whom I had previously visited, and found maps in number of Switzerland, Tyrol, Thuringia, Franconia, Turkey even, and Montenegro; but not the one I wanted.

“Such a thing is never asked for,” he said, deprecatingly. “Suppose you go to Franconia instead.”

All at once he bethought himself of an inner closet,

and there he discovered a map of Bohemia ; but not a travelling map: an overcrowded sheet that confused the eye, and promised but little assistance for the byeways. However, under the circumstances, I took it as better than none.

“ You will not get the map you want till you arrive at Prague,” was the sort of encouragement I got some twenty-four hours afterwards from a Bohemian Professor in the Medical School at Würzburg.

I saw Frankfort under all the charm of a first visit. I perambulated the narrow streets, and the *Judengasse*, where dwell not a few of the nine thousand Jewish residents ; and stood long enough on the bridge that bestrides the muddy Main to note the ancient towers, and the bits of antiquity peeping up here and there in the city and the Sachsenshausen suburb—contrasted by the modern look of the spacious quays. And of course I saw the house in which Goethe was born, and Dannecker’s *Ariadne*, and the *Römer*, that relic of the olden time, crowded with reminiscences of the Empire. You may see the whole line of Emperors in panels round the wainscot of the stately hall on the first floor ; some grim warriors in plate and mail ; some in scholar’s gown ; some in slashed sleeves and tight hosen, and some in velvet robes. Here, after the crown had been placed on their heads in the adjacent cathedral, they went through certain formal ceremonies with cumbersome pomp and held their festival, as may be read in the vivid descriptions of Goethe’s *Autobiography*.

Having glanced at the imperial effigies from Conrad

down to Francis, and at the scene from the balcony outside, I dropped half a franc into the hand of the lady portress, and had crossed the landing, when she came tripping after me, and, with an air of lofty pity, returned the coin, requesting me to "give it to a beggar."

The gentleman in charge of the *Ariadne* had made me a polite bow for a similar fee; so I complied with the lady's request, and gave the piece of silver among five beggars, each of whom favoured me with a blessing in return.

At noon, on the 3rd of July, I left Frankfort for Würzburg. The landscape at first is tame, and you will have to watch closely, in more senses than one, as the train speeds across, for the scenes and objects that relieve it. There are glimpses of the Taunus mountains; of Wilhelmsbad, embowered in a pleasant wood; of Hanau, a dark-red town, where the dark-red sandstone station is enlivened by Virginian creeper running gracefully up the columns; and of memorable battlefields. And of a dark-red mill, in a green grassy hollow, with its dripping wheel; and in the middle of the garden a globe of fire that dazzles your eye, and is nothing other than a carboy inverted on a stake, after the Dutch manner, to serve as a mirror, in which may be seen a panorama of the neighbourhood. And everywhere women cutting down the rye, wearing bright red kerchiefs on their heads that rival the poppies in splendour.

Beyond Aschaffenburg the country improves. Wooded hills alternate with lengthy slopes of vines, deep shady

coombs, and leafy valleys, where brooks frolic along in frequent windings, and villages nestle, and gray church spires shoot above the tree-tops. Then parties of woodcutters, well armed with axes and wedges, enter the train, and each man lights his pipe, and they talk of their craft among themselves in a rustic dialect. And the train dashes into the forest of Spessart, and under the hills, winding hither and thither between miles of trees, the remains, as is said, of that great Hercynian forest which schoolboys read about in their Latin studies. The nursery of them that overthrew Rome; and one of the haunts of Freedom before she took refuge in the mountains, and in a certain island of the sea.

At Lohr, a town prettily situate on the Main, the railway road and river come near together, and the frequent windings of the stream brighten the landscape. We saw the steamer labouring upwards on her two days' trip from Frankfort to Würzburg. Then a village where the Saal falls in, and more and more vines, and old walls gay with yellow stonecrop, and on the right the ruin of Karlstadt, and by-and-by Würzburg comes in sight, and our five hours' journey is over.

Bavarian art attracts and gratifies your eye as you alight. The station is an elegant structure in the Pompeian style, ingeniously contrived for the purposes of the railway and post-office, and yet to preserve the architectural character. An impatient traveller might well beguile the time by admiring the proportions, the colouring, and the tasteful decorations along the colonnades. The building forms one side of a square in the newest quarter of the town.

A curious sign, the *Kleebaum*, caught my eye in the first street, and I trusted myself beneath it. The *Kellner* took my knapsack; asked if "that was all," and led me high up to a small homely-furnished room on the third floor, in which, however, the quality of cleanliness was not wanting, and that is what an Englishman cares most about. At dinner I treated myself to a pint of the Stein wine, for which the neighbourhood is famous, and am prepared to add my testimony as to its merits. The bottles have a jolly bacchanalian look about them, being globes somewhat flattened at the sides, and contain, when honest, a quart. The cost is from two to three florins a bottle; but a temperate guest is allowed to drink and pay for the half only, at his pleasure. With vineyards producing such wine around them, it is little wonder that the Prince-Bishops were always ready to fight for their good city of Würzburg. The *Strangers' Book* followed the dinner as a matter of course, and when the landlord saw that I signed my name as "from London," and heard me inquire for the residence of one of the Professors, he put off his natural manner and became obsequious: a change that gave me no pleasure.

There is more of life, more to interest the attention in Würzburg, than in some places which are much more frequented and talked of. The streets generally are narrow, and built in picturesque disregard of straight lines; now widening suddenly for a brief space, now diminishing and bending away in a new direction. And you saunter onwards, wondering at the panelled house-fronts with their profuse ornament: grotesque carvings

of animals' heads, of clustering fruits in bold relief at the intersections; windows with quaint canopies and curiously-wrought gratings; fanciful door-heads and gables; in short, a variety of architectural conceits on which your eye will fondly linger. Now, at a corner, you come upon an ancient turret with conical roof, now a sculptured fountain, now images of the Virgin or some of the saints over the doors; and anon huge statues of the Bishops remind you of the men who built and prayed for Würzburg. So numerous are the churches erected to perpetuate their memory or adorn their inheritance, that you need not go many yards whenever you feel inclined to meditate in a "dim religious light."

You meet numbers of soldiers, for there is a citadel beyond the river, and water-bearers with their tall tubs slung on their backs going to or from the fountains, and now and then a peasant woman with conical hat and skirts the very opposite of the fashion; and except that nearly all the women you see are bareheaded, there is nothing else remarkable in costume.

Stroll to the river-side; what prodigious piles of firewood at one side of the quay, and what a busy fleet of barges moored on the other. The Main here is about as wide as the Thames at Richmond, and is spanned by a bridge quite in keeping with the city. At either end stands an arched gateway, with statues niched in the massive masonry, and saints above the rounded piers.

Cross the bridge, and mount the citadel-hill on the left bank, and you will have a surprise. The hill terminates in a craggy precipice, crowned by the stronghold

and its defences, and you look down on shelfy gardens planted here and there among the rocks ; and over the whole city. The river flows by in a bold curve, cutting off a small suburb from the main portion of the city, which spreads, crescent-formed, on the opposite shore. An imposing scene. Thirty-one towers, spires, domes, and steeples spring from the great masses and ridges of dark-red lofty roofs, and these are everywhere dotted with rows of little windows which resemble a half-opened eye. Indeed, the curved line of the tiles makes the resemblance so complete, that you can easily fancy the eyes are taking a sly peep at what is going on below, or winking at the sunbeams, as a prelude to falling asleep for the night.

The sun was dropping behind me in the west, and before me lay the city, looking glorious in the golden light. Row after row of the sleepy eyes caught the ray with a momentary twinkle; the gilded weathercocks flashed and glistened, and the reflection falling on the river made pathways of quivering light across the ripples.

Presently eight struck from the cathedral, and the clocks of all the churches followed, each with its own peculiar note. One or two solemn and sonorous, in imitation of the big bell; others shrill and saucy, as if they alone had the right to record the march of the silent footsteps; a few sedate, and one irresolute. Now here, now there, now yonder, as if the striking never would cease, and suggesting strange analogies between clocks and the race who wind them up.

Trees rise here and there among the houses, and form

a green belt round the city, thickest in the gardens of the royal palace, a stately edifice comprising among its two hundred and eighty-four rooms the suite in which the Emperors used to lodge when on their way to be crowned at Frankfort. And beyond the trees begin the vines, acre after acre to the tops of the whole encircling rim of hills. Broad slopes teeming with wine and gladness of heart, but looking bald in the distance from want of trees. One of these hills—the *Köppele*, so named from a chapel on the summit—is a favourite resort of the inhabitants, who perhaps find in the view therefrom a sufficient reward for a long ascent, unrefreshed by shade or rustling leaves.

Seen from the hill, Würzburg is said to resemble Prague; not without reason, as I afterwards found. It would be, in my opinion, the more pleasing picture of the two, were its frame set off and beautified by patches of forest.

I kept my seat on the outward angle of a thick wall till the golden light, sliding slowly up the hills, at last vanished from their brow, and left the whole valley in shadow. Then I went down and sauntered about the streets, while the gloom within the porticos and gateways, behind buttresses and up the narrow alleys, deepened and deepened; and ended by discovering a stranger willing to talk in a well-lighted coffee-house.

On my return to the *Kleebaum* the *Kellner* lit two candles, and conducted me, not to the little room “up three pair,” but to the best bedroom on the first floor.

What magic in that little item—“from London!”

Now, gracious reader, suppose we come to an under-

standing before I get into bed. You are already aware that I am going to Bohemia, not to scale snow-crowned mountains, or plunge into awful gorges, for there are none. The highest summit we shall have to climb together is under five thousand feet; and there is none of that tremendous and magnificent scenery which is to be seen in Switzerland and Tyrol. If, however, you are willing to accompany me to a peculiar country—one which, like Ireland, is most picturesque around its borders—rich in memorials of the past and in historical associations, fertile and industrious, we will journey lovingly together. Now on foot, though perhaps not so much as usual; now a flight by rail, or a steam-boat trip, or by diligence or wagon, according as the circumstances befall. We shall find on the way occasion for discourse, somewhat to observe, for the people are remarkable, and subjects to read about; improving the hours as best we may.

Our next halt shall be at the old Saxon town of Altenburg, where there is something to be seen and heard of worth remembering; then over the *Erzgebirge* to Carlsbad, the bathing-place of kings, and through the rustic villages to Prague. Then to the *Mittelgebirge*; down the Elbe, to a scene of rural life and industry; away to the *Riesengebirge*—the mountains haunted by Rübezahl—and the wonderful rocks of Adersbach. Then over the frontier into Silesia, to Herrnhut, the head-quarters of the Moravians, to Dresden and the Saxon Switzerland, Berlin, Magdeburg, and Hamburg, from whence a voyage across the North Sea will bring us home again.

It may be that this scheme is not to your liking. If so, we can part company here, and you will perhaps never read the completion of that "Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles," which Corporal Trim began for Uncle Toby and never finished.

And so, good night!

CHAPTER II.

Würzburg—The University—Red, Green, and Orange Caps—The Marienkapelle—The Market—The Cathedral—The Palace—Spacious Cellars—A Professor's Hospitality—To Bamberg—Frost—Hof—A Shabby Peace—The Arch-Poisoner—Dear Bread—A Prime Minister Hanged—Altenburg—The Park—The Castle—Reminiscences and Antiquities—The Chapel—The Princes' Vault—Wends—Costumes in the Market-place—Female Cuirassiers—More about the Wends—Grossen Teich—The Plateau—The Cemetery—Werdau.

WÜRZBURG is now the chief town of the Circle of the Lower Main; it was once the capital of a principality governed by a line of eighty bishops, and figures prominently in German history. The University, founded in 1403, is deservedly famous, having numbered among its professors many of first-rate abilities: a distinction it still retains. What with schools, with resources in art and science, cultivated society, and ample means of recreation, the old city is an agreeable residence.

Under the guidance of Professor Kölliker, I visited the botanic garden, the anatomical museum, and the medical school, which is one of the best in Europe. The Julius Hospital, a noble institution, founded by one of the Prince-Bishops, whose statue is erected not far from the building, affords opportunities for study seldom

found in provincial towns. The students, after the manner of their kind, form themselves into societies distinguished by the colour of their caps, as you will soon discover by meeting continually in the streets little groups of red, green, or orange caps, marking the three divisions.

Then, while the Professor lectured to his class, I strolled away to the market-place, and saw how the women, leaving their shoulder-baskets at the door of the *Marienkappelle*—Mary Chapel—went in and recited a few prayers, kneeling on the floor. A commendable preparation, I thought, for the work of buying and selling. The mounds of vegetables in frequent rows, and numerous baskets of cherries and strawberries, with heaps of fresh dewy flowers between, the many red kerchiefs and moving throng, and the wares displayed at the wooden booths, made up an animated spectacle. Live geese roosting contentedly in shallow baskets awaiting their sale without an effort to escape, were remarkable among the enticements of the poultry-market. A few yards farther were little stalls with rolls of butter, resembling in shape a ship's topsail-yard, alternating with piles of lumps or rather dabs of butter, each wrapped in a piece of old newspaper. These were bought by poor folk.

The *Marienkappelle* is a fine specimen of pointed Gothic, with a graceful spire, which having become dilapidated and unsafe, was undergoing repair at the time of my visit. The inside is spoiled by overmuch white-wash, and the outside by an irregular row of petty shops—an uncouth plinthe—around the base; and this is not

the only church in the city which has its character and fair proportions marred by such clustering barnacles.

On the spot where the cathedral now stands rearing its four towers aloft, St. Killian, an Irish missionary, was martyred more than a thousand years ago. The lofty arched nave is supported by square columns, of which the lower portions are hidden by pictures. Marble statues of the Bishops, with sword and crosier in hand, betokening their twofold character of priest and warrior, are ranged along the walls; and the whole interior has a bright and cheerful aspect.

Of the other churches, I need not say more than that the New Minster enjoys the honour of possessing St. Killian's bones; that St. Peter's at Rome is reproduced in the church of St. John; and that St. Burkhardt's, at the foot of the citadel-hill, is built in the round style.

The spacious grounds and gardens of the palace are well laid out. There are umbrageous avenues, terraces, fountains, paths winding among flower-beds and away under the trees and through the shrubberies to nooks of complete solitude. In some parts the plantations are left untrimmed, and give an air of wildness to the scene. In the rear, steps lead to the top of the wall, from whence you may look over greater part of the grounds, and fancy yourself in a region of forest. The townsfolk have free access; and you meet now and then a solitary student poring over his book, or groups of strollers, or nursemaids with troops of children. The palace, which dates from the year 1720, shows the consequences of neglect. Hohenschwangau has greater attractions for the royal family than Würzburg; and now, after a view

of the staircase and chapel, there is nothing in the rusty and faded apartments that once exhibited the magnificence of the Bishops to detain you. The cellars are large enough to contain 2200 tuns of wine. What rollicking nights the retainers must have had!

The Professor proved himself not less hospitable than learned. We dined together, and he introduced me to one of his colleagues, the Bohemian mentioned in the second page, who gave me a letter to his father at Prague. And then, after a sojourn of twenty-four hours, I departed.

To see Nuremberg, and journey from thence into Bohemia, across the *Böhmerwaldgebirge*, had been in my thoughts; but finding on inquiry that more time would be required for that route than I could spare, I decided for Saxony. So, away to Bamberg, sixty miles distant, the starting-place of the Leipzig and Nuremberg trains. There was an hour to wait, and then in deep twilight on we went for Altenburg.

Although the night was in July, I shivered with cold. The temperature, indeed, was remarkable. Three days previously I had seen white frost between Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne, and for the first ten nights of the month frosts occurred all over Germany. At two o'clock we came to Hof, where there was a change of train, and time to drink a cup of coffee, doubly acceptable under the circumstances. The country around is bleak, a region of bare low hills, of unfavourable repute owing to its cold. A farmer who came into the train told us there was thin ice on the ponds. Here and there the hollows were filled with a dense mist, and re-

sembled vast lakes, and the outlook was so cheerless that I was glad to sleep, till sunrise, with its splendours, woke up our drowsy party to welcome light and warmth.

What a change since the former year! Then the war was all the topic among those who were thrown together while travelling. Now, Sebastopol and the Crimea seemed clean forgotten, and no one had a word to say even about the Sick Man, at Constantinople. No, all was changed, and talkers busied their tongues concerning the "shabby peace," as they called it, the dear-ness of food, and—William Palmer. The simple-minded Bavarians could not understand why England should have been so magnanimous towards her Muscovitish antagonist, until it was suggested to them that France, having come to the bottom of her purse notwithstanding all the flourishes to the contrary, the war had to be ended.

"And could England have kept on?"

"Yes, for forty years, if necessary."

"What a country!" they exclaimed—"what gigantic wealth!" And then they wondered that peace had not brought lower prices, and talked with grave faces and timorous forebodings about the dear-ness of bread. Scarcely a place did I visit where bread was not dearer than in London.

But the arch-poisoner was the prevailing theme; and eager discussions on the incidents of his trial and execution showed how widespread was the excitement he had occasioned. Even in little towns I saw *Prozess gegen William Palmer* for sale in the booksellers' windows.

The Germans, however, thought theirs the best law, as it inflicts perpetual imprisonment only, and not death, in cases where the poison is not discovered in the body of the victim; and they would by no means agree that to hang a villain out of the way whether or no, was the preferable alternative. While the talk was going on, some one was sure to tell of what took place when the news of the execution was flashed from England. *Palmer is hanged*, was the brief yet fearful despatch. The clerk who received it, by some strange fatality, read *Palmer* as an abbreviation of *Palmerston*; and within an hour all Germany was startled by the news, and bewildered with speculations as to the causes which had induced the exemplary English nation to get rid of their Prime Minister by so summary a process. "*Palmerston gehängt!*" ejaculated one after another, with a chuckle.

At seven o'clock we arrived at Altenburg. A night in a railway train is not the best preparation for a day of sight-seeing. However, after the restorative of a wash and breakfast at the *Bayerische Hof*, the first hotel that presented itself, I crossed the road to the grounds belonging to the castle. By a bold undulating slope, laid out as an English park, you mount to a plateau, where a well-kept garden contrasts agreeably with the tall avenues and grouped masses of foliage. Small pleasure-houses stand here and there among the trees, and you see a pavilion built in the style of a Greek temple. A little farther, and there are the ducal opera-house, the orangery, and the stables—a handsome range of buildings. And beyond is the Little Forest—*Wäldchen*—enclosed by a wall, where, among the stately trees, you

may see two, the 'Princes' Oaks — *Prinzeneichen* — so named from an interesting event in Saxon history, of which we shall perhaps have some particulars by-and-by. The plateau, moreover, commands views of a fertile and well-wooded country all broken up by low hills, the lowest slopes of the Ore mountains — *Erzgebirge* — which show their dark swelling outlines far away in the south.

You descend suddenly into a gap, which isolates an eminence — the hill of Stirling in miniature — terminating in a porphyry cliff, crowned by the castle. A convenient ascent brings you into an irregular court-yard, shut in on opposite sides by the oldest and newest parts of the building. Architecture of the thirteenth century mated curiously with that of the eighteenth; and both occupying the site of what was already a fortress in the tenth. The castle owes its present form to the Dukes Friedrich the Second and Third, who, in 1744, completed their thirty-eight years of alterations.

The place is a strange medley. Gray, weatherbeaten walls, with square towers and jutting turrets, intruded on by modern masonry — Neptune in his cockle-shell car in the midst of a fountain, and sentries pacing up and down, and soldiers lounging about their shabby-looking quarters — grim passages, and uncomfortable chambers. The Austrian arms, which you may yet see cut in the stone over a doorway, mark the granary built by the Electress Margaret for stores of corn, in order that, when grain became dear, she might save the townsfolk from hunger. A little farther and you come to the *Mantelthurm*, a round tower, with walls seven yards thick, commonly called the *Bottle*, from the form of its

slated roof. It has two ugly chambers, which were used as dungeons up to 1641, after which it did duty as a magazine; and now the lower part is a cinder-hole. Adjoining is the *Jünkerei*—once the pages' quarters—in which are certain official apartments and the armoury. The Imperialists plundered the castle, during the Thirty Years' War, of most of its treasures and curiosities; and later, many specimens of mediæval armour were carried off to Coburg, leaving little besides objects which have an intimate relation with Saxon history. Weapons old and new, banners, garments, paraphernalia used in ducal funerals, and many things which belonged to persons connected with the Robbery of the Princes (*Prinzenraub*). In recent times a museum of antiquities has been added: articles of furniture, books, and other rarities which perpetuate the memory of eminent individuals—urns and other funereal remains dug up in the neighbourhood—ethnographical specimens chiefly from Australia and the Sunda Islands—and a collection of china, presented by the Minister Baron von Lindenau.

The palace, or modern portion of the castle, dates from 1706. The castellan will conduct you through the throne-room, the great hall, where hang life-size pictures of the dukes on horseback by whom the place was built, and paintings of historical scenes, and other apartments bright with gilding and hung with elegant draperies.

The church, built in the old German style, on the spot once occupied by the castle chapel, contains banners, and paintings, and numerous monuments and tablets to the memory of the princely personages buried

beneath, and some admirable specimens of oak carving. To read their names as you pass along is a lesson in Saxon genealogy. Among them is that of the Electress Margaret, whose remains, after a rest of more than three centuries, were removed to the Princes' Vault, the door to which, studded with iron stars, you may see in the nave. But, in 1846, Duke Joseph caused the old tomb to be cleared out and repaired, and honouring the memory of her whose name is yet revered in Saxony, had her coffin restored to its former place with solemn ceremony.

From the balconies or the tower you have a good view of the town lying beneath on a steep hill-slope, with its large ponds, and many ups and downs. And all around lie fields, and gardens, and rich pastures, bearing fruitful testimony to the good husbandry of the Wends.

The main approach to the castle is by a road winding with an easy slope up the steep side of the hill. Its upper extremity is crowned by a gateway in the Romanesque style, and where its lower end sinks to the level of the road stand two obelisks—pyramids as they are called—bearing on their pedestals a statue of Hercules and Minerva.

The streets were full of life and bustle, for it was market day, and the Wends coming into the town from all quarters increased the novelty of the sight by their singular costume. The men wear a flat cloth cap, a short-tight jacket drawn into plaits behind, and decorated in front with as many buttons as may be seen on the breast of a Paddingtonian page, loose baggy

breeches, and tight boots up to the knee. You will, perhaps, think it a misfortune that the breeches are not longer, for all below is spindle-shanky, in somewhat ludicrous contrast with the amplitude above, and the broad, big foot. How such a foot finds its way through so narrow a boot-leg is not easy to guess. The men are generally tall, with oval faces of a quiet, honest expression.

But the women!—they are something to wonder at. Most of them are bareheaded: some wear a close plain cap, which throws out their round chubby faces in full relief; some display a curiously padded blue horseshoe, kept in place by a belt that hides the ears, from which two red streamers hang down their back; and others content themselves with a ribbon, tying their hair behind in a flat wide bow. Their gown is long in the sleeves and short in the skirt—short as a Highlander's kilt, which it very much resembles, and is in most instances of a carpet-like texture. Plum-colour, blue, pink, and green, dotted with bright flowers or crossed by stripes, are the prevailing patterns; their gay tints relieving the sombre blue and black of the men. The skirt is made to fit pretty closely, much more so, indeed, than the men's breeches, and as it descends no lower than the knee, you can see that if Nature is niggard to the men she is generous to the women. Such an exhibition of well-developed legs in blue worsted stockings I never before witnessed.

Some of the younger ones had put on their summer stockings of white cotton, and, with bodice and skirt of different patterns, went strutting about apparently

well pleased with themselves. But they have another peculiarity besides the kilt: they all, young and old, wear a species of cuirass, secured at the waist and rising to their chin. I judged it to be made of light wood, covered with black stuff. It gives them a grotesque appearance when looked at from the front or sideways; suggesting an idea of human turtles, or descendants of a race of Amazons. Some sat at their stalls with their chin resting on it, or face half hidden behind; and many times did I notice the breastplate pushed down to make room for the mouth to open when the wearer wished to speak—the pushings down being not less frequent than the shrugs of ladies in other places to keep their silly bonnets on. Even little girls wear the cuirass, and very remarkable objects they are.

The spacious area of the market-place, enclosed by antique houses, was thronged. Wendish women sitting in long rows behind their baskets of cherries and heaps of vegetables; others arriving with fresh supplies on low wheelbarrows, their white legs twinkling everywhere in the sunshine. And many more who had come to buy roving busily from one wooden booth to another among all sorts of wares—books, ironmongery, jewelry, cakes and confectionery, coarse gray crockery, tubs and buckets, deep trays and kneading troughs chopped from one block; but the drapers and haberdashers, with their stores of gaudy kerchiefs and gay tartans and piles of stockings, attracted the most numerous customers. There was a brisk sale of sausages and bread—large, flat, round loaves (weighing 12lb.

English) of black rye bread, at one groschen the pound, which was considered dear.

The men wandered about among the scythes, rakes, and wooden shovels, or the stalls of pipes and cutlery, or gathered round the rickety wagons laden with small sacks of grain and meal which were continually arriving, led by one of the tribe in dusty boots. And all the while the townsfolk came crowding in to make their weekly purchases till there was scarcely room to move.

Such a scene is to me far more interesting than a picture-gallery. I went to and fro in the throng hearkening with pleasure to the various voices, watching the buying and selling, and noting the honest, cheerful faces of many of the women. Then escaping, I could survey the whole market-place from the rising ground at its upper end, and contemplate at leisure the living picture, framed by houses and shops in the olden style, among which, on one side, rises the ancient *Rathhaus*. It was built in 1562 with the stones of a church given to the corporation by Duke Johann, whose portrait you may see hanging in the hall inside among electors and dukes, and their wives; and, ever since, it has been used for weddings, dances, and religious meetings, as well as for the grave business of the council and police. Opposite the entrance, the date 1770, inserted with black pebbles into the paving, marks the spot where the last beheading took place under authority of the council.

The Wends are the descendants of a Slavonic tribe, which, according to ethnologists, migrated from the

shores of the Adriatic more than a thousand years ago, carrying in their name (*Wend* or *Wand*) a proof of having once lived by the sea. They are remarkable for the tenacity of their adherence to ancient habits and customs, which may, perhaps, account for their still being a distinct people among the Germans by whom they are surrounded. And they are not less remarkable for honesty, health, and an amount of agricultural skill, which distinguishes them from their neighbours. They are clever and successful in rearing cattle; they get on, and save money; and the women have the reputation of being most excellent nurses. The Bohemian peasant on the farther side of the mountains used, if he does not now, when his children were born, to stretch them out, sometimes at the end of a pole, towards the country of the Wends, that the infant might grow up as able and lucky as they. One of their immemorial practices, still kept up, is to talk to their bees, and tell them of all household incidents, and especially of a death in the family. Their number is two hundred thousand, all within the limits of Lusatia.

A much-frequented promenade is the dam of the Great Pond—*Grossen Teich*—on the southern side of the town, which, planted with chestnuts and limes, forms a series of green and shady alleys, with a pleasant prospect across gardens and meadows to the village of Altendorf. Swans glide about on the surface of the water, which covers sixteen acres, and a gondola plies to a small wooded island in the centre, resorted to by lovers and picnic parties. A short distance northwards lies the Little Pond, bordered by rows of poplars, and

three other ponds in different parts of the town are also made to contribute to its attractions.

Another pleasure-ground is the "Plateau," on an eminence between the railway station and the road to Leipzig, from which you may wander through shady alleys to the old ruin of Alexisburg. The cemetery, on a hill to the west of the town, is worth a visit for a sight of some of the tombs, among which appears the entrance to the new Princes' Vault, constructed in 1837, in the form of a small chapel, lighted by richly-stained glass windows, through the floor of which the coffins are lowered to the vault beneath. On St. John's Day the cemetery is thronged by the townsfolk, decorating the graves of their departed friends with flowers.

After a visit to all these places, and a peep into the two churches in which Luther once preached—the Bartholomäikirche and the Brüderkirche—I travelled on to Zwickau, and as there is little to be seen on the way besides fields, low hills, and the tall-chimneyed, smoking, stocking-weaving town of Werdau, we will glance at an interesting event in Saxon history incidentally alluded to in the foregoing pages.

CHAPTER III.

Origin of Altenburg—Prosperous Burghers—A Princely Crime—Hussite Plunderers—Luther's Visits—French Bonfire—Electress Margaret's Dream—Kunz von Kauffungen—"Don't burn the Fish"—A Conspiracy—Midnight Robbers—Two Young Princes Stolen—The Flight—The Alarm—The Köhler—The Rescue—Kunz Beheaded—The *Triller's* Reward, and what a famous Author said concerning it.

WENDS had long peopled the Pleissengau when King Henry I.—the Fowler, as his contemporaries named him—conquered it during one of his many inroads among his neighbours, and made it part of the *Osterland* early in the tenth century. The newly-won territory was soon settled by German colonists, who, finding an ancient fortification on the summit of a bluff, rocky hill, called it *alte Burg*, whence the present name of the town and principality of Altenburg. Henry, or his successor, Otho, built a castle on the hill, no portion of which, or of the one which replaced it, now remains. The town is first mentioned in a document of the year 986. Its story is the old one: family feud, rapine and revenge, chivalry and heroism, intermingled with quaint and quiet glimpses of social life, characteristic of the "dark ages." Earliest among its possessors were the Hohenstaufens; latest are the Hildburghausens. At

one time it was imperial; at another independent; now pledged or given away by an emperor; now held by a duke. In 1286 its prosperity was such that the burghers went carried in sedan-chairs to the council-house, and their wives walked to church festivals on carpets spread before them in the street.

Six years later Friedrich the Bitted quarrelled with Adolf von Nassau for having pledged Altenburg to King Wenzel of Bohemia; whereupon Adolf invited Friedrich to a Christmas feast, and while he sat at table employed a ruffian to murder him, as the speediest way of settling the dispute. The blow, however, fell on the wrist of a burgher of Freiberg who rushed between, and lost his hand in preventing the crime. Friedrich escaped, changed his dress, and, under cover of night, fled the city; but, having gained a battle in the interval, he returned as ruler in 1307. The scene of this malignant assault is supposed to have been a house in the market-place.

Then came a succession of Friedrichs: the Earnest, the Strong, the Warlike, the Quarrelsome, the Mild, and such like. It was in 1430, during the lifetime of the last mentioned, that those fierce Reformers, the Hussites, came across the mountains and made an inroad into the principality. They chose Three-Kings' Day for their attack on the town, which was abandoned to them by the inhabitants, who fled to neighbouring villages, or took refuge in the castle; and, having burnt and plundered to the satisfaction of their cupidity or their conscience during four days, they left the place to recover as best it might.

The same Elector, Friedrich the Mild, married the Austrian Princess Margaret—fit wife for such a prince, if we may judge from her endeavours to prevent bread becoming too dear for the townsfolk.

Luther was in Altenburg from the 3rd to the 9th of January, 1519, to hold a conference with Karl von Miltitz, the papal legate. The two met in the house of George Spalatin, who became a firm friend of the great Reformer. Luther visited the town also when on his famous journey to Worms, and on several occasions afterwards.

The council-house was the scene of a religious conference from October, 1568, to March of the following year. The parties in presence were—the theologians of Electoral Saxony on the one hand, of Ducal Saxony on the other; and among the subjects mooted they discussed the questions, “Whether good works were needful for salvation?” and, “Whether man can cooperate in the attainment of his own salvation?” and with the usual result; for the disputants separated without coming to a decision.

The old town suffered from the disasters and commotions of the Peasants’ War. The Imperialists quartered themselves upon it after the fatal battle of Lützen. The troubles of the Seven Years’ War fell upon it, and of the campaigns that ended in the downfall of Napoleon. In 1810, the French commissioners seized a quantity of English manufactures in possession of resident merchants, and made a great bonfire therewith in the market-place. In 1813, the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia visited the town, and in the same year

it afforded quarters to 671 generals, 46,617 officers, and 472,399 ordinary troops.

Now we must go back for awhile to the year 1455, the times of Friedrich the Mild. On the night of the 6th of July in that year the Electress Margaret, his wife, dreamt that two young oaks, growing in a forest near the castle, were torn up by a wild boar. Herein her maternal heart foreboded danger to the two princes Ernest and Albert, both still in their boyhood. The times were indeed disquieting, what with Hussite wars, territorial quarrels, and the ominous foretokens of the coming Reformation. Mild as Friedrich was, he, too, had had some fighting with his brother, Duke Wilhelm, about their lands. Among his officers was a certain Conrad, or, as he was commonly called, Kunz von Kauffungen, formerly captain of the castle, who, through disappointment, had come to entertain two causes of quarrel against his master. One was that, having been sent to surprise and capture Gera, he was taken himself, and only recovered his liberty by payment of four thousand florins ransom. Of this sum Kunz claimed reimbursement from the Elector, and met with denial. The second was, a demand for the restoration of estates of which he had been granted temporary possession, but which, defying legal authorities, he refused to give up until the coveted four thousand florins should be once more in his pocket. Chafing under his twofold grievance, he broke out into threats of reprisal, to which Friedrich answered jocularly, "Don't burn the fish in the ponds."

Baffled and exasperated, Kunz devised a scheme for bringing the question to a speedy issue: persuaded Hans Schwalbe, one of the scullions at the castle, into his

interest; concerted measures with his brother Dietrich von Kauffungen, Wilhelm von Mosen, and others, thirty-seven altogether, and watched his opportunity.

Treacherous Schwalbe failed not in the service required of him, and gave information of the Elector's absence: called away by affairs to Leipzig. Whereupon Kunz and his confederates, mounting to horse, rode to Altenburg, and halted under cover of a wood—where now the pleasure-ground is laid out at the foot of the castle—between eleven and twelve in the night of the 7th of July. Finding all quiet, he sent his body-servant, Hans Schweinitz, forward to fix a rope ladder, with Schwalbe's help, at a window above the steepest side of the rock, and, following with Mosen, the two climbed up and got into the castle. Once in, they hastened to the chamber of the young princes, and each seizing one, made their way to the gate. But, instead of Albert, the little Count Barby had been picked up. Kunz was no sooner aware of the mistake, than, giving Ernest, whom he carried, into Mosen's arms, he hurried back with the terrified count, and brought out Albert. Quicker, however, than the robbery was the spread of an alarm. The Electress, apprehensive, perhaps, because of her dream on the previous night, appeared at a window, imploring Kunz to restore her children, and promising to intercede with the Elector in favour of his demands. Her entreaties and lamentations fell on deaf ears; Mosen had already made good his retreat, and Kunz speedily followed him through the gate, which was easily opened, there being but a single invalid on guard. The time was singularly favourable for the success of the plot, as nearly all the residents and functionaries were enjoying

themselves at a feast given by the Chancellor in the town.

The alarm-bell began to ring. Mosen and the others galloped off with their prize, and Kunz, mounting his horse with young Albert before him, and attended by Schweinitz, lost no time in making for the frontier. If Isenburg could be reached before the pursuers came up, the game would be in his own hands. On they went in the dim night through the Rabensteiner Forest, along rugged and darksome ways, where they wandered from the track, their horses stumbled or floundered in miry holes, forced to choose the wildest and least-frequented routes, for dogs were barking and alarm-bells ringing in all the villages, warning honest folk that knaves were abroad. The dewy morning dawned, birds twittered among the branches, the sun arose, daylight streamed into the forests, and still the fugitives urged their panting horses onwards. A few hours later the young prince, worn out by want of rest and the increasing heat, complained of thirst; whereupon Kunz, though still a half-score miles from the Bohemian frontier, halted not far from the village of Elterlein, and crept about in the wood to pluck berries for the boy's refreshment. While the captain was thus occupied, a certain charcoal-burner—George Schmidt by name—at work near the spot, attracted by the glint of armour between the trees, approached the halting-place, made suspicious, perhaps, by the alarm-bells. To his surprise, he saw horses showing marks of hasty travel, and a fair-haired boy well attired, who said at once, "I am the young prince. They have stolen me." No sooner spoken than the *Köhler*, running up to Kunz, who was still stooping

over the berries, felled him with a blow of the stout pole which he used in tending his fires. A shout brought up a gang of his comrades, sturdy fellows with long hair and grimy faces, who promptly laid hold of Kunz and Schweinitz, bound their hands, and carried them off for safe keeping to the neighbouring monastery of Grünhain. Thither also was the young Albert borne in friendly arms, and from thence, on the following day, an escort, among whom went the *Köhler*, conducted him back to his weeping mother—a real triumphal procession by the time they arrived at Altenburg.

Mosen and his troop, meanwhile, had betaken themselves to a hiding-place not far from the castle of Stein, on the right bank of the Mulde, about half way towards the frontier. While some made good their retreat to secret quarters, the principals concealed themselves with Prince Ernest in a rocky cave screened by trees, waiting for a favourable opportunity to renew their flight. But hearing, while on their look-out, sundry passers-by talk of the capture of unlucky Kunz, they sent a messenger to Friedrich von Schonburg at Hartenstein, offering to deliver up the prince on condition that they should be left free to depart unmolested. The condition was granted: they gave up their captive, and were seen no more in all the province; and Schonburg conveyed Ernest to Chemnitz, where he was received by his father the Elector.

Unlucky Kunz having been carefully escorted to Freiberg, was there beheaded on the 14th of July—an example to knightly kidnappers. On the next day the *Köhler's* homely gaberdine and the garments of the princes were hung up in the church at Ebersdorf, not

far from the scene of the rescue. As for the *Köhler* himself, he had but to speak his wishes, for the Electress, in the joy of her heart at the restoration of her sons, could not sufficiently reward the man who had saved the younger. "I worried them right well"—(*wohl getrillt*)—he said, when recounting how he had laid about him with his pole at the time of the rescue; and ever afterwards was he known as the *Triller*. His wishes were modest enough;—a little bit of land, and liberty to hunt and cut wood in the forest—and amply were they gratified.

Such is in brief the story of the *Prinzenraub*, as it happened four hundred years ago—a memorable event in Saxon history. A walled-up window in the castle at Altenburg, on the side towards the Pauritzer Pond, is said to indicate the place where in the former building the robbers entered. The Princes' Oaks still flourish; and the cave in which Ernest was hidden is still known as the *Prinzenhöhle*. And our own history is involved in the event, for from that same Ernest descends the Consort of our Queen.

To most English readers the *Prinzenraub* was an unknown story until a few years ago, when Thomas Carlyle published it from his vigorous pen in the *Westminster Review*, where all the circumstances are brought before us in the very vividness of life. "Were I touring in those parts, I would go and see," says the author, referring to the rumour that the estate bestowed on the *Triller* remained still in possession of his posterity. By inquiry at Altenburg, I learned that this estate lay in the neighbourhood of Zwickau, so, as I also was bound for the Bohemian frontier, I did go and see on the way.

CHAPTER IV.

Zwickau—Beer Bridge—Beer Mount—The Triller Estate—Triller Bierbrauerei—The 'Braumeister—The Beer—Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Prinzenraub—A Friendly Clerk—"You will have a Tsigger?"—Historical Portraits—A Good Name for a Brewery—A Case of Disinterestedness—Up the Church Tower—The Prospect—Princess Schwanhildis—The Fire-god Zwicz—Luther's Table—The Church—Geysers—Petrified Beds—Historical Houses—Walk to Oberhaselau—The Card-players—The Wagoners.

THE dark roofs of a few dull streets, a lofty old church tower, the tall chimneys, and clouds of steam and smoke of a busy suburb, rising amid orchards, gardens, and hop-grounds in the pleasant and thickly-wooded valley of the Mulde, are the features presented by Zwickau as you approach it from the terminus. There needs no long research to discover that the *Prinzenraub* is a household word among the people: hanging on the wall in the hotel you may see engravings of the *Prinzenhöhle*, the castle of Stein, the monastery at Grünhain, and other places incidental to the robbery; and the waiters are ready to tell you that the Triller estate lies near Eckersbach, about half an hour's walk to the east of the town.

On my way thither I crossed the Mulde, a lively

stream, flowing between steep slopes of trees, broken here and there by a red fern-fringed cliff. A Saxon liking—one which the Anglo-Saxon has not forgotten—is betrayed in the name of the bridge—Beer Bridge; it leads to Beer Mount, which conceals within its cool and dark interior countless barrels of the national beverage. While walking up the hollow road that winds round the hill, you see on one side the entrances to the deeply excavated cellars, on the other a tavern, overshadowed by linden-trees, offering refreshing temptations to the thirsty visitor.

The road presently rising across open fields brings you in sight of a pile of huge bright-red brick buildings, erected on the farther side of a deep, narrow dell, contrasting well with the green of a cherry orchard and woods in the rear. There lies the *Triller* estate. Times are changed; and where the sinewy *Köhler* tilled his field and reared his family, now stands a brewery—*Triller Bierbrauerei*. The wakeful genius of trade has taken possession, and finds in the patriotic sentiment inspired by the history of the place a handsome source of profit.

I addressed myself to the *Braumeister*—*Brewmaster*—who on hearing that one of England's foremost authors had published the story of the *Prinzenraub*, manifested a praiseworthy readiness to satisfy my curiosity. The estate had long been out of the hands of the *Triller* family, so long that he could not remember the time—perhaps fifty years. But the *Trillers* were not extinct: one was living at Freiberg, and two others elsewhere in Saxony. The place now belongs to a company, under

whose management *Triller* beer has become famous in all the country round; and not undeservedly, as I from experience am prepared to affirm. There is a large garden, with paths winding among the trees, and open places bestrewn with tables and chairs enough for the innumerable guests who quench their thirst at the brewery.

As we strolled about the premises, the *Braumeister* called my attention to a writing over the main entrance—

Dulcius ex ipso fonte bibuntur aquæ,

remarking that he had never known a visitor disposed to quarrel with it. Then, abandoning his laconic phrases, he told me how the four hundredth anniversary of the *Prinzenraub* had been celebrated on the 8th of July, 1855. It was a day to be remembered in all the places made historic by the event. From Schedewitz, on the farther side of Zwickau, a long procession had walked to the Brewery, under triumphal arches erected on the way. First came a troop of Coalers, in forest garb, then friends of the company on foot and in wagons, and bands of music; altogether eight hundred persons, and among them the three *Trillers*. Airs were played and songs sung that made all the fire of patriotism glow again; and so earnestly did the multitude enter into the spirit of the celebration, that—a merry twinkle gleamed in the *Braumeister's* eye as he told it—"They drank a hundred eimers of beer. There they are: look at them," he added, pointing to an engraving of the whole procession—the *Trillerzug*, as he called it.

A similar festival was held at Altenburg, Hartenstein, and Grünhain on the same day, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, and the reinvigoration of Saxon loyalty.

I was seated at one of the tables with a tankard of beer before me, when a young man came up, looked at me inquisitively, and said, "E shmall Eng-lish speak"—meaning, "I speak a little English."

I felicitated him on his acquirements, when he proceeded to tell me that he was one of the clerks employed in the counting-house, and having heard of my arrival from the *Braumeister*, could not resist the desire of speaking with an Englishman. Moreover, he would like to show me certain things which I had not yet seen, and he said, "If you pleasure in *Prinzenraub* find, so is glad to me."

We were friends in a moment. He led me first to the counting-house, and showed me the bust of Herr Ebert, who, as chief proprietor, had headed the procession in the former year, but was since deceased, saying, "We very, very sorry; every man love him. Ah! he was so good." Then running up-stairs to a large white-washed apartment—one of the drinking-rooms used when guests are driven in-doors by bad weather—where a few portraits hung on the walls, he cried, "Here is something to see. But wait—you will have a tigger?"

"With pleasure," I answered, "if it's good to drink."

"No, not drink," he replied. "What you call him?—to shmoke."

The room echoed with my laugh, and he prolonged it, as I rejoined, "Oh! you mean a cigar! No, thank you. Tobacco is one of the things I abhor."

“What you call him?” he exclaimed, in amazement —“cigar!” Then what for a teacher is mine. But he is a German.”

Our friendly relations were in no way deranged by my dislike of a “tsigger;” and we turned to the portraits, which comprised some of the personages involved in the *Prinzenraub*. The brave old *Triller* is represented in the costume of the period—a stalwart fellow, with ample black beard, bare legs, broad-brimmed hat, and loose frock tied by a belt round the waist. In one hand he grasps his pole, with the other supports the prince, who wearing red hosen and peaked red boots, looks up to him with tearful eye. Kunz appears lying down in the background, looking half-stunned and miserable. There are two miniatures—of the *Triller* and his wife—apparently very old, believed to be likenesses. In the excitement occasioned by the four hundredth anniversary, a poor shoemaker, hearing it talked of, came to the brewery with the paintings in his hand, and sold the two for a shilling. Besides these there are seven or eight other portraits, among which the features of Kunz impress you favourably. He has dark curly hair, a high forehead, a clear bright eye, moustache and pointed beard; the whole appearance and expression reminding you of Sir Philip Sidney.

What with fluent German and broken English the young clerk worked himself into enthusiasm, and showed me everything that had the remotest connexion with the subject, ending with a book containing the latest history of the *Prinzenraub*, and engravings of its incidents. Nor could he think of letting me depart till I had seen the whole premises, and the enormous cellars.

"The *Triller* is a good name for the brewery," he said, as we paced between the furlongs of barrels.

On my return to the town I found out the ancient dame who keeps the key of the church tower, and as she unlocked the door offered her a small silver coin. "No! no! no!" she exclaimed, "that is too much. A *Dreier* (halfpenny) is enough for me." A rare instance of disinterestedness. Once admitted, you find your way alone up to the topmost chamber, where dwells a woman with two or three children. She was winding up from the street below her daily supply of water when I entered out of breath with the ascent of so many steps, and paused in her task to conduct me to the platform, a height of about two hundred feet, from which the steeple springs one hundred and fifty feet higher. Wide and remarkable is the prospect: the rows of poplars which border the roads leading on all sides from the town divide the landscape into segments with stiff lines that produce a singular effect as they diminish gradually in thickness and vanish in the distance. Plenty of wood all around, merging towards the south into the vast fir forest which there darkens the long swells and rounded summits of the *Erzgebirge*: a region of contrasts, with its abounding fertility and unpicturesque foundries and mining-works. The town appears to better advantage from above than below, for the many green spots in the rear of the houses come into the view, and you see gleaming curves of the *Mulde*, and a great pond as at Altenburg, and the remains of the old walls, and the ditches, now in part changed into a garden promenade.

The mind becomes interested as well as the eye. You may grow dreamy over the fabulous adventures of the fair Princess Schwanhildis, in whose adventures, as implied in hoary tradition, the place originated; and if you desire proof, is it not found in the three swans, still borne in the town arms? Or you may revert to the sixth century only, when the Wends had a colony here, and worshipped Zwicz, one of their Slavish fire-gods in the *Aue*, or meadow—whence the present name, Zwickau. Or you may remember that Luther often mounted the tower to gaze on the widespread view; and imagine him contemplating the scenes on which your eye now rests—a brief pause in his mighty work of rescuing Europe from the toils of priestcraft. A clumsy table yet remaining on the platform, though tottering and fallen on one side with age and weakness, is called “Luther’s table;” the great Reformer having, as is said, once sat by it to eat. But the sentiment which such a relic should inspire is weakened by the inference that as the Zwickauers take no pains to preserve it from the weather, they at least are sceptical concerning its merits.

And the church itself. It is the largest, the finest specimen of Gothic, and has the biggest bell, in all Saxony, and excepting two towers in Dresden, is the highest. It dates from the eleventh century, and has been more than once restored. The interior well repays a visit. The slender, eight-sided pillars of the nave, the rare carvings of the bench-ends, and others about the choir and confessional, and in the sacristy, the high altar, by Wohlgemuth, of Nuremberg, the

only one remaining of twenty-five which formerly stood around the walls, raise your admiration of art. If curious in such matters, you may see a splinter of the true cross—a relic from Popish times—still preserved. There are some good paintings, of which one by Lucas Cranach the Younger represents Jesus as “Children’s Friend.” It was painted at the cost of a burgomaster in honour of his wife’s memory.

For one with time at discretion, Zwickau and the neighbourhood would yield a few days of enjoyable exploration. A remarkable instance of volcanic action is to be seen between Planitz and Niederkainsdorf, which has existed from time immemorial. Steam is continually bursting up from the coal strata beneath, of so high a temperature that the ground is always green even in the hardest winters. An attempt was made, a few years ago, to utilize the heat by establishing a forcing-garden on the spot; and in the adjacent forests there are land-slips, produced by disturbances of the strata, which are described as romantic in their effects. The valley of the Mulde offers much pleasing scenery; the castle of Stein and the *Prinzenhöhle* are within half a day’s walk; and somewhat farther are the singular rocks at Greifenstein, a pile as of huge beds petrified. The legend runs that a princess, having married while her betrothed, whom she had promised never to forget, was absent, the fairies, exercising their right of punishment, turned her and all her household gear into stone, and the beds remain to commemorate the perfidy. There are, besides, baths and mineral springs at the village of Oberkainsdorf, and at Hohen-

steiner Bad; and curious old carvings in the castle of Schönfels; and, if you incline to geology, the coal measures abound in fossil plants and shells, while of minerals there is no stint.

The town has attractions of another sort: early-printed books, rare manuscripts, original letters by Luther and other Reformers, in the Library; the *Rathhaus*, on the front of which, over the door, you may see the three swans; and, among the archives, more letters by Luther and Melancthon. There are portraits of the two, by Cranach, in the neighbouring castle of Planitz. The house, No. 22, in the market-place, is that in which Luther lodged in 1522; Melancthon sojourned in No. 444, in the *Burggasse*; and No. 576, in the *Schergasse*, is where Napoleon had his quarters in 1812.

It was evening when I slung on my knapsack and began my walk in earnest. A short stage at the outset is no bad preparation for the work to follow. The road runs between the noisy factories, past vitriol works, smelting furnaces, and, thick with dust, is, for the first three or four miles, far from pleasant. At length the busy district is left behind, the trees bordering the highway look greener, and the river, separated but by a narrow strip of meadow, is near enough for its rippling to be heard. Excepting a miner now and then, wearing his short leathern hinder-apron, and a general shabbiness of dress, the people I met might have been mistaken for English, so marked is the similarity of form and feature. Transported suddenly to any of the roads leading out of Birmingham, no one would have imagined them to be foreigners.

About three hours, at an easy pace, brought me to a wayside public-house near Oberhaselau, where I halted for the night. There were sundry rustic folk among the guests, one of whom told me, while I ate my supper, that he had taken part in the *Prinzenraub* celebration, along with hundreds of foresters and villagers, at a *Wirthshaus* built on the spot where the *Triller's* cabin stood—a day to be remembered as long as he lived. He had, moreover, seen the *Triller's* gaberdine hanging in the monastery at Ebersdorf.

Later in the evening came in three men of dignified appearance, who sat down at a card-table in one corner, to a game of what might be described as three-handed whist. Gustel, the maid, showed them much deference, and placed before each a quart-glass of beer. They were, she whispered to me, the *Actuarius* of the village, and the Inspector and Doctor. From time to time, during the game, they broke out into a rattling peal of laughter, as one of them threw a set of dice on the table and handed round a few extra cards. I requested permission to look at the cause of merriment, and, to my amazement, discovered that both cards and dice were disgustingly obscene, out of all character with the respectable appearance of their possessors.

Before the game was over, some six or eight wagoners, who had arrived with their teams, spread bundles of straw on the floor, pulled off their boots with a ponderous boot-jack chained to the door-post, and, stretching themselves on their lair, soon united in a discord of snores.

CHAPTER V.

Across the Mulde—Scenery—Feet *versus* Wheels—Villages—English Characteristics—Timbered Houses—Schneeberg—Stones for Lamps—The Way Sunday was Kept—The Church—A Wagon-load of Music—A Surly Host—Where the Pepper Grows—Eybenstock—Neustädtl—Fir Forests—Wildenthal—Four Sorts of Beer—Potato Dumplings—Up the Auersberg—Advertisements—The School—The Instrument of Order—"Look at the Englishman"—The Erzgebirge—The Guard-house—Into Bohemia—Romish Symbols—Hirschenstand—Another Guard-house—Differences of Race—Czechs and Germans—Shabby Carpentry—Change of Scenery—Neudeck—Arrive at Carlsbad—A Glass Boot—Gossip.

THE road crosses the Mulde near Oberhaselau, and, winding onwards between broad, undulating fields, and through patches of forest, rises gradually, though with frequent ups and downs, into a region more and more hilly. A bareness of aspect increases on the landscape as you advance, in contrast with which the stripes and squares of cultivation on the slopes appear of shining greenness. The views grow wider. They are peculiar and striking, though deficient in beauty, for the range of the *Erzgebirge*, as the name indicates, hides its wealth underground, and makes up by store of mineral treasure for poverty of surface. Yet, is there not a

charm in the tamest of mountain scenery? It animated me as I walked along on that bright sunshiny morning. Though the river was far out of sight, were there not a few ponds gleaming in the hollows? while little brooks ran tinkling down their unseen channels, and fountains began to appear at the wayside with a ceaseless sound of bubbling and splashing that fell gratefully on the ear; and the breeze made a gladsome rustling among the birches that flung their graceful shadows across the dusty road. Nature is kind to him who goes on foot, and makes him aware of beauties and delights never discovered to the traveller on wheels.

There are signs of a numerous population: church spires and villages in the distance—among them Reichenbach and its ruined castle—and in little valleys which branch off here and there, teeming with foliage, snug cottages thickly nestled; and as your eye wanders along the broken line of tree-tops, it sees many wavy columns of smoke betraying the site of rural homes scattered beneath. And you begin to notice something unfamiliar in the dress of the people who inhabit them: blue and red petticoats are frequent, and scarcely a man but wears the straight tight-legged boots up to the knee, all black and brightly polished; for the groups I met were on their way to church. The honest English style of countenance still prevails; and another English characteristic may be seen, if you look for it, in the decayed and illegible condition of the finger-posts.

If the landscape be not picturesque, many of the houses are, with their timbers, forming zigzags, angles, squares, diamonds, and other fanciful conceits. Some

old and gray, assimilating in colour to the weather-stained masonry; some painted black in strong relief upon a pale-red wall. While pausing to examine the details, you will not fail to admire the taste and skill of the builders of three centuries ago, who knew how to impart beauty even to the humblest habitations. Now and then you come upon a house of which the upper storey, faced with slates, appears as if supported by arches and pilasters fashioned in the wall beneath; and specimens of these several kinds of architecture gratify the eye in all the hill-country of Saxony.

Schneeberg, lying in a valley backed by a dark slope of firs, has a singularly gloomy aspect, which disappears as you descend the hill. It was eleven on Sunday morning when I entered the town. Because summer had come, the street lamps were all taken down; but that the chains and ropes might not hang idle, the lamp-lighter had tied a big stone or large brick, by no means ornamental, to the end of every one. A military band was playing in the market-place; a few shops were open; and a man hurrying from corner to corner was posting up bills of plays to be acted in the evening—a little comedy, followed by a piece in five acts. The prices were, for the first places, 6d., the second, 3d., the third, 2d., which would hardly exclude even the poorest. So, in Saxony, as elsewhere on the Continent, not only Papists but Protestants are willing to recreate themselves with music and the theatre on a Sunday. A half-dozen postilions, who were strutting about in the full blaze of bright-yellow coats, yellow-banded hats, jack-boots, and with a bugle slung from the shoulder,

seemed as proud of their dress as the peacocky drum-major did of his.

I ordered a steak at the *Fürstenhaus*. "Will you have it through-broiled or English-broiled?" asked the waiter, and looked a little surprised at my preference of the former. When the band stopped playing, numbers of the listeners came into the dining-room for a *Halbe* of beer, and sat down to play at cards.

The church, a spacious edifice, crowns the height above the market-place. After walking twice round it, I discovered a small door in an angle, which being unfastened gave me admittance. The interior, with its worn and uneven brick floor, has somewhat of a neglected look, not unusual in Protestant churches; but there are a few good paintings, and the altar-piece, representing the Crucifixion, shows the hand of a master. I was quite alone, and could explore as I pleased. The altar rises to a great height, adorned with statues, and crowned by figures of angels. Near it two or three tall crucifixes lean against the wall; the font, and a lectern upborne by an angel stand in the centre of the nave, and everywhere are signs of the Lutheran form of worship. Here and there, constructed with an apparent disregard of order, are glazed galleries, pews, and closets, and others that resemble large cages—ugly excrescences, which mar the fair proportions of the lofty nave. The gallery is fronted by a thick breastwork of masonry, bearing a heavy coping, and the brick floor is in many places worn completely through, and the loose lumps are strewn about. The view from the tower, commanding miles of the mountain range, more than repays the trouble of the ascent.

There are three services on the Sunday. From six to seven, and from eight to half-past nine in the morning, and from one to two in the afternoon. The rest of the day is free; but not for work, as in other countries. Haymaking, as I was informed, is the only Sunday work permitted by the law of Saxony. The Sunday school is well attended, and is not confined to religious subjects, for writing, arithmetic, and drawing are taught.

While trudging up the hill beyond the town, I passed one of the springless country wagons, crammed with a military band, the fiddles and big bass viol hanging behind, on the way to amuse the folk at Stein with music. They undertake a similar expedition every Sunday in fine weather to one or other of the surrounding villages.

I met with two novel experiences during the afternoon. One was, that to sit down in the church at Neustädl is a penance, for the pews are so narrow that you have to lift up the hinged seat before you can enter. The other, a few miles farther on the way, was of a surly *Wirth*, dwelling under the sign of the *Weisses Lamm* (White Lamb), whom I begged to draw me a glass of beer cool from the cellar. Instead of complying, he filled the measure from a can which had been standing two or three hours on the dresser in all the suffocating heat of the stove, and placed it before me with a grunt. I ventured to remind him, with good-humoured words, that lukewarm beer was not acceptable to a thirsty wayfarer on a hot day; whereupon he retorted, snarling more like a wolf than a lamb, "Either drink that, or go

and get other where the pepper grows"—*wo der Pfeffer wächst*.

The old sinner availed himself of a form of speech much used among the Germans to denote a place of intensely high temperature, and sulphureous withal, in which pepper, being so very pungent a product, may be supposed to grow.

"Suppose you go first," I answered, "and see if there be any left." And turning away, I shut the door upon the snarl which he snarled after me, and went on to Eybenstock, where cool beer in plenty was forthcoming as soon as asked for.

I told the hostess of my adventure with old Surly. "Just like him," she replied, laughing merrily; "nobody ever goes to the *White Lamb* that can help it. You didn't see any one besides him in the room, I'll engage." True enough, I did not.

A long, steep acclivity rises between Schneeberg and Eybenstock, from which you look down into deep, dark gulfs of fir forest, and away to hills swelling higher and higher in the distance—all alike sombre. So that when you come to a green vale, with its little hay-fields watered by a noisy brook, streaked in places with foam, it appears lovely by contrast. The road makes long curves and zigzags to avoid the heights, but the old track through the trees still remains, and shortens the distance at the expense of a little exertion in climbing.

The wildness increases beyond Eybenstock. The forest descends upon the road, and you walk for an hour at a stretch under the shade of firs, with beech and birch sparsely intermingled, and here and there a stately

pine springing from a mighty base to a height far above the rest, the topmost branches edged with gold by the declining sunbeams.

Emerging from the grateful shade, we come to Wildenthal, a little green hollow at the foot of the Auersberg, enclosing a saw-mill, a school, a few cottages, fields and gardens, and an inn, *Gasthaus zum Ross*. Great slopes of firs rising on every side shut it out, as it were, from the rest of the world. The aged hostess at the *Gasthaus* bustled about with surprising alacrity to answer the calls of her rustic guests for beer. "*Einfach*," cried one; another, "*Weisses*;" "*Lager*," broke in a voice from among the party of card-players, accompanied by a rapping of the pewter tankard-lid; "*Bayerisches*," shouted others from the ninepin-alley outside; and she, with her ready "*Gleich*"—directly—appeasing their impatience.

Of these four kinds of beer, the first—literally Simple—is equivalent to our small-beer, and is much in request by a certain class of toppers from its low price, and because they can drink it the whole day without fear of becoming stupid before the evening. The second—White—is very foamy, and has somewhat the lively flavour of ginger-beer: after standing some time in the glass a shake round revives its briskness. The third—Store-beer—is of sufficient strength to bear a year's keeping; and the fourth—Bavarian—is of a similar quality. The last two were the most to my liking.

There was greater choice of beer than of viands; and the half-bent old dame thought fit to apologise because she could give me nothing for supper but omelettes and *Klese*; the latter a sort of dumpling made of potatoes

and a sprinkling of wheaten flour. "If she had only known," and so forth. However, I found them palatable, and ate heartily, and therein she took comfort. Many times did I eat of such dumplings afterwards, for the relish for them is not confined to Saxony. Under the name of *Knädeln*, or *Kipfeln*, they are a standing dish among the Bohemians. To hundreds of families in the *Erzgebirge* they are the only variety—but without the wheaten flour—in a perpetual potato diet: rarely can they get even the sour black bread of the country, and in the years of the potato disease famine and misery desolated many a hearth.

The guests went away early, and then, as twilight fell, nothing disturbed the stillness of the vale save the murmur of running water and the whisper of the breeze among the slopes of firs, inviting to a contemplative stroll.

I rose on the morrow soon after the sun, and scrambled up the Auersberg. It was really a scramble, for I pushed at a venture into the forest, aiming direct for the summit. How the grass and the diminutive black-eared rye glistened with dewdrops! Early as it was, the saw-mill had begun its busy clatter, and here and there on the hills the woodcutters' strokes sounded in the calm morning air. Once under the trees all signs of a track disappeared; and there were slopes slippery with decayed vegetation; little swamps richly carpeted with exquisite mosses; dense patches of bilberry, teeming with berries as purple ripe as when Kunz plucked in another part of the forest but a few miles distant. And after all, owing to the tower on the top having fallen down, and the trees having grown up, the view is

limited to a narrow opening on either side, where an avenue, now rarely used, affords an easy though tedious ascent. A square block of stone stands near the remains of the tower, dedicated to an upper forest-master, who had fulfilled fifty years of service, by his friends and subordinates. However, there is such a charm in the wild, lonely forest, that one need not regret half an hour's exertion in scrambling up a steep hill under its shadow.

I amused myself during breakfast with the *Erzgebirgischer Anzeiger*, a small quarto newspaper, published at Schneeberg thrice a week; the price twelve *neugroschen* (about fifteen pence) per quarter. Beer and amusements occupied a large space among the advertisements; for every village and every *Wirthshaus* in the forest, of any notoriety, promised music or dancing on Sundays, sometimes both; and fortunate was the one that could announce the military band. Double *Lager* beer, a penny the pot, was offered in abundance sufficient to satisfy the thirstiest. Stewed meat and fresh sausages next Friday," is the inducement held out by one ambitious little alehouse: and an enterprising refectioner declares, "In my garden it gives fine weather." And, as the *Dresdner Anzeiger* shows, they do similar things in the metropolis. A coffee-house keeper, "up four steps," says: "My most honoured sir, I permit myself the freedom to invite you to a cup of coffee next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock." Certain young men publish their sentiments concerning their hostess, beginning with

"Angels until now have led thee,"

and so on. A fortunate husband and father thanks

Madame Krändel for the "happy *Entbindung*" of his wife, and publishes his wife's maiden name. Parents announce the death of a child, and invite their friends to "quiet sympathy." A stray Berlin paper makes it clear that a like practice prevails in the capital of Prussia. But most amusing of all was the advertisement, in French and English, of the landlord of the *Golden Star*, at Bonn. Here it is:

"De cet hôtel la renommée
Promet sans exagération
Que vous y trouverez
Le comble de la perfection.
Le luxe de la salle à manger
Surpassera même votre idée."

"By all visitors of the Rhine
Known as one of the most fine
And best conducted models
Of all Continental hotels.
The dining-room allowed to be
A grand pattern of luxury."

Which does not say much for the bard of Bonn. Besides these there was the *Illustrated Village Barber*, a paper published at Leipzig, full of humorous cuts, over which the rustics chuckled not a little.*

Wildenthal has no church; the people, therefore, are dependent on Eybenstock, three miles distant, for sermons, baptisms, marriages, and burials; but, in common with other villages, it has a good schoolhouse. Hearing the sound of voices as I passed, I went in, and had a talk with the master, who was a model of politeness. He had about a hundred scholars, of both sexes, in a room well-lighted and ventilated, with a spelling-

* In Saxony there are published 220 newspapers; in Austria, 271; in Bavaria, 178.

frame, and black music board, ruled for four parts, and other appliances of education placed along the walls. Threepence a week—two and a half *neugroschen*—is the highest rate paid at country schools; but there are two lower rates to suit folk of scanty means, and the very poorest pay nothing. The children attend school from the age of six up to fourteen, with no vacations except a fortnight at each of the three rural ingatherings—haymaking, harvest, and potato-digging. The hours of attendance are from seven to ten in the forenoon, one to four in the afternoon.

“Yes, they are pretty good children,” said the master, in reply to my inquiry; “I have not much trouble to keep them in order; but, in case of need, here is a little instrument (*kleines Instrument*) which comes to my aid;” and he produced a small birch from a secret place behind his desk.

A general nudging went through the school, and quick, sly looks from one to the other, at sight of the interwoven twigs. “Ha! ha!” cried the master, “you see they recognise it. However, ’tis very seldom called for.”

Then, mounting his rostrum, he said: “Now, children, tell me—which is the most famous country in the world?”

“*Eng-land!*” from all the hundred voices.

“Is it a most highly renowned country?”

“*Ja—ja—ja!*”

“And how is the chief city named?”

“*Lundun*”—the *u* sounded as in full.

“And when Saxony wants factories, and steam-engines, and spinning-machinery, and railways, who

is it sends them hither, or comes over and makes them?"

"*Eng-land!*" again, and with enthusiasm.

"Good. Now, children, look at the *Herr* standing here by my side—look at him, I say, for he comes from that famous country—*Eng-land!*"

It was a trial to my courage to become thus unexpectedly the object for all eyes, and feeling bound to say something in return for the master's compliment, I replied that, "if England did do so much for Saxony, it was only paying back in another form the prowess and vigour which the Saxons long time ago had carried into England. Moreover, in Saxony all children could read; but in England there were many boys and girls who could not read."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the master, holding up his hands. "How can that be?"

"It is part of our liberty. Any one in England is perfectly free to be ignorant if he likes it best."

"Remarkable!" answered the dominie; and he inquired concerning the amount of salary paid to schoolmasters in England. His own appeared very small in comparison; but were it not that bread was unusually dear, and firewood five dollars the *Klafter*—notwithstanding the vast forests—he was quite content, and could live in comfort.

Beyond Wildenthal, the ascent is almost continuous: now the road traverses a clearing where the new undergrowth hides the many scattered stumps; now a grassy slope thickly bestrewn with wild flowers; now a great breadth of forest, where boulders peer out between the stems, and brooks flow noisily, and long bunches of

hairy moss hang from the branches, and the new shoots of the firs, tipped with amber and gold, glisten and glow in the light of the morning sun.

Ever deeper into the hills; the solitude interrupted now and then by a gang of charcoal-burners with their wagons, or an aristocratic carriage, or an humble chaise, speeding on its way from Carlsbad. Or the sound of the axe echoes through the wood, followed by the crash of a falling tree. And always the wind murmurs among the trees, swelling at times to a fitful roar.

I saw a stone-breaker at work, afflicted with a huge goitre. He earns a dollar and a half per week, and complains sadly of the dearness of bread, and the hardness of the blue granite.

Gradually the tall forest gives place to scrubby-looking firs, stony patches, rough with hardy heath, offering a wild and dreary prospect. Presently a square stone, standing by the road, exhibits on one side *K. Sachsen* (Kingdom of Saxony), on the other *K. Böhmen*, and passing this you are in Bohemia. Near it is the guard-house, where two soldiers are always on the watch. One of them asked me if my knapsack contained anything for duty, accepted my negative without demur, and invited me to sit down and have a chat on the turfy seat by the side of the door. It was a pleasure to see a new face, for their life was very monotonous, looking out, from noon of one day to noon of the next, for honest folk and smugglers, suffering none to pass unquestioned. They were not much troubled with contrabandists, for these free-traders shun the highway, and cross the frontier by secret paths in lonely parts of the mountains.

The summit here forms a table-land some three thou-

sand feet above the sea-level, with a prospect by no means cheering; limited by the stunted firs, except towards the south-west, where a few black, dreary-looking undulations terminate the view. The road, however, soon begins to descend to a less inhospitable region, and presently makes a sudden dip, for the slope of the *Erzgebirge*, long and gradual towards Saxony, is abrupt on the Bohemian side. The other mountain ranges present a similar formation. Then we come to tall trees, and grassy glades, stony clearings, and acres of bilberries. A little farther, and the sight of a crucifix, bearing a gilt Christ, by the wayside, and of miserable wooden cottages, roofed with shingles, convinces you that the frontier is really crossed. A valley opens where haymakers are busy; the men wearing the straight tight boots, the women barefoot, and with a kerchief pinned hood-fashion under the chin. "*Gelobt sei Jesus Christus*"—Praised be Jesus Christ—salute the children as you pass, and some of them stand still with an expectant look. Then posts, and a toll-bar, painted in the diagonal stripes of black yellow, which symbolise imperial Austria. The bar is kept down, but sufficiently high above the ground for a man to walk under it without ducking. Having passed this you are in Hirschenstand—the first Bohemian village.

"Perhaps you come out of Saxony?" said a man, stepping from a house that had a double eagle above the door, and holding out his hand for my passport.

He was very civil, and also very positive in his assurance that he could not grant me a *visa* for Prague; only for Carlsbad, and he wished me a pleasant journey. A few yards farther I turned into the inn to dine, and at

once met with characteristic specimens of the two races who inhabit Bohemia. There was the German, with a round, flat, hairy face, stolid in expression, and somewhat sluggish in movement, and by his side the Czech, or Stock-Bohemian, whose oval countenance, high intellectual forehead, arched eyebrows, clear olive complexion, unrelieved by moustache or whisker, presented a marked contrast; the Slavonian, bright-eyed and animated; the Teuton, dull and heavy. Yet the latter is gaining upon his lively neighbour. The German population is every year increasing, and the Czechish language is spoken within a narrower circle. The contrast between the two races will be something for observation during our walk, and with another noticeable difference when we approach the frontier of Silesia.

There was something peculiar in the room as well as in the guests; at one side a tall clock, and very tall candlesticks; in the middle a chopping-block, bearing a heap of sausage-meat; a washing-tub and copper-pans in one corner, and on the opposite side a species of bagatelle-board, on which the ball is expected to find its way into the holes between long palisades of little wires: an exciting game; for even the slow German was quickened as he watched the constant repulsions of the little globe hovering round the highest number only to fail of entering.

Here, too, were the tall wooden chairs which are seldom seen beyond the Austrian frontier. It made me smile to renew acquaintance with the lanky, spider-legged things. Not the most comfortable contrivance for dispelling weariness, as you would perhaps think, reader, were you to see one. They are, however, very cheap;

not more than thirty-five kreutzers apiece, made of pine, and a florin when of hard wood. Both curiosities in their way.

Hirschenstand will hardly prepossess you in favour of Bohemian villages, for its houses are shabby boarded structures, put up with a wonderful disregard of order and neatness—windows all awry, the chimney anyhow, and the fit of the door a scandal to carpentry. And the cottages scattered about the valley, and for some distance along the road, preserve the family likeness strongly marked. They would have a touch of the picturesque with far projecting eaves, but the roofs are not made to overhang. You might easily fancy that the land had not yet recovered from the effects of the exterminating Hussite wars, out of which arose the proverb, “Scarce as Bohemian villages.”

But Carlsbad is nearly seven hours distant, and we must hasten onwards. The road still descends: the prospect opens over forests far broader than on the Saxon side: valleys branch off, and the scenery improves. Rocks choke the brooks, and burst out from the slopes; rows of ash, lime, and cherry-trees, bordering the road, succeed to the firs, and large whitewashed houses with tall roofs to the shabby cottages. Then iron works; and little needle factories driven by a mere spoutful of water rattling and buzzing merrily as grasshoppers.

Then Neudeck, where a high rock overtops the houses, and projects into the street, having the appearance, when first seen, of an ancient tower. We shall see similar strange-looking rocks, from time to time, on the hill-side, as if to prepare us for rocky

scenes of wonderful character in a subsequent part of our travel. A high steep hill close to the town is cut up with zigzags, by which the devout may ascend from station to station to the Calvary on the top, from whence the view, at all events, will repay the trouble. The road was made, and the stations and chapel were built, at the cost of an ancient maiden lady, who a few years ago expended 27,000 dollars in the purchase of the hill for the good of her soul.

Now the road descends through a vale between broad fields of wheat and potatoes, to the smoky porcelain manufacturing town of Alt, where your eye will, perhaps, be attracted by a few pretty faces among the women, set off by a pink, blue, or green jacket, and petticoat of a different colour. But for the most part the women have a dowdy appearance, of which the Czechs, as we shall by-and-by see, exhibit the dowdiest examples.

Still the road descends towards the black group of hills which encircle Carlsbad. It was nearly dark when I crossed the bridge and entered the celebrated watering-place. At first I thought every house an inn, for every front carries a sign—somewhat puzzling to a belated stranger. At length the *Gasthof zum Morgenstern* opened its door to receive me; much to my comfort, for I was very tired, having walked altogether thirty miles. Great was my enjoyment of rest. At supper the landlord brought the beer in a large boot-shaped glass, and placed it before me with the chuckling remark that he liked his guests to be able to say they had one time in their lives drunk out of a boot.

His wife, who appeared to be as good-humoured as

she was good-looking, amused me with her gossip. Her especial delight was to laugh at the peculiarities of her guests, and their mistakes in speaking German. One, a bilious Greek, had come down one morning with his hand to his head complaining of *Fuss-schmerz*—foot-ache. The Saxons, she said, could not cook, or make good butter, and were ready to drink a quart of any kind of brown fluid, and believe it to be coffee.

CHAPTER VI.

Dr. Fowler's Prescription—Carlsbad—"A Matlocky sort of a Place"—Springs and Swallows—Tasting the Water—The Cliffs and Terraces—Comical Signs—The Wiese and its Frequenters—Disease and Health—The Sprudel: its Discharge; its Deposit—The Stoppage—Volcanic Phenomena—Dr. Granville's Observations—Care's Rest—Dreikreuzberg—View from the Summit—König Otto's Höhe—"Are you here for the Cure?"—Lenten Diet—Hirschsprung—The Trumpeters—Two Florins for a Bed.

"To lie abed till you are done enough," says Dr. Fowler, of Salisbury, "is the way to promote health and long life;" and he justifies his assertion by living to the age of ninety, with promise of adding yet somewhat to the number. Remembering this, I let duty and inclination have their way the next morning, and the market-women in front of the inn had nearly sold off their baskets of flowers and vegetables before I set out to explore the wonders of Carlsbad.

"It's a Matlocky sort of a place!" cried a young lady, as I passed an elegant party, who were sauntering about the pleasant grounds behind the *Theresienbrunn*—"it's a Matlocky sort of a place!" And a merry laugh followed the iteration of her ingenious adjective. That it is not altogether inappropriate is apparent as soon as you arrive on the upper terrace and overlook a

small town, lying deep between hills on either side of the Teple, a shallow and sharply-curved stream.

All the springs but two are on the left bank, a few yards from the water's edge. There is a little architectural display in the buildings by which they are covered: a domed roof, supported on columns, or a square, temple-like structure, flanked by colonnades. The water flows into a cavity, more or less deeply sunk below the surface, surrounded by stone steps, on which sit the nimble lasses, priestesses of health, who every morning from six to ten are busily employed in dispensing the exhaustless medicine. A few vase-like cups stand ready for use; but numbers of the visitors bring their own glass, carried as a bouquet in the hand, of tasteful Bohemian manufacture, striped with purple or ruby, and some of the purest white. All are made of the same size—to contain six ounces—and a few have a species of dial attached, by which to keep count of the number of doses swallowed. The visitors, having their glasses filled at the fountain, walk up or down the colonnade, or along the paths of the pleasure-ground, listening to music, or form little groups for a morning gossip, and sip and chat alternately till the glasses are emptied. The rule is to wait a quarter-hour between each refilling, so that a patient condemned to a dozen glasses dissipates three hours in the watery task. The number imbibed depends on the complaint and constitution: in some instances four glasses are taken; in others, from twenty to forty.

I tasted each spring as I came to it, and felt no inclination to repeat the experiment. The temperature of the *Theresienbrunn* is 134 deg., of the *Mühlbrunn* 138

deg., of the *Neubrunn* 144 deg., in itself a cause of dislike, especially in hot weather, and much more so when combined with a disagreeable bitter, and a flavour which I can only compare to a faint impression of the odour of a dissecting-room. No wonder some of the drinkers shudder as they swallow their volcanic physic! But more about the waters after we have seen the *Sprudel*.

In some places the cliff comes so near to the stream that there is no more than room for a colonnade, or narrow road, and here and there the path, stopped by a projecting rock, is carried round the rear of the obstacle by little intricate zigzags. And every minute you come to some ramifications of the narrow lanes, which here, so limited and valuable is the space, serve the purpose of streets, and afford ready access to the heights above. The houses rise tier over tier, in short rows, or perched singly on curious platforms excavated from the rock, in situations where back windows would be useless. The topmost dwellers have thus an opportunity to amuse their idleness by a bird's-eye view of what their neighbours are doing below. From May to September the influx of visitors is so great that every house is full of inmates.

As every house has its sign or designation, ingenuity has been not a little taxed to avoid repetitions. One ambitious proprietor writes up *At the King of England*: another, contenting himself with his native tongue, has *König von England*; a third, *English House*. A little farther, and you see *Captain Cook*; *The Comet*; *The Aurora*; and many varieties of Rings, Spoons, and Musical Instruments. *Israelitisch Restauration* notifies the tribes of a dining-room; here *The Admiral*, there

The Corporal, yonder *The Pasha* claims attention; and in a steep street leading towards Prague I saw *The A B C*. And here and there a doll in a glass-case fixed to the wall, representing St. Anne—a favourite saint of the Bohemians—looks down on the sauntering visitors.

Continuing up the left bank you enter the market-place, where the indications of life and business multiply, and a throng are sipping around the *Marktbrunn*. This spring burst up from under the paving-stones in 1838; a temple was built over it, and ever since it has served as a temple of ease to some of the more crowded springs. A little farther, and you come to the *Wiese*, or meadow, which retains no more of grass than Hatton-garden does of gravelled paths and flower-beds: a row of houses and shops on one side, on the other a line of wooden booths concealing the river, and all between planted with trees which shelter an irregular regiment of chairs and tables. Here is the place where visitors most do congregate, pacing leisurely to and fro, or lounging on the chairs in front of the cafés, gossiping over the newspapers, or trifling around the stalls and shop windows.

A remarkable throng, truly! Some with an air highly dignified and aristocratic; but the greater part somewhat grotesque in appearance. Graceful ladies with those ungraceful sprawling bonnets not uncommon in Germany; men, lanky and angular, and short and round, and square and awkward, wearing astonishing wide-awakes. Such a variety of loose, baggy trousers, magnificent waistcoats, and gauzy gowns, that look impalpable almost as a cloud! Here comes a Polish Jew with manifest signs of having remained unclean

beyond more than one evening; here a Czechish count, who has not forgotten his military paces; here a spectacled professor, with boots turned up peak-wise, and toes turned broadly out; here a group of Hebrews glittering with jewelry; and here a miscellaneous crowd from all the countries of Europe, but Germans the most numerous. Of English very few. There is nothing stiff or formal about them; to make things pleasant seems to be a tacit understanding, for disease has brought them all to one common level. All are animated by the hope of cure, and find therein an inspiration towards gaiety.

But who shall be gay in an hospital, among sallow, haggard faces, sunken eyes, and ghastly features? Some you see who, preyed upon by disease for years, have well-nigh lost all faith in the smiler who lingers so long at the bottom of the box; some afflicted by hypochondriasis appear to wonder that the sun should shine, that others can be happy while they themselves are so miserable. The lively fiddles, and twanging harps, and jingling tambourines—the Tyrolese minstrels—the glib conjuror, all fail to bring a flash of joy back to their deadened eye; to win for mirth one responsive thrill. I have never been more thankfully sensible of the blessing of robust health, than while strolling on the *Wiese* at Carlsbad.

What with its many stalls and shops, the *Wiese* resembles a bazaar. All sorts of trifles and knick-knacks tempt the visitor, and entice money from the purse. Among queer-looking toys you see WINDSOR SOAP labelled in good, honest English; pipes, ribands, and pocket-books, fans, satchels, and jewelry, among spe-

Carlsbad Mineral water = { Sulphate Soda
Calc - Soda
Common Salt

cimens of *Sprudelstein*, and crystals and minerals, from the surrounding hills. Money-changers abound; and polyglot placards—English, French, German, Czechish, Hungarian—everywhere meet the eye. And not only here, but all over the town, brisk signs of business and prosperity are apparent. But to quote the gossip of my hostess, “many in Carlsbad have to endure hunger during the winter.” The place is then deserted, for the season lasts only from May to September.

Turn into a short *Gasse* from the market-place, cross the foot-bridge, and you will see a Geyser without the fatigue of a voyage to Iceland. It is the far-famed *Sprudel*, or Bubbler. At one end of a colonnade open to the river on the right bank, a living column of water springs perpetually from the ground. Through an orifice in the centre of a basin about three feet deep, the water leaps and plays with a noise of gurgling, splashing, and bubbling, to a height of six or eight feet, and throwing off clouds of steam. Now it forms a column with palm-leaved capital—now a number of jets tumbling over in graceful curves—now broken, fan-like masses, all throbbing and dancing in obedience to the vigorous pulsations under ground. There is something fascinating in the sight. Allowing for the artificial elevation of the floor, the whole height of the jet is about twelve feet; and so has it leaped for ages, and with but one interruption since its fabulous discovery in the fourteenth century.

The *Sprudel* is the hottest of the springs, scalding hot, in fact, marking a temperature of 167 deg. Fahrenheit: hence the attendant Naiads—here a couple of strong-armed women—make use of a cup fixed to one

end of a staff for filling the glasses. When a visitor approaches, the staff is held out to receive the glass; and after a plunge into the steaming jet, is handed back to the expectant drinker, who, taking his glass from the cup, swallows the contents at pleasure—if he can. The drinkers were but few when I came up, for ten o'clock was nigh; stragglers, who having arrived late, were sipping their last glasses—some not without a shudder. While the dose cooled, they examined the heads of walking-sticks, snuff-boxes, seals, and other specimens of *Sprudelstein*, on sale at a stall; or the time-tables and advertisement photographs hanging about the colonnade. The Naiads, in the interval, emptied ladles full of the water into stone-bottles, which a man rapidly corked in a noisy machine.

The waste water flows away along a wooden shoot to the river, where it sends small light wreaths of steam floating about on the surface. But I saw nothing at all like what has been often described as a cloud of steam perpetually hovering above the *Sprudel*, visible from afar. Regarded near at hand, or from a distance, there is no cloud visible in July, whatever may be the case in the cool months.

The quantity of water poured out every day by the *Sprudel* alone is estimated at two million gallons. Multiplied by 365, it becomes truly amazing. In this quantity, as shown by Gilbert, a German chemist, ten thousand tons of Glauber salt, and fifteen thousand tons of carbonate of soda are thrown up in a year. And this has been going on from immemorial ages, the waters depositing calcareous matter in their outflow, which has

slowly formed a crust over the vast boiling reservoir beneath. And on this crust Carlsbad is built.

The constituents of all the springs, as proved by analyses, are identical with those of the *Sprudel*—soda in the form of carbonate, Glauber salt, and common salt; carbonic acid gas, and traces of iron and iodine. Bitumen is also found in a notable quantity, and a peculiar soapy substance, a species of animal matter, the cause, perhaps, of the cadaverous flavour already mentioned. The water, which when first caught is bright and clear, becomes turbid if left to cool, and throws down a pale-brown sediment. Ehrenberg, the celebrated microscopist of Berlin, who has examined specimens of this sediment under his microscope, declares it to be composed of fossil animalcules inconceivably minute; these animalcules being a portion of the material out of which Nature builds up the solid strata of the globe. Some patients have feared to drink the water because of the concreting property; but the medical authorities assure that in this respect it produces no injurious effect on the animal economy. Shopkeepers turn it to profit, and offer you fruits, flowers, plants, and other objects, petrified by the *Sprudel* water.

The roof of the colonnade above the spring is discoloured by the ascending steam; and standing on the bridge you can see how the wall is incrustated with calcareous matter, as, also, the big hump swelling up from the bed of the stream—a smooth ochreous coat, brightened in places by amber, in others darkened into a rich brown, or dyed with shades of green. This concretion is the *Sprudelstein*, or Sprudel-stone, noticed above; firm and hard in texture, and susceptible of a

beautiful polish. A portion of the waste water is led into an adjoining building, where it undergoes evaporation to obtain the constituent salts in a dry state for exportation. From the other shoot, as it falls into the river, supplies are constantly dipped by the townsfolk, who use it to cook their eggs, to scald pork and poultry, and other purposes. All day long you may see women filling and carrying away on their shoulders big bucketfuls of the steaming water. Notwithstanding this constant inflow of hot water, the Teple appears to agree with fish, for I saw numbers swimming about in good condition but a short distance lower down. As a stream, it adds little to the salubrity of Carlsbad, for it is shallow, sluggish in places, and tainted by noisome drainage. Another cause of offence to the nostrils exists in what is so often complained of on the Continent, the obtrusive situation of the *latrinæ* at the principal springs. Only in England are such matters properly cared for.

In 1809, and for ten years thereafter, the *Sprudel* ceased to flow, and the water broke through at a spot some fifty feet distant, to which the name *Hygieas Quelle* was given. Here it continued to play till 1819, when it reappeared at the former source, and from that date there has been no interruption in the copious discharge of the *Sprudel*. The underground action is at times so powerful as to rend the crust and form new openings, and these, if large, have to be stopped, to prevent the loss of the springs. The yellow hump mentioned as swelling up from the river's bed, is nothing but a thick mass of masonry, braced together by iron bars, covering a great rent through which the waters once boiled up from below. Similar outbreaks occurred

in 1713, and again fourteen years later, when attempts were made to ascertain the depth of the great subterranean reservoir by splicing poles together to a length of one hundred and eighty feet, but neither bottom nor wall could be touched in any direction. The hills around are of granite, containing mica and pyrites, and one of them, the *Hirschsprung*, is said to be the source of all the Carlsbad springs. Their bases come near together, and it is easy to imagine a huge cavern formed between them descending deep down into the bowels of the earth.

As regards the efficacy of the Carlsbad waters, let us hear Dr. Granville, an authority on the subject: "They exert their principal sanative action," he says, "1st, on all chronic affections which depend on debility of the digestive organs, accompanied by the accumulation of improper secretions; 2ndly, on all obstructions, particularly of the abdomen, which, as Becher, the oracle of Carlsbad, observes, they resolve and disperse; 3rdly, on the acrimony of the blood, which they correct, alter, evacuate, or drive towards the extremities and the surface of the body; 4thly, on calculous and gravelly deposits; 5thly, on many occult and serious disorders, the nature of which is not readily ascertained until after the partial use of the waters, such as tic doloureux, spasms, rheumatisms, and gout."

As if here were not virtues sufficient, the Doctor proceeds: "My own experience warrants me in commending the Carlsbad waters in all obstinate cases of induration, tumefaction, tenderness, and sluggish action of the liver; in imperfect or suppressed gout; in paralysis, dependent on the stomach, and not fulness of blood in the

head; in cases of tic and nervous disorders; finally, in obstructions of the glands of the mesentery, and distended state of the splenic vessels." The effect on stones in the bladder is almost magical, so promptly are they polished, reduced, rendered friable, and expelled, leaving the patient a happy example of perfect cure.

"It is the despondent," to quote once more from the Doctor, "the dejected, misanthropic, fidgetty, pusillanimous, irritable, outrageous, morose, sulky, weak-minded, whimsical, and often despairing hypochondriac—for he is all these, and each in turn—made so by continued indigestion, by obstinate and unremitting gout, by affections of the nerves of sympathy and of the gastric region, and by other equally active causes, that Carlsbad seems pre-eminently to favour." After reading this, the wonder is, not that the visitors number from five to six thousand in the course of the season, but that they are not ten times as many.

The Doctor finds nothing nauseous in the taste of the water. "Once arrived in the stomach," he says, "it produces an exhilarating sensation, which spreads itself to the intestinal canal generally." To him I leave the responsibility of this statement; for, preferring to let well alone, I sipped by spoonfuls only, and can therefore bring no testimony from my own experience. The practice of drinking the waters has almost set aside the once exclusive practice of bathing; but baths are always to be had, as well of mud and vapour as of the water of the springs.

Now, after this stroll through the town, let us take a wider survey. As we follow the street down the right bank, we see parties setting off in carriages for excur-

sions to the neighbourhood, and rows of vehicles in the open places ticketed, *Return to Marienbad, to Eger, to Töplitz, to Zwickau*, and the like, and drivers on the alert for what your London cab-driver calls "a job." A short distance beyond the *Morgenstern* a path zigzags gradually up the hill and brings you soon under the shade of trees, and to many little nooks and sheltered seats contrived for delightful repose. One remote bower, apparently but little frequented, is inscribed, *Care's Rest: make thyself happy*. A little farther, and crossing a carriage-road, we come to a temple where you may have another rest, and enjoy at the same time the opening panorama. From hence the paths zigzag onwards to the top of the *Dreikreuzberg*—Three-Cross Hill—by easy shady slopes, which even a short-winded patient may ascend, while those with strong legs may shorten the distance by the steep cut-offs. An agreeable surprise awaits you at the top: a large, well-kept garden, gay and fragrant with flowers, surrounded by arbours of clipped fir, and a graceful screen of trees, while at one side stands a spacious *Restauration*—all clean and cheerful of aspect. From an elevated platform, or from the arched recesses on the terrace in front of the garden, you see all Carlsbad and the hilly region around.

Now you see how singularly crooked is the narrow valley in which the town is built; how the white houses gleam from the steep green sides of the farther hills, and straggle away to the wooded hollow at the head of the valley, from whence the river issues in a shining curve. In and out flows the stream past the church, past the springs and public buildings, cutting the town in two, on its way to fall into the Eger. Your eye

takes in the life of the streets, the goings to and fro, but on a reduced scale—such tiny men and women, and little carriages! 'Tis as if one were looking into Lilliput. Opposite rises the precipitous rocky hill, the Hirschsprung, to the craggy summit of which we shall climb by-and-by; and beyond it, ridgy summits, away to the gloomy expanse of the *Schlaggenwald*. Many are the paths that penetrate the rearward valleys, and white roads curving along the hill-sides high above Carlsbad, and far up the distant slopes. Altogether the view is striking, and somewhat romantic; yet in the eyes of the Germans fresh from their flat, uninteresting country, it is "*wunderschön*"—an epithet which they never tire of heaping on the landscape.

From the garden a path leads along the ridge to a higher elevation, where the three tall crosses, seen for miles around, spring from a rocky knoll at the rear of a small semicircular opening, enclosed by firs, prettily intermingled with beech and birch. Heath and yellow broom grow from crevices in the rocks, and the wild thyme, crushed by your foot, fills the air with aromatic sweetness, for the spot is left to the nurture of the winds and the rain. It commands the same view as from the garden; but with a wider scope, and the town lying at a greater depth.

The path still curving along the ridge brings you presently to *König Otto's Höhe*—King Otto's Height—the highest point of the hill. This is also an untrimmed spot, with two or three seats, and a fluted granite column, surmounted by a globe and star, rising in the midst. You now look over some of the nearer hills, and get fresh peeps into the valleys, discovering

topographical secrets. Raised high into the region of cooling breezes, yet easily accessible, it is a pleasant place for quiet recreation.

I took the shortest way down from Otto's Height, crossing the rough declivity and the fields that stretch far up the lower slope of the hill, and made a circuit to Findlater's monument at the upper extremity of Carlsbad. From the eminence on which it is erected you get a new prospect of the town, and up the valley of umbrageous retreats much resorted to by visitors on sultry afternoons.

On my way back to the *Morgenstern* I had another look at the *Sprudel*. The place was now deserted; the Naiads had departed; the stall-keeper had locked her glazed doors and withdrawn; and there was nothing near to subdue the vivid rushing sound of the water. So to remain till evening, when a few anxious patients would appear to quaff new draughts of health.

The inn was in all the bustle of dinner, after the manner of a *table d'hôte*, but without its formality—twenty little tables instead of a single large one. By this arrangement the guests formed small parties, and ate and chatted at pleasure. Many came in who were not lodgers in the house—among them a countess, from Moravia, to whom no more attention was paid, nor did she appear to expect it, than to the others. The absence of stiffness was, indeed, an agreeable characteristic of the company, who were mostly Germans.

"Are you here for the cure?" said an old gentleman who sat opposite me, and looked at my tankard of beer and salad with an air of surprise. "Are you not afraid?"

My answer reassured him. Visitors who come to drink the waters are required by medical authority to conform to a simple regimen. To eat no salad, fruit, or vegetables—to drink no beer or wine—to eat no bread. The exceptional cases are rare; hence the provision consists but of sundry preparations of meat, decanters of water, pudding resembling boiled pound-cake, and baskets of small rolls. The latter, made of wheaten flour, are not recognised as bread, but come under the common term, *Semmel*—the *simmel* of which we read in descriptions of lordly banquets in our Plantagenet days. The term bread is confined to the large brown and black loaves made of rye meal, the staple of household diet in Bohemia; and to Carlsbad patients this is forbidden. So Nature always goes on vindicating her simple laws, convincing mankind, in spite of themselves, of the wholesome effects of fresh air, daily exercise, plain food, and spring water; and mankind, returned to crowded cities and artificial pleasures, go on forgetting a lesson which is as old as the hills.

In the afternoon I mounted to the top of the *Hirschsprung*, and passed two or three hours on the jutting crags which overlook the town and a wide expanse of rolling fields and meadows towards Saxony. Stairs and fenced platforms on the outermost points enable you to survey in full security. The conformation of the crags is not unlike that which prevails in the Saxon Switzerland. Here and there tablets in the rock record the visits of royal personages, and on the topmost, surmounted by a cross, is an inscription in Russian, and the name of Czar Peter, who included among his ex-

ploits that of riding up the *Hirschsprung* on horseback in 1711.

You cannot be long in Carlsbad without hearing a flourish of trumpets from the top of the Watch-tower, announcing the arrival of visitors. No sooner do the trumpeters spy a carriage approaching from their lofty station, than they begin to sound, and, in proportion to the appearance of the vehicle, so do they measure out their blast—most wind for the proudest. While I was looking down, a sudden note, unusually prolonged, woke up the drowsy echoes, for rattling down the zig-zagged highway from Prague came his unenviable majesty, Otho of Greece, to undergo a course of the *Sprudel*—at least, so said the newspapers. Not till he had alighted at the hotel did the trumpeters cease their salute, for kings can pay well; but let a dusty-footed wayfarer, with knapsack on shoulder, come into the town, and not a breath will they spare to give him welcome.

At six in the evening—having surveyed Carlsbad from within and without, and from the highest points on either side—I started to walk to Buchau, a village about ten miles off—an easy distance before nightfall. The *Morgenstern* charged me two florins for my bed, and less than two florins for all my diet—supper, breakfast, and dinner; which, in one of the dearest watering-places in Europe, was letting me off on reasonable terms.

CHAPTER VII.

Departure from Carlsbad — Dreifaltigkeits-Kirche — Engelhaus — The Castle — A Melancholy Village — Up to the Ruins — An Imperial Visit — Bohemian Scenery — On to Buchau — The Inn — A Crowd of Guests — Roast Goose — Inspiring Music — Prompt Waiters — The Mysterious Passport — The Military Adviser — How he Solved the Mystery — A Baron in Spite of Himself — The Baron's Footbath — Lighting the Baron to Bed.

SOME years ago Carlsbad was scarcely accessible by vehicles coming from the interior, so abrupt was the declivity of its western hill. Now the difficulty is overcome by the zigzags of an excellent road, such as Austrian engineers know well how to construct. The shortest way out of the town for one on foot is up a street painfully steep, which brings you at once to an elevation, whence there is a view of the hills and hollows at the head of the valley. The zigzags are long, and there are no cut-offs, whereby you lose sight but slowly of the Valley of Springs.

Once past the brow and a view opens over a hilly landscape in the opposite direction, repeating the characteristics of Bohemian scenery—large unfenced fields, with clumps of firs and patches of forest on the highest swells, and the road, in long undulations, running between rows of birch and mountain-ash. There is a mo-

notony about it, varied only by the difference of crops, the rise and fall of the ground, or rags of mist which, after a shower, hang about the dark sides of distant hills. By-and-by the ruined castle of Engelhaus, crowning a conical hill, peers up on the left, higher and higher as you advance, till at length it stands out a huge mass, looking grimly down on a village beneath.

But now a low building on the right attracts your attention. It is a small, low, triangular church—*Dreifaltigkeits-Kirche*—in a narrow graveyard, where the few mounds and the low wooden crosses that mark them are scarcely to be seen for tall grass and weeds. The interior, so far as I could see through a chink in the rusty, unpainted door, contains nothing remarkable except a rude altar, and a small gallery in each angle. A chapel and arcades are built against two sides of the enclosing wall, and four life-size figures of apostolic aspect sit, recline, and kneel in front of a half-length figure, bearing a crucifix, placed in a recess. They seemed fit guardians of a place which wears an appearance of neglect.

A little farther and there is a byeway, leading across the fields to Engelhaus, about a quarter-mile distant, and a very Irish-looking village it is; squalid and filthy, built in what, to a stranger, appears a total disregard of the fitness of things. Here and there the noise of a loom—a noise which denotes a poverty-stricken existence—sounded from some of the cottages, and the aspect of the villagers is quite in keeping with their environment. And yet a wandering musician, who carried a trestle to rest his organ on, was trying to coax a few *Kreutzers* out of their pockets by airs most unmelodious;

as if the worst kind of music were good enough for folk so deficient in a sense of propriety. The inside of the houses is no better than the outside. Seeing a pale, damp-browed weaver at a window, I stopped to put a question. He opened the casement, and out rushed a stream of air so hot, stifling, and malodorous as fully accounted for his abject looks, and made me content with the briefest answer.

A steep path, completed in one place by a wooden stair, leads you up and along the precipitous side of the hill to the principal entrance of the castle, an old weather-beaten arch bestriding the whole of the narrow way. Here a few tall trees form the commencement of an avenue, which the young trees planted farther on will one day complete, and increase the charm of the ancient remains. The path skirting the bold crags passes an old tower, and enters a court which, since the visit of the Emperor and Empress in 1854, is called the *Kaiserplatz*. Three young trees, supported by stakes painted black and yellow, and blue and white, are growing up into memorials of the incident, and dwarf-firs, set in the turfy slope, form the initials F i E—*Francis Joseph, Elizabeth*. A small pool in one corner reflects the dilapidated walls; the mountain-ash, trailing grasses, and harebells grow from the crevices, trembling in the breeze; and the place, cool, green, and sequestered, is one where you would like to sit musing on a summer afternoon.

The steep and uneven ground adds much to the picturesque effect of the ruin. You make your way from court to court by sudden abrupt ascents and descents, protected in places by a fence—now under a broken

arch, now creeping into a vault, now traversing a roofless hall, climbing the fragment of a stair, or pacing round the base of the mighty keep. Loose stones lie about, bits of walls peer through the soil, or, concealed beneath, form grassy hummocks, showing how great have been the ravages of time and other foes. Here and there stands a portion of wall on the very brink of the precipice, and a railing stretched from one to the other enables you to contemplate the prospect in safety. The appearance of the country is such that the hill appears to be in the centre of a great, slightly-hollowed basin, which has a dark and distant rim. The basin is everywhere heaving with undulations, patched and striped with firs and the lines of trees along the highways, while a few ponds gleam in some of the deepest hollows. A few widely scattered cottages, or the white walls of a farmstead, dot the green surface of the fields; and such is the general character of the scenery all the way from the *Erzgebirge* to Prague—indeed, all the central region of Bohemia. One league, with small differences, is but a repetition of the other.

I prowled so long about the ruins, enjoying the lusty breeze that shook the branches merrily and roared through the crevices, that long shadows crept over the landscape, raising the highest points into bold relief, and veiling the remoter scenes before I descended. The sun, fallen below the Saxon mountains, lit up an immense crescent of angry clouds with a lurid glare, from which the twilight caught a touch of awfulness. The ponds shone with unearthly lustre for a few moments, and then lay cold and gray, and there seemed something spectral in the thin lines of firs as they rose against the glare.

I returned to the road, and found the last two or three miles solitary enough, for not a soul did I meet, and the way lay through a forest where the only light was a faint streak overhead. It was near ten o'clock when I came to Buchau—a village of low houses built round a great square—in which stood some twenty or thirty laden wagons. The appearance of things at *The Sun* was not encouraging: a dozen wagoners in blue gaberdines lay stretched on straw in the sitting-room, leaving but a small corner of the floor vacant, where sat the host, who made many apologies for having to turn me away. I walked across the square, and tried *Der Herrnhaus*, and on opening the door met with a rare surprise. The large room was crowded with some three-score guests, including a few soldiers, seated at narrow tables along the sides and across the middle, every man with his tankard of beer before him. In one corner a party of gipsies played wild and lively music, making the room echo again with the sounds of flageolet, violin, and bass, and electrifying the company with their wizard harmonies. Some, unable to contain themselves, chanted a few bars of the inspiriting measure; others beat time with hands or feet, and joined in a whoop at the emphatic passages; and all the while a gruff outpouring of talk struggled with the bass for the mastery. There was a clatter of knives and forks, a rattling of pewter-lids by impatient tipplers, and hasty cries for pieces of bread. And over all hung a cloud of smoke, rolling broader and deeper as the puffs and swirls went up from fifty pipes.

This scene bursting upon me all at once made me stand for a minute in doubtful astonishment, half dazzled by the sudden light, and half choked by the reeking

atmosphere, while I looked round to discover the trencher-capped *Wirth*. If *The Sun* had no room, what was to be hoped for here? However, the landlord, after a consultation with his wife, assured me of a chamber to myself; and placing a chair at the only vacant end of one of the tables, professed himself ready to supply "anything" for supper. He rung the changes on beef, veal, and sausage, with interpolation of roast goose. The meats were good, but the goose was prime; he could recommend that "*vom Herzen*," and he laid his hand on his heart as he said it. So I accepted roast goose; and presently a smoking dish of the savoury bird was set before me, with cucumber salad and rye bread. The landlord had not overpraised his Bohemian cookery, for he gave me a most relishing supper.

As my eyes became accustomed to the smoky atmosphere, the forms and features of the company came out more distinct than at first. Among the wagoners and rustics who made up the greater number, I saw two or three heads of a superior cast—unmistakable Czechish heads—in marked contrast to the rest. A gentleman with his wife and brother, travelling to their estates, preferred quarters in the *Herrnhaus* to a midnight stage, and sat eating their supper, apparently not less pleased with their entertainment than I was. By their side sat half a dozen tramping shoemakers, each busy with a plate of roast goose; and next to them, in the narrow space between the stove and the wall, lay a woman and her two children, sleeping on straw. The musicians came round for a largesse, and, reanimated by success, played a few tunes by way of finish, which made sitting still almost impossible. Every one seemed inclined to spring up and dance; and the host and his servants ran

to and fro quicker than ever, under the new excitement. No sooner was a tankard emptied, than, following the custom of the country, it was caught up by one of the nimble attendants and refilled, without any asking leave or any demur, except on the part of one of the guests. Trencher-cap would by no means believe that I could be satisfied with a single measure, and I had to compromise for a glass of wine, which, when brought, he assured me proudly was genuine '34 *Adelsberger*. Whether or no, it was very good.

Presently he asked for a sight of my passport, that his son might enter my name with those of the other travellers. I spread the document before him on the table; he bent down and examined it curiously, as an antiquary over a wormeaten manuscript, but with a look of utter bewilderment, for he had never before seen an English passport. He turned it upside down, sideways, aslant, back to front, every way, in short, in his endeavour to discover a meaning in it; but in vain. He caught eagerly at the British Minister's eagle, and the German *visas*, yet found nothing to enlighten him therein. His son then took a turn in the examination; still with no better result; and the two looked at one another in blank hopelessness.

Presently the father, recollecting himself, beckoned secretly to one of the soldiers, who came to help solve the mystery. Taking the passport, he held it at arm's length, turned it every way as the *Wirth* had done before, brought it close to his eyes; but could make nothing of it. Then, as if to assist his wit, he hooked one finger on the end of his nose, spread the mysterious document on the table, and pointing to the first para-

graph, which, as tourists know, stands printed in good round hand, he began to read at all hazards:

"*Vill—Vill—Vill—yam. Ja, ja. Villyam. Ah!* that's English!" Then he attacked the second word—"Fre—Fre—Fre—Fredrich. *Ja, ja. That is English!*"

The next word, *Earl*, looked awkward, so, skipping that, he went on with many flourishes of his forefinger, "*Claren—don. Ja, ja. Clarendon. That's English!*"

Encouraged by success, he made a dash at the following word, "*Baron*," and stopped suddenly short, hooked his finger once more on his nose, stood for a minute as if in deep study, then repeating slowly, "*Villyam Fredrich Clarendon, Baron*," he gave the passport back into the landlord's hands, and said in a whisper, pointing slyly to me, "He's a Baron."

Hereupon the son, with nimble pen, entered me in the book as "*Villyam Fredrich Clarendon, Baron*."

"You have made a pretty mistake," I interposed. "See, that's my name, written lower down, quite away from the titles of our Foreign Minister." But it was in vain that I spoke, and argued, and protested, the opposite party would not be convinced, and Trencher-cap, folding up the passport, looked at me with that expression which very knowing folk are apt to assume, and said, as he replaced it in my hand, "*Ja, ja. We are used to that sort of thing. You wish not to travel in your real name. Yes, yes, we know. Herr Baron, I give you back your passport.*"

I reiterated my protest, and vehemently; but all in vain. "*Herr Baron*" I had to remain for all the rest of the evening. Trencher-cap made a bow every time he addressed me, and went among his guests, telling them he had caged an English Baron. One and another

came and sat near me for awhile, and talked with so much of deference, that at last I felt quite ashamed of myself—as if I were an accomplice in a hoax. The talk, however, was very barren; the only items of real information it brought forth were, that a good many needles were made in the neighbourhood, and that Buchau could muster ninety-nine master shoemakers.

“So it went on till eleven o’clock, when mine host, approaching with another bow, said, “*Herr Baron*, are you quite sure that it is a cold foot-bath you want?”

“Quite.”

“I told the maid so,” he replied; “but she says she cannot believe that a *Herr Baron* will have cold water, and thinks it should be lukewarm.”

Satisfied on this point, he summoned the incredulous maid to light me to bed. She stooped low with what was meant for a curtsy, and would on no account turn her face from me, but went backwards up the stairs, holding the candle low, and begging me at every step not to stumble.

“Verily,” thought I, “the whole household joins in the conspiracy.”

She carried the candlestick delicately, as if it were of silver and not mere iron, placed it on a little deal table in the bedroom with a ceremonious air, made another low curtsy, and retreated to the door.

Then, with one hand on the latch, she said, after a momentary pause, “*Herr Baron*, I wish you a good night;” and withdrew, leaving me alone to sleep as best I might under the burden of an unexpected title.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dawn—The Noisy Gooseherd—Geese, for Home Consumption and Export—Still the Baron—The Ruins of Hartenstein—Glimpses of Scenery and Rural Life—Liebkowitz—Lubenz—Schloss Petersburg—Big Rooms—Tipplers and Drunkards—Wagoners and Peasants—A Thrifty Landlord—Inquisitorial Book—Awful Gendarme—Paternal Government—Fidgets—How it is in Hungary—Wet Blankets for Philosophers—An Unhappy Peasant.

NEITHER nightmare nor anything else disturbed me till the wagoners, hooking on their teams amid noisy shouts, filed off in two directions from the square, at the earliest peep of dawn. The quiet that returned on their departure was ere long broken by a succession of wild and discordant cries, which, being puzzled to account for by ear, I got out of bed and used my eyes. The gooseherd stood in the middle of the square, calling his flock together from all quarters, with a voice, as it seemed to me, more expressive of alarm and anger than of invitation. However, the geese understood it, and they came waddling and quacking forth from every gateway and lane, and the narrow openings between the houses, till some hundreds were gathered round the herd, who, waving his long rod, kept up his cries till the last straggler had come up, and then drove them out to the dewy pasture beyond the village. A singular

effect was produced by the multitude of long necks, and the awkward movements of the snow-white mass, accompanied as they were by a ceaseless rise and fall of the quacking chorus. Such a sight is common in Bohemia; for your Bohemian has a lively relish for roast goose, regarding it as a national dish; and mindful of his neighbours, he breeds numbers of the savoury fowl for their enjoyment. Walk over the *Erzgebirge* in September, and you will meet thousands of geese in a flock, waddling slowly on their way to Leipzig, and the fulfilment of their destiny in German stomachs, at the rate of about three leagues a day.

I doubted not that when the landlord had a fair look at me by daylight, he would recall the title conferred amid the smoke and excitement of the evening before. But, no! he met me at the foot of the stair with the same profound bow; hoped *Herr Baron* had slept well; and would *Herr Baron* take breakfast; all my remonstrances to the contrary notwithstanding. I drank my coffee with a suspicion that the sounding honour would have to be paid for; but I did the worthy man injustice, for when summoned to receive payment, he brought his slate and piece of chalk, and writing down the several items, made the sum total not quite a florin. Not often is a Baron created on such very reasonable terms.

Even after I left his door, the host continued his attentions: he would go with me to the edge of the village, and point out the way to the castle, and the shortest way back to the main road. He must tell me, too, that the church was dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel; and of a spring not far off, known among the visitors as the "iron spring." Then, as we shook hands

and parted, he made another low bow, and hoped I would recommend all my friends to seek for entertainment under his sign. It would be ungracious not to comply with his wish; so should any of my friends have the patience or courage to read these pages, and an inclination to visit Buchau, I hereby counsel them to tarry at the *Herrnhaus*.

The castle, or rather the ruin, rises on the summit of a rounded hill about a mile from the village. There is but little in them to charm either the eye or the fancy, for their name and place recall nothing that lingers in the memory. A few words suffice to tell that here once stood the castle of Hartenstein, otherwise Hungerberg, sheltering knights as lawless as any reiving Johnstone, till King George Podiebrad, intolerant of their wild ways, rooted them out in 1468, and knocked their stronghold to pieces. He showed them the less mercy, from having had, the year before, to lay siege for twelve weeks to a castle near Raudnitz, held by conspirators who set him at defiance. Engelhaus, as is believed, felt the first touch of ruin some fifty years later.

Nevertheless, the half-hour spent in the excursion is not time lost, for the spiral path that winds round the hill is well-nigh hidden by wild flowers—a right royal carpet, and perfumed withal, swept by all the breezes. And then there is always the view while you scramble about among the broken walls and bits of towers, getting peeps at parts of the landscape framed by a shattered window. It is something to note how unvarying is the scenery: hills shaped like barn roofs; the same undulations; vast fields; a few ponds; dark masses of firs, lacking

somewhat of cheerfulness notwithstanding the sunshine; and the village in the midst of all, an irregular patch of gray and white. Far as eye can reach it is the same, and so shall we find it all the way to Prague.

The wind increased mightily while I was on the hill, and as it swept coldly over the broad slopes of grain and clover, the whole landscape seemed to become a great, green, rippling sea.

My recollections of this day include—a flock of geese grazing on a bit of common about every league; men leading oxen by a strip of hide to pasture on the road-side grass; women cutting fodder in nooks and corners; shepherds, whose booted legs gave them anything but a pastoral appearance; rows of cherry-trees, and the guards in straw huts keeping watch over the fruit; and miles of road irksomely straight between plum-trees.

Here and there you come to a homestead or *Gasthaus*, surrounded by a high and thick whitewashed wall, with one or more arched gateways, as if the inmates could not give up the mediæval habit of living within a fortress. On approaching Liebkowitz, the pale colour of the land changes to a warm red, and fields of peas which seem endless, and small plantations of hops, diversify the surface, and contrast with the village, where the clean white pillars of the gateways, the red roofs, topped here and there with a purple ball, engage your eye.

At Lubenz, where the main road, with its bordering of tall poles and telegraphic wire turns aside to the Saatzer Circle, I struck into the direct route for Prague, and keeping on at an easy pace, getting a passing view of Schloss Petersburg on the right—a factory-like build-

ing.—I came at eventide to the *Gasthof zum Rose* at Willenz.

There is many a chapel in England smaller than the common room at the *Rose*, and the same may be said of nearly every roadside inn at which I stayed. Large as the rooms are, it is sometimes difficult to find a seat among the numerous guests; and on Sundays especially they are overcrowded. Here in one corner stood the stove enclosed by a dresser, on which all the preparations for cooking were carried on; and, in the opposite corner, the bar behind a wooden fence, running up to the ceiling. Bread, smoked sausage, *schnaps*, and liqueurs, are served from the bar; beer is fetched directly from the cellar.

The host was thrifty, and kept his four daughters busy in waiting on customers. The eldest presided at the stove, and the other three went continually to and fro, refilling the tankards of beer-drinkers, or dealing out delicacies from the bar. Comely damsels they were, dressed in purple bodices, and pink skirts that trailed on the floor in all the amplitude prescribed by the milliners at Paris. I could not fail to be struck by the frequency of their visits to the cellar to supply the demands of about twenty men, who, seated at one of the tables, appeared to have been making a day of it. Tankard after tankard was swallowed with marvellous rapidity, and still the cry was "more." For the first time, in my few trips to the Continent, I saw drunkards, and these were not the only sots that came before me during the present journey: all, however, within Bohemia.

Casual customers would now and then drop in, call for beer, drink a small quantity, and leave the tankard

standing on the table and go away for half an hour, then return, take another gulp, and so on. One of the tables was covered by these drink-and-come-again tankards, and though all alike in appearance, I noticed that every man knew his own again. Among these bibbers by instalments the landlord was conspicuous, for he took a gulp from his tankard every five minutes, and never left it a moment empty.

Now and then slouched in a troop of dusty-booted wagoners, who drank a cup of coffee, and went slouching forth to their wearisome journey. At times a half-dozen peasants strode noisily in, and refreshed themselves with a draught of beer for their walk home; and sausage and little broils were in constant request. The host rubbed his hands, and well he might, for trade was brisk; and when he brought me a baked chicken—which, by the way, is another favourite dish in Bohemia—for my supper, and heard my praise of his beer, he told me that he brewed his own beer and grew his own hops. “You will see two big pockets of hops on the landing when you go to bed,” he added, with the look of an innkeeper thoroughly self-satisfied. And then he sat down and gave his two sons a writing-lesson.

After supper, one of the pink-robed damsels placed a wooden candlestick, nearly a yard in height, on the table, and brought the inevitable book—that miscellaneous collection of travellers’ autographs, kept for the edification of the Imperial police. More inquisitorial than any I had yet seen, this book contained three columns, in one of which I had to note whether I was married or single; “Catholic or other believed;” acquainted with any one in any of the places I intended to visit, or not!

Having entered the required particulars, the damsel leaning over the page the while, I asked her what use would be made of them?

"The gendarme comes to look at the book," she answered, "and if he found the columns empty, so would he blame my father sorely, and wake you up with loud noise to ask the reason. Ah! sometimes he comes before bedtime; sometimes not till midnight, when all folk are asleep. Then must doors be opened and questions answered; and if he discovers some one in bed whose name is not yet in the book, then he makes great outcry, and my father must pay a fine, and the stranger must to the guard-house if he have not good passport. Truly, the law is strong over the book."

Happy land! Paternal government is so careful of the governed, so anxious to encourage sedentary virtues, that no one is allowed to go more than four hours, about twelve miles, from home without a passport or ticket of residence (*Heimathschein*); and should any one not quite so tame as his fellows wish to overpass the prescribed limit, paternal government not unfrequently keeps him waiting three days for the precious permit, or refuses it altogether. In a town which we shall come to by-and-by, I saw a poor woman, who begged leave to visit one of her children some fifteen miles distant, turned away with an uncompromising denial. Think of this, my countrymen!—Islanders free to jaunt or journey whithersoever ye will: be ye mighty or mean—even ticket-of-leave holders.

Whatever the cause, the regulations concerning passports are in Bohemia very rigorous. It may be that the people have not forgotten they once had a king of their

own, or that a remarkable intellectual movement is taking place among the Czechs, or that a simmering up of Protestantism has become chronic within the ring of mountains; whatever the cause, the pressure of authority's heaviest hand is manifest. For my own part—to mention a little thing among great things—I was more fidgetted about my passport in Bohemia than ever anywhere else.

It is worse in Hungary. In that province the burden of oppression is felt to a degree inconceivable by an Englishman. Passports for France or England were peremptorily refused to Hungarians of whatever degree during the year 1855; and in 1856, when the rigour was somewhat relaxed, leave was granted for three months only. And should any one be known to have paid a visit to Kossuth while in London, even though he might believe the exile to be a better orator than ruler, he would find the discipline of imprisonment awaiting him on his return *home*. Think of Albert Smith, or any other enterprising tourist, having to ask Lord Clarendon's permission to steam up the Rhine, ascend Mont Blanc, or travel anywhere! 'Tis well the Magyars are not a hopeless race.

The members of the Hungarian Academy at Pesth are not allowed to hold their weekly meetings unless an Imperial Commissioner be present to watch the proceedings, and stop the discussion of forbidden subjects. Not a word must be spoken concerning politics, or liberty in any form. History is tolerated only when she discourses of antiquities—urns, buildings, dress and manners, philology, or art. Science even must wear fetters, and preserve herself demure and orthodox. A specu-

lative philosopher might as well attempt to utter high treason, as to read a paper demonstrating by geological proofs the countless ages of the earth's existence, or to quote a chapter from the *Vestiges of Creation*. This work is included among the prohibited books, of which a list is sent to the Academy once a week. One copy of the *Times*—a solitary feather from Liberty's wing—finds its way into Pesth: a rare indulgence for the Englishman who reads it. Imagine Sir Richard Mayne sitting at meetings of the Royal Society, with power to stop Sir Roderick Murchison in his Silurian evidences; or the Rev. Baden Powell in his speculations and inferences concerning the *Unity of Worlds*; or the utterance of Professor Faraday's opinions concerning gravitation; and telling them they shall not read Hugh Miller's *Testimony of the Rocks*!

But to return. Among those who dropped in was a tall, grizzly peasant, who presently began a talk with me about what he called his sad condition. His lot was a hard one, because the country was kept down; and hoping for better times would be vain while France and England maintained their alliance. All who felt themselves aggrieved—and their number was great—saw no prospect of redress but in a new outbreak of strife between those two nations; let that only come, and from the Rhine to the Vistula all would be in revolution, wrong would be punished, and the right prevail. He knew many a peasant who was of the same way of thinking.

Not being able to flatter him with hopes of a rupture between the Lion and the Cock, I suggested his taking the matter into his own hands, and making the best of

present circumstances. Thrift and diligence would do him more good than a revolution. Whereupon he told me how he lived; how hard he worked to cultivate his plot of ground; how rarely he ate anything besides bread and potatoes; and as for beer, it was never seen under his roof.

“Do you think it fair, then,” I rejoined, “to sit here drinking? Why not carry home a measure of beer, and let your wife share it?”

He made no answer; but rose from his seat, shook me by the hand, and walked heavily away.

CHAPTER IX.

The Village—The Peasant again—The Road-mender—Among the Czechs—Czechish Speech and Characteristics—Crosses—Horosedl—The Old Cook—More Praise of England—The Dinner—A Journey-Companion—Famous Files—A Mechaniker's Earnings—Kruschowitz—Rentsch—More Czechish Characteristics—Neu Straschitz—A Word in Season from Old Fuller—The Mechaniker departs.

A HILLY site, gardens, orchards, and green slopes, houses scattered at random among chestnuts and elders, and a general suspicion of Czechish carelessness, give to Willenz a touch of the picturesque: at least, when seen as I saw it, with the morning dew yet glistening on thatch, and flowers, and branches. Cherry-trees form a continuous avenue up the hill beyond, and here and there huts of fir branches were built against a stem, to shelter the guard set to watch the ripened fruit, and gatherers were busy aloft. You may pluck a cherry now and then with impunity; but not from the trees marked by a wisp of straw twisted round a conspicuous branch, for of those the fruit is sold, and the watchman eyes them jealously.

Coming to the brow of the hill, I saw what seemed a giant standing on a high bank above the road. It was the grizzly peasant magnified through a thin haze. As soon as he saw me he came plunging down the

bank, gave me a cheerful "*Gut' Morgen*," seized my hand, and said, "I have been waiting long to see you. I talk gladly with such as you, and could not let you go without asking whether you will come back this way. If so, then pray come to my house for a night. It is not far from Schloss Petersburg. We will make you comfortable."

To return by the same road was no part of my plan, and when I told him so, the old man's countenance fell; he pressed my hand tighter, and cried, with a tone of disappointment, "Is it true? Ah! my wife will be so sorry. I told her what you said, and she wanted to see you as much as I."

As there was no help for it, we had another talk, he all the while holding my hand as if fearful I should escape. The burden of his discourse was "a good time coming," mingled, however, with a dread that when it came it would not be half so desirable as the good old times, and between the past and future his life was a torment.

"Whether you shall be miserable or not," I answered, "depends more on yourself than on the rulers of Bohemia. Why should a man grumble who has a house, and food, and land to cultivate? Only carry your enjoyments home instead of consuming them by the way, and cheerfulness will be there to gladden your wife as well as you."

"Yes; but in the old times——"

I bade him good-bye, and pursued my walk. Turning round just over the brow of the hill, I saw him still in the same spot, gazing after me. "Farewell, good friend!" he shouted, and strode away.

Half an hour later I came to a road-mender, who told me he earned twenty kreutzers a day, and was quite content therewith. He had a wife and child; never ate meat or drank beer; lived mostly on potatoes, and was, nevertheless, strong and healthy, and by no means inclined to quarrel with his lot. The road was a constant source of employment; and if at times bad weather kept him at home for a day or two, his pay went on all the same.

I mentioned my interview with the old peasant. "Ah!" he answered, laughing, "it is always so. No grumbler like a *Bauer*. All the world knows that peasants think everybody better off than themselves"—and down came his hammer with crashing force on a lump of granite. Wayside philosophy clearly had the best of it, and heartily approved the fable of the *Mountain of Miseries* which I narrated.

Every mile brings us more and more among the Czechs. Oval faces and arched eyebrows become more numerous, and women's talk sounds shrill and shrewish, as if angry or quarrelsome, as is remarked of the women in Caernarvonshire; and yet it is nothing more than friendly conversation. To a stranger the language sounds as unmusical as it is difficult; and to learn it—you may as well hope to master Chinese. Czechish names and handbills appear on the walls; the names of villages, with the usual topographical particulars, are written up in German and Czechish, of which behold a specimen:

| Ort und Gemeinde. | <i>Misto á Obec.</i> |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| Horzowitz. | |
| Bezirk Jechnitz. | <i>Okres Jesenice.</i> |
| Kreis Saaz. | <i>Krái Zatec.</i> |
| Königr. Böhm. | <i>Kral: Ceské.</i> |

In some of the villages no one but the landlord of the best inn can speak German, and you have only your eyes by which to study the natives and their ways. For my own part, my Czechish vocabulary being foolishly short, I could not ask the villagers why they preferred sluttishness to tidiness, though I longed to do so. It comprised three words only: *Pivo, Chleb, Máslo*—Beer, Bread, Butter.

Crosses are frequent, erected at the corners where bye-roads branch off. Not the huge wooden things you see in Tyrol; but light iron crucifixes, graceful in form and brightly gilt, and mounted on a stone pedestal. Nearly all have been set up by private individuals to commemorate some family event: *By the married Pair*, you may read on one; *Dedicated to the Honour of God, by two Sisters*, on another; *In Memory of my Daughter, by Peter Schmidt, Bauer*, on a third—all apparently from some pious motive.

While eating a crust under the pretentious sign, *Stadt Carlsbad*, at Horosedl, I saw how the dowager hostess practised her domestic economy. She was pre-

paring dinner for the family, after her manner, drawing her hand repeatedly across her nose, for the stove was hot and the day sultry. She sliced cucumbers with an instrument resembling a plane, sprinkled the slices with salt, then squeezed them well between her hands, and exposed them to the sun in a shallow basket, one of five or six which, woven almost as close and water-tight as calabashes, served her as dishes. Then she grated a lump of hard brown dough, and used the coarse grains to thicken the soup—a substitute for vermicelli common among the peasantry.

The hostess, meanwhile, chatted with me and set the table. She professed to admire the English, and thought it an honour that an Englishman had once slept a night in her house, “although he had to look into a book for all he wanted to say.” She coincided entirely in the Saxon schoolmaster’s opinion, that all best things came from England.

As the clock struck eleven in came half a dozen serving men and maidens, and sat down to dinner with the master and mistress. The dowager supplied them with soup, beef, a mountain of potato-dumplings, and cucumber salad, and ate her portion apart with undoubting appetite. An old beggar crept in and stood hat in hand imploring charity for God’s sake! She scolded him for his intrusion, and then gave him a smoking hot dumpling and a word of sympathy, which he received and acknowledged with humble thanks and the sign of the cross.

It is a relief along this part of the road to see frequent hop plantations, and here and there rocks as richly red as the crimson cliffs of Sidmouth, while at rarer intervals a pale mass of sandstone on a distant

Sheffield lies in district of Hallamshire in
West-Riding of Yorkshire

hill-slope puts on the appearance of an enormous antediluvian fossil. I was pacing briskly along, enjoying a fresh breeze that had sprung up, when I heard a voice behind me: "*Ach!* at last. I saw you from far, and said to myself, Perhaps that is a journey-companion—let me overtake him."

Immediately a man, who walked as if he enjoyed the exercise, and wore what looked like his Sunday suit, came up to my side, and proposed to join company, so as to shorten the way with talk. We soon got through the preliminaries, and started topics enough to last all the rest of the day. The stranger notified himself as a *Mechaniker* from Neudeck, going to Prague on business for his master. He, too, had much to say in praise of England. He had once worked with an Englishman, a certain James, or *Ya-mes*, as he pronounced it, and had ever since held him in the highest esteem and admiration. "That was a man!" he exclaimed; "if all Englishmen are the same, no wonder their nation is so great."

English files also were not less praiseworthy—a fact of which Sheffield ought to be proud, seeing that her handicraft has often been reproached of late. "To dance," said the *Mechaniker*, "is not more pleasure than to file with an English file. How it bites, and lasts so long! Even an old one that has been thrown away for months is better than a German file. One is honest steel—the other is too much like lead." Some folk will, perhaps, feel surprised by this scrap of experimental testimony in favour of Hallamshire.

We talked about wages. The *Mechaniker's* earnings were six hundred florins a year; a small sum, as it seems, to English notions for a skilled workman in

machinery—one held in high consideration by his master. Ordinary workmen get one-third less; he was, therefore, well content, and told me he could spare something for the savings bank, but not so much as formerly, owing to the increased price of provisions.

So with sundry discourse we came to Kruschowitz, where we dined, looking out on thick belts of fruit-trees, that embower the village, and relieve the pale green of little plantations of acacias that show here and there among the bright-red roofs. Most of the houses exhibit the Czechish style, which shuns height and dispenses with an upper story. Then we went on at an after-dinner pace to Rentsch, where, striking into the old road to Prague, now but little frequented, we shortened the distance by four or five miles. All Czechish now, both to eye and ear. A difference is perceptible in the fields, the implements, sheds, and vehicles; they are not so neat or workmanlike in appearance as in the German districts, and yet the broad crops of wheat, already turning yellow, betoken glad abundance.

Now we found pleasant footpaths through the beech-woods that border the road, and enjoyed the cool shade and the sound of rustling leaves. The men we met had a slouching gait, and the women, wearing coarse, baggy cotton stockings, and flimsy cotton gowns, and shabby kerchiefs on their heads, were unmistakable dowdies—an appearance which has come to be considered essentially Celtic. However, they failed not to salute us with their "*dobrýtro*" (good day) as we passed.

The aspect of Neu Straschitz, the next village on our way, shows how we are getting into the heart of the

country—the land of the Czechs. Wide streets, which make the low whitewashed houses look still lower than they are; a great, uneven square, patched here and there with ragged grass, bestrewn with rough logs of timber, ornamented at one side by a row of saplings, unhappy looking, as if pining for the rank of trees; on the other by a statue of St. John Nepomuk. Very lifeless! No merry noise of children in summer evening gambols; no fathers and mothers chatting in the cool lengthening shadows. The only living creatures are a man, a woman, and a dog, all three as far apart as possible. There is nothing stirring even around the *Bezirksamt* or the church.

Glazed windows are few: an opening in the wall, with a hinged shutter, suffices for most of the houses. And for door they have a big archway closed by heavy wooden gates, looking very inhospitable. Here and there one of these gates stands a little open, and you may get a peep at the interior, a square court, enclosed by stable, barn, and dwelling, heaped with manure and ugly rubbish. No notion here, you will say, of the fitness of things. Look at the wagon—a basket on wheels—the wheelbarrow, the rakes, huddled away anyhow, as if they were just as well in one place as another. Perhaps they are. Quaint old Fuller says of the Devonshire cotters of his day, “Vain it is for any to search their houses, being a work beneath the pains of a sheriff, and above the power of any constable.” You will, perhaps, say the same here. Look in-doors! the same slovenliness prevails. The room would be just as comfortable, or rather uncomfortable, if chairs and table changed places; if the higgledy-piggledy at

one end were shifted to the other. The condition of the utensils is by no means unimpeachable; and repelled by the pervading odour, you will not be less thankful than proud that your lot is not cast among the Czechs.

The inn is an exception, and has the appearance of being too good for the village. The *Kellnerinn* told us we could have as many bedrooms as we chose, for they were all empty. I was content with my day's walk, about twenty-five miles; but the *Mechaniker*, impatient to arrive at Prague, resolved to travel two hours farther; so, after he had finished his tankard of beer, we shook hands, and he went on alone, the *Kellnerinn* assuring him as he departed that he would find good sleeping quarters almost every half-hour.

CHAPTER X.

A Talk with the Landlord—A Jew's Offer—A Ride in a Wagen—Talk with the Jew—The Stars—A Mysterious Gun-barrel—An Alarm—Stony Ammunition—The Man with the Gun—The Jew's opinion of him—Sunrise—A Walk—The White Hill—A Fatal Field—Waking up in the Suburbs—Early Breakfasts—Imperial and Royal Tobacco—Milk-folk—The Gate of Prague—A Snappish Sentry—The Soldiers—Into the City—Picturesque Features and crowding Associations—The Kleinseite—The Bridge—Palaces—The Altstadt—Remarkable Streets—The Teinkirche—The Neustadt—The Three Hotels.

THE landlord came in a few minutes afterwards, and, to encourage me to tell him all he wished to know about myself, declared himself a German. That he should ever have been so stupid as to tempt fortune at Neu Straschitz was a mistake haunting and vexing him continually. A living was not to be got in such a miserable village, and among such miserable people, and he meant to migrate as soon as he could find some one more stupid than himself to take the inn off his hands.

I had seen two or three German names in the street, and asked him if they were of long standing. "Not very." And he went on to say that the Stock-Bohemians, as the Czechs are called, are perpetually encroached on, pressed within narrower limits by the German element. Though a good deal was said about Czechish vigour and intellectuality, some folk thought that the language would at no distant day cease to be spoken.

As for the character of the Czechs, there was scarcely a German who did not believe them to be sly, false, double-faced. And what says the proverb?—Dirt is the offspring of Lying and Idleness. For his part, he knew the Czechs were dirty, but he didn't quite know whether, in other respects, they were worse than their neighbours. Any way, he rather liked the thought of removing from among them.

After all this, mine host thought he had a fair claim on me for a sight of an English gold coin, and answers to all his questions concerning England. I was doing my best to satisfy him, when the *Kellnerinn* called my attention to a *Herr* who was going to start with his *Wagen* in the course of the evening for Prague; and she suggested, very disinterestedly as it seemed to me, that the opportunity was too good to be lost.

Wagen is as comprehensive a word as our "conveyance;" the *Herr* looked like a man who might be going to Prague in a carriage, so, as he promised plenty of room, and asked no more than a florin for the twenty miles, I accepted his offer. Having yet business to settle, he went out, and promised to call for me at nine o'clock. He had no sooner left the room, than the landlord said, "He is a Jew; but you need not be afraid of him. He is a very honest fellow, and comes here often."

I saw no reason to be afraid, and when the Jew came back at the appointed hour was ready to accompany him. He led the way to a back street, where we waited in front of one of the low, undemonstrative houses. Presently the big gate swung back, and out came the *Wagen*—one of the four-wheeled basket wagons, drawn by a single horse pulling awkwardly at one side of the

heavy pole. I had imagined something a little better than that; however, as the wagon was half full of new hay, with a comfortable back-cushion of clover, I scrambled in on one side while the Jew did the same on the other, and the driver, a Czech, perched himself uncomfortably on a bar in front.

The wagon was just wide enough for two; and, what with the elastic sides and soft hay, there was no painful jolting. The west shone gloriously with the golden arch of sunset as we drove out of the village and entered on a bad road winding across the open fields; and Twilight came on so softly that you might have fancied Day was lingering to lend her his palest rays. The Jew was disposed to talk, and betrayed no little curiosity on the subject of travelling. Was it not very irksome to be away from home? was it not very expensive? and how much money did one need to carry? was there no danger? and so forth. But what interested him most was the question as to the money: he returned to it again and again.

Next, he had much to ask concerning London—the sort of business transacted in the great city—the rate of profit—in short, he put me through a whole social and commercial catechism, from which he drew a conclusion that London would not be an undesirable place of residence.

So it went on, interrupted only by his saying a few words now and then to the driver in Czechish, until my turn came, and I opened my questioning about Prague. The Jew, however, was readier in asking questions than in answering; indeed, he was stingy in reply, as if words were worth a florin the dozen.

As the stars brightened the night became cold, and set me shivering. The Jew brought two cloaks out of a bag, and, wrapped in one of these, I lay on my back looking up at the sky, thinking of home-scenes and home-friends as my eye wandered from one bright spot to another; and solemn was the impression made on me by the sight of the glorious handiwork.

“For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator’s name.”

I could not fail to note that astronomers have reason for telling us that meteoric phenomena are more common on any night than would be believed by those not accustomed to observe the heavens, for I saw twelve shooting-stars within two hours.

As we went on, the lights in the public-houses became fewer, and ere long disappeared, and the silence was only disturbed by the fitful barking of dogs in the distance, and the slow noise of the wheels. Our horse dropped into a walk, and the driver off to sleep, and I was still gazing at the stars when I heard footsteps near the side of the wagon. Turning my eyes, without rising, I saw the top of a gun-barrel about two yards off, apparently resting on some one’s shoulder. The sound of the footsteps woke the driver, who immediately began to quicken the horse’s pace, but very cautiously, as if to avoid suspicion. The Jew seemed uneasy, and muttered a word or two in a low tone; the whip was used, the horse broke into a trot, but the gun-barrel was not left behind; I could still see it in the same place, keeping pace with the wagon.

What did it mean? One time I fancied that perhaps the hay on which I lay so innocently was but a disguise for something contraband, whereof a cunning gendarme had gotten scent. Then I remembered the landlord's desire to see a gold coin, and the Jew's curiosity as to the amount and quality of a traveller's money, and a faint suspicion of having fallen into a trap did occur to me. Meanwhile the horse trotted in earnest; the gun-barrel was left in the rear; then the whip was plied vigorously; the Jew spoke energetically; the driver jumped from his perch, picked up two big stones, threw them into the wagon, and drove quickly on again.

"There is one for you, and one for me," said the Jew to me, in a loud whisper.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The stones," he replied; "one for you, and one for me, if we are attacked."

"Attacked or not, we are three to one, and one of the three is an Englishman."

The Jew did not answer, for the footsteps were again heard approaching at a run, and soon the gun-barrel appeared once more abreast of the wagon. The driver kept the horse up to his speed, the Jew fumbled about with his feet for the big stones, and the chase—if such it could be called—continued for about ten minutes.

All at once the gun-barrel darted from the road-side towards the wagon. I immediately sat up, and found myself face to face, and but a few inches apart, with the bearer of the weapon—a wild-looking fellow, wearing a slouched cap and hunting-jacket. A faint exclamation of surprise escaped him, and, whether it was that he saw two persons in the wagon, besides the driver, or that we

did not look worth his trouble, I know not, but he gradually dropped behind, and we lost sight of the gun-barrel.

A minute passed. "Now," said the Jew, "we are rid of him."

But scarcely had he spoken, than a shrill whistle sounded afar through the silence of the night, followed after a short interval by a whistle at a distance from the road.

"Quick! quick!" was now the word to the driver. "He is calling his comrades: they will be down upon us. Quick! quick!"

The Czech seemed well inclined to obey; the pace was quickened into a gallop, and, in about a quarter-hour, we came to a village, where, stopping in front of the inn, he filled the rack with clover from the wagon, and gave the horse to feed.

The place with its littery appendages looked unked, lying half in deep shadow; the door was fast, and not a light shone from the windows, cheating my hope of a cup of coffee. The Jew now sat up, talked for awhile vehemently with the driver, then said, turning to me, "We have had an escape. That fellow meant nothing good—nothing good—nothing good. A real bad fellow!"

"Was he a robber?"

"Perhaps worse. He meant nothing good. We are well out of it. I hope we shall not see him again."

We did not; and by-and-by, as we went on again, and I lay looking up at the stars, they seemed to grow dim, then twinkle strangely, and at last they disappeared. It may be that I slept, for when next I looked

at the sky it was flecked by streams of rosy tints, the fields were covered with dew as a veil, and, by the timid chirping of birds, and other signs, the eye might note the preparations for lifting the veil at the approach of the sun. My sheltering cloak, my hair and eyebrows, were thickly covered with dew, cold as the brightening dawn. The Jew, similarly bepearled, lay sleeping soundly, the Czech nodded on his perch, and the horse, taking advantage of the slumber, was moving only at a sober walk.

It was not yet five when I alighted about three miles from Prague, to get warm by walking the remaining distance. The Jew took his florin with much demonstration of thanks, horse and driver roused up, and the wagon was soon out of sight.

A few minutes brought me to the *Weissenberg*—White Hill—a battle-field not less fatal than famous. The road is bordered by ample rows of trees; woods thick with foliage clothe the neighbouring hollows and acclivities, and on the left, sloping gently upwards, with here and there a break, rises the hill. Here, then, was the scene of which I had often read, where Frederick of the Palatinate, who had married a princess of England, daughter of James I., lost the crown of Bohemia. Not long had he worn it—indeed, some of his contemporaries called him the Winter King—when he was forced to flee, with his wife and children, among them the infant Rupert, who afterwards won renown as chief of the Cavaliers in England. Treachery, as late researches show, aided the combined forces of Ferdinand of Austria and Maximilian of Bavaria, and from that day Bohemia ceased to be an independent monarchy,

and became a province of the Austrian Empire, a loss yet mourned by many, who join in the poet's lament:

" Ach Gott! die Weissenberger Schlacht
Erreicht wohl Ostrolenka's Trauer
Und die darauf erfolgt die Nacht
Hat trübere als Sibiriens Schauer."

Terrible, indeed, was the *night* that followed! And when one reads of Ferdinand's faithlessness and cruelty, his murderous vengeance on the chiefest of the conquered people, the wonder is not that Bohemia should have revolted, but that she did not reconquer her birth-right.

Thoughts of the past came crowding through my mind as I paced across the ground, and presently pursued my walk. I was approaching a city remarkable in itself, and in its historical associations, but for the moment my attention was drawn to immediate objects. As I went on down the now continuous descent, the tops of towers and spires came into view in the distance below, and on either hand appeared indications that a metropolis was not far off. Early folk were opening the booths, shops, and public-houses, which, scattered among the trees, presented ere long an unbroken line on both sides of the road. Cooling drinks were set out on tables, and many a shutter invited the passer-by to *Beer* and *Brandy*, in various phrase. Now stalls covered with cherries and currants alternate with piles of bread, hard-boiled eggs, cheese, and smoked sausages; and working people stop to eat their earliest breakfast. Every few yards sits a woman with a basket of fresh, tempting *Semmel*—fancy bread, as we should call it—most of the

little loaves thickly sprinkled with poppy-seeds, dear to the native palate. And here and there stands what looks like a roomy sentry-box, painted yellow, and adorned with the Austrian blazon—an *Imperial and Royal Booth for the sale of Tobacco*.

Already the road is alive with vehicles, for from every lane and byepath speed dog-carts, or little wagons on two wheels, or large wagons on four wheels, all laden with tin cans of milk for the city. How the dogs pant, and the horses snort! for the driver, and his or her two or three companions, keep the animals at full speed, sparing neither lash nor voice. Long before they come into sight you can hear their shrill chatter, mingled with merry laughter, and, as they burst into view, a shout from all the others adds excitement to the race, and away they go, each trying to be first.

Half a mile farther, and I overtake many of them at the turn of the road, where the women are sitting on the bank, putting on stockings and shoes. Some remount the wagons; others walk quietly onwards, showing a neat ankle and clean white leg to the morning sun. Now the city wall frowns towards you, and, once round the turn, there is the gate—*Reichsthor*—a few soldiers hanging about, and many persons passing to and fro, while the curious towers of the Strahow monastery, where Rupert was born, peer above trees and vine-slopes on the right. I passed through the gloomy arch unchallenged by any of the guards, and had got some distance down the steep street, when a man made me aware that shouts in the rear were intended for me. I turned: a soldier, who had come a few yards from the cavern-like gate, was making very peremptory use of his

voice, and, as soon as I saw him, he beckoned with angry gestures. I retraced my steps, but at too slow a pace to satisfy the Imperial functionary, for he turned again and again, each time with the same impatient gesture. No sooner did I come within earshot, than he cried, snapshly, "Why did you not give me your passport?"

"For two reasons," I answered, with a laugh; "this is my first visit to Prague, and I have not yet learnt your regulations; and secondly, why did you let me go by without asking me for it?"

The lounging group of soldiers laughed as this was spoken, and my questioner having led the way to his darksome den, built at the elbow of the arch so as to command both approaches, took my passport and gave me the official receipt without further parley.

As I emerged again into the sunshine, one of the soldiers said, "Do you know what? When any one goes away into the city without stopping at the guard-house, he must always come back to the gate where he entered, and give up his passport."

I thanked him for his information, and took my way once more down the street. It was just six o'clock: all the shops were open; working people thronged the footways; heavy teams toiled slowly up the hill towards the gate; the milk-folk hurried down with noisy clatter, while men wearing glazed hats and a canvas uniform swept the streets. Signs of early rising everywhere.

The peculiar features of the city multiply as you advance. High on the left, its cathedral tower springing above the rest, appears the Hradschin—an imposing mass of building in the factory style of architecture, stretching, as one might guess, for half a mile along the bold

*Finial - ornament finishing off the gable roof,
gable etc.*

eminence, commanding the country for miles around. You can count four hundred windows. There, as every one knows, the Thirty Years' War began, by certain angry Bohemian nobles pitching two Imperial commissioners and their secretary out of one of the windows. Little did the haughty ejectors think of the consequences of their exploit—that before thirty years were over, 30,000 villages and more than a million men would be destroyed by war!

Being very hungry, I was fain to drink a draught of milk and eat one of the poppy-seeded loaves at the door of one of the little shops, looking round all the while on curious gables, panelled fronts, ancient gateways, more numerous as we descend. Lower down, we are in the oldest part of the city, among the palaces of the great nobles whose names figure in history—Kollowrat, Lobkowitz, Wallenstein, and others. Massive edifices, whereby your eye and steps are alike arrested. And on every side are narrow lanes and courts, some nothing but a steep stair, and these, winding in and out, increase the charm of the ornamented architecture, and produce wonderful bits of perspective. Such effects of light and shade, and glorious touches of colour!

Then a church crowded with carvings; old women sitting on the steps, young women and matrons going in to the early mass, of which, as the doors swing to and fro, you hear the loud notes of the organ. Then a square, and tall obelisk, and arcaded houses; and turning a corner there rises the bridge tower, strikingly picturesque. As my eye caught sight of its graceful roof and slender finials, I could not repress an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. Then through the narrow arch,

and we are on the ancient bridge, looking down on the broad stream of the Moldau, flowing with noisy rush through the sixteen arches built 600 years ago; at houses, palaces, and churches rising one above another in the *Kleinseite* through which we have just passed, and in the *Altstadt* on the opposite side; at the mosaic pavement; at the gigantic statues which terminate every pier, noteworthy saints from the Bohemian calendar, chiefest among them St. John Nepomuk, who with his crescentic belt of five large ruby stars might be taken for another Orion. In no city that I have yet seen have I felt so much pleasure, or such varied emotions, as during my walk into Prague.

Then we pass under the equally picturesque bridge tower of the *Altstadt*, and enter narrow streets lined with good shops, and full of bustle; and after many puzzling ins and outs, we emerge into the spacious area of the Ring—a lively scene, people crossing in all directions, or sauntering under the arcades; here and there sentries pacing up and down, and small parties of soldiers, in gay uniforms, marching away to beat of drum. And above the farther houses there shoot up the two towers of the *Teinkirche*—one of the most famous churches in Prague—which were built by George Podiebrad. The church itself is screened by the houses; but, whenever you see those graceful towers, you recognise the site of the edifice which was one of the strongholds of Hussite preachers, and where Tycho Brahe lies buried.

More narrow streets; across the end of a market-place, and passing under the arch of the ancient Powder Tower, we enter the broad streets of the *Neustadt*. The

Bohemian professor at Würzburg had recommended me to lodge at the *Blaue Stern*, so to the *Blue Star* I went, and asked for a room.

"Quite full," said the *Kellner*, at the same time surveying me inquisitively from head to foot.

Two doors off was another hotel, where the answer, accompanied by a similar inquisition, was, "Nothing empty."

A third replied, "Perhaps, to-morrow."

I began to fancy that my not having been in bed all night—boots still dusty, and a few stalks of hay clinging to my coat—might have something to do with these denials. However, hotels are thickly grouped in this quarter of the city, and not many yards farther the *Schwarzes Ross*, in the *Kolowrat-strasse*, gave me quarters as comfortable as could be wished.

Parque 650 ft - one brick building of 18th century

CHAPTER XI.

The Hausknecht—A Place to Lose Yourself—Street-Phenomena—Bookshops — Glass-wares — Cavernous Beer-houses — Signs — Czechish Names—Ugly Women—Swarms of Soldiers—A Scene on the Bridge—A Drateňík—The Ugly Passport Clerk—The Suspension-bridge—The Islands—The Slopes of the Laurenzberg—View over Prague—Schools, Palaces, and Poverty—The Rookery—The Hradschin—The Courts—The Cathedral—The Great Tomb—The Silver Shrine—Relics—A Kissed Portrait—St. Wenzel's Chapel—Big Sigmund—The Loretto Platz—The Old Towers—The Hill-top and Hill-foot.

I HAD not been many minutes in my room when the *Hausknecht*—the German boots—brought me a printed form, in which, besides the inevitable particulars, I had to state the probable duration of my stay in Prague. For three days' residence the police authorities charge nothing, but if you enter on a fourth day you must pay two florins for a permit to reside. I escaped the tax by not having more than three days to spare.

The day was all before me, and I made haste to

“go lose myself,
And wander up and down and view the city.”

Losing one's-self is not difficult in Prague—easier, indeed, than in any city I have yet visited; for the *Altstadt* so abounds in queer nooks and corners, narrow streets and lanes all crooked and angular, running hither and thither in such unexpected directions, or coming to

a sudden stop, as completely to puzzle a stranger. Even my organ of locality well-nigh failed me in the intricate maze.

Among all these zigzags you discover the leading thoroughfares only by the busy appearance, the continuous stream of citizens going and coming, straggling all across the narrow roadway, now darting aside to escape a passing carriage, or slowly giving place to a long lumbering dray that rolls past with deafening rumble, the horses clattering on shoes with tall calkins that put you in mind of pattens. Here, too, are the best shops, displaying attractive wares behind coarse and uneven panes. The booksellers' windows exhibit a good variety of standard books, of maps and engravings, denoting the existence of a wholesome love of literature; very different from what is to be seen in the southern states of the empire. Some shops display none but Czechish books, and if you glance over the title-pages, you will discover that topography of their own country, and descriptions of the beautiful city *Praha*—as they call Prague—are favourite subjects with the Czechs.

There is no uniformity. Next door to a cabinet-maker's, whose large-paned window exhibits a variety of tasteful furniture, you will see a cavern-like grocery without any window, and the wares all in seeming confusion. Next, beyond, is a shop resplendent with Bohemian glass, elegant forms in ruby, gold, and azure, each one a triumph of art and industry. England is a generous customer for these fragile articles, as may be seen any day in some of the best shops in London. Then comes a sullen-looking front, with grim grated window, showing no wares, and looking as if it had not cared

about customers since the days of King George Podiebrad. Then a smirking coffee-house, with muslin curtains and touches of gilding. A little farther, and there is a great open arch, running far to the rear—a beer-house—the space between the street and the bar filled with tables bearing brown loaves cut in quarters, *Semmel*, and corpulent sausages. Turn which way you will, you find an endless diversity.

“*Glück auf!*” writes up a little trader. “*Here are best Coals. Radnitzer Coal.*” People who live on the upper floors hang a small wooden cruciform sign from their windows by a long string, low enough to catch the eye and strike the heads of those walking beneath; and on these dangling crosses, when they are not spinning round in the wind, you may read that a Dentist, Shoemaker, or Teacher aloft in his garret would be happy to supply your wants on reasonable terms.

Judging from the number of queer-looking names over the doors, Prague must be the head-quarters of the Czechs, and yet one meets comparatively few examples of the fine intellectual brow and handsome features of which I had seen noble specimens in the villages. Most of the faces struck me as of a very common cast; and as for the gentle sex, never have I seen so many ugly women as in Prague. Those of the working classes are very dowdies, not to say slatterns, in many cases; and the rows of market-women squatting by their baskets resemble so many feather-beds tied round the middle, in a flimsy cotton dress, and crowned by a red or yellow kerchief pinned under the chin. Even among the graceful and gaily-dressed ladies I saw but very few pretty faces. Perhaps I expected too much,

or it might be, as I was told, that all the pretty women had gone away to the watering-places!

Surprising to a stranger is the number of soldiers, sauntering among the other pedestrians, in uniforms blue, green, gray, or white; or marching in short files at a brisk pace behind a corporal. Not once did I take a walk in Prague without seeing three or four of these little troops stepping out towards one or other quarter of the compass. What is there to be kept down that can need such an imposing force? At all events, it heightens the picturesque effect of the streets.

Stand for half an hour on the bridge and you will see, while noting that scarcely any besides boys and priests take off their hats to St. John of the five stars, how great is the proportion which the army and the church bear to the rest of the inhabitants. At times the black and the coloured uniforms appear to have the best of it. All besides may be divided into two classes—the well-dressed and the shabby—for nothing appears between the two. There are, however, but few of those very miserable objects such as haunt the streets of large towns in England.

Now a man hurries past carrying a tall circular basket filled with piled-up dinners in round dishes; now another wheeling bundles of coloured glass rods; now another with a barrow-load of bread, and many a slice will you see sold for a noontday repast. Then comes a troop of lawless-looking street-musicians; then beggars grinding out squeaky music from tinkered organs; then a girl carrying a coffin, painted black and yellow, under her arm, which bears a cross on its gabled lid. And now and then, among all these, your eye is arrested

by a singular, wild-looking figure, whom you will think the strangest of all. He has lank black hair hanging to his shoulders from under a fluffy, round-crowned, broad-brimmed hat—of the fashion still worn by a few old Quakers in out-of-the-way places. He disdains a shirt, and wears a tight jacket and hosen of whitey-brown serge. He goes barefoot, walking with long, stealthy strides, looking, so you guess, furtively around. On his shoulder he carries a coil of fine iron wire, and in his hand a broken red pan or stone pitcher. Wild, however, and out of place as he looks, he is only a Wallachian plying his honest calling. He is a *Drateňik*—or *Drahtbinder* (Wirebinder), as the Germans call it—going about to mend broken pans and pitchers by binding the fractures together with wire; a task which he performs with neatness and dexterity.

I went to the *Polizeidirection* to reclaim my passport. About a dozen persons were waiting. To some who looked poor and timid the clerk spoke roughly, assuming beforehand a something “not regular.” One might fancy that his ungracious occupation had told upon his looks, for he was the ugliest man I ever saw, and, unlike the women, who gave themselves airs in the streets, he seemed to be aware of Nature’s unkindness towards him. When my turn came, he asked, “Where are you going?”

“To the *Riesengebirge*.”

“So! But we can’t sign a passport for the mountains. You must tell us the name of some town.”

“Make it Landeshut, if you will; or any frontier town in Silesia.”

“Can’t do that. We must have some town on this side the mountains.”

“I don’t yet know which of three routes I shall take. Say some town nearest to the mountains. Does it make any difference?”

“*Schön!* You can come back here when your mind is made up.” And with this rejoinder, Ugly turned away to consider a timid lady’s request for permission to go a journey of fifteen miles.

There was time enough, so I strolled away to the suspension-bridge—*Kaiser Franzens Brücke*—which, more than 1400 feet long, crosses the Moldau and the *Schützen Insel*, a short distance above the stone bridge. The view midway will make you linger. On the right bank, *Franzens-quai*, stretching from one bridge to the other, forms a spacious esplanade, in the centre of which, surrounded by gardens, rises the monument erected by the Estates of Bohemia to the honour of Francis I. Beyond and on either side the towers and palaces are seen in a new aspect, differently grouped from our early morning view. Those of the *Kleinseite*, backed by the leafy slopes of the *Laurenzberg*, while immediately beneath your eye rests on the green sward and shady groves of three or four islands. The river rushing past to the dam makes a lively ripple, imparting a sense of coolness enjoyed by the visitors who throng the islands during the summer season. The *Sophien Insel*, named after the Archduchess Sophie, the emperor’s mother, with its pleasure-grounds, dancing-floors, orchestras, refreshment-rooms, and baths, is the chief resort, especially on Sundays. The large ball-room was the scene of noisy public meetings in ’48; the Slave Congress was held there, followed by a Slavonic costume ball. These islands are a pleasing feature in the view, and, with their shady bowers and the noise of the water

mingling with strains of music, contrast agreeably with the matter-of-fact of the city. The *Schützen Insel* is resorted to by rifle companies, and you may hear a brisk succession of shots from the practice that appears to be always going on.

During the outbreak of June, 1848, the floor of the bridge was taken up, and the passage across completely interrupted for some weeks by the military. And it was to Prince Windischgratz's demonstrations during the same month that the inhabitants were indebted for an extension of their handsome quay. An old water-tower, and sundry ricketty wooden mills that stood at the end of the stone bridge, were set on fire by a shell from the prince's artillery, and the space cleared by the flames was taken into the newly-formed area.

Passing from the bridge through the *Aujezder Thor*, you come to the pleasant slopes and gardens of the *Laurenzberg*, a hill that overlooks the city and country around. Winding paths agreeably shaded lead upwards, until you are stopped on the summit by massive fortifications; the great "Bread-wall," or "Hunger-wall"—for it is known by both names—which Karl IV. built all round the city five hundred years ago to give work to the citizens in a season of distress. From a buttress which projects clear of the trees, that cover all the hill-side with a broad mass of foliage, you have a wide prospect. Greater part of the city from the Jews' quarter to the Wissehrad lies beneath the eye as a panorama. The Moldau—breaking from between low hills, with here and there a *Kahn* floating, or a long, narrow raft drifting to the gap in the dam—flows past in a grand curve between towers and palaces, wretched

hovels and stately churches, and onwards round the hills below to join the Elbe. The islands are open as a map, and you see the puffs of smoke from the rifles on the *Schützen Insel*. It is a striking but disappointing view, for notwithstanding the ancient gables and various towers that shoot aloft, the city has somewhat the aspect of a collection of factories, so monotonous are the long lines of white, many-windowed wall, bearing their long slopes of bright red roof. Street after street stretching away, all of the same character, and scattering on the outskirts into a tame country, cruelly disappoint your expectations of the picturesque. Here and there are large patches of green among houses, and rows of poplars shooting up. Yet, after all, there is something in the view which makes you linger. In some of its architectural forms and features it partly realizes your mental pictures of the East, and your imagination flies back to the remote days when the Czechs left their far-away home towards the sunrise, and wandered on till their leader, looking down from the hills on the valley of the Moldau, determined that here should be the seat of his empire. I sat for an hour on the rough coping of the buttress looking down on the scene, while the leaves rustled cheerfully in a cooling breeze, and the sunbeams glistened and flashed from a thousand windows, and gilded weather-cocks, and the lively ripples of the muddy stream.

If inclined for a quiet stroll, you may wander among the trees and rocks on the crown of the hill, or visit the church of St. Lawrence, from whom the hill takes its name. From the highest summit, in very favourable weather, it is possible to see *St. Georgsberg*, near

Raudnitz, and peaks of the *Mittelgebirge* and *Riesengebirge*—mountains on the Saxon and Silesian frontier.

On coming down from the hill, I prowled for awhile about the *Kleinseite*, where, besides the antiquities and rare old palaces, you are struck by the number of schools and institutions for education. Strange groupings indeed in this quarter of the city! Palaces as rich in treasures of art and literature as in historical associations, side by side with miserable hovels and narrow, crooked streets, where poverty lurks in rags and squalor. Little bits of architecture, that are a delight to look on, catch your eye in unexpected places, peering out in some instances from among things that delight not the eye. But the schools are close by, and innovation creeps slowly on though few perceive it.

You may mount to the Hradschin by some of these byeways, where you will see how many windows have inner gratings, and how here and there the prison-like aspect is relieved by plants and flowers that screen the iron bars; and by these signs may you know where honest poverty dwells. In the *Hohler Weg* and *Neue Welt* you have specimens of the Rookery of Prague. At length, after many ins and outs and bits of steep stair, you find yourself on the terrace in front of the Hradschin, and you will be tempted to pause on the steps and survey the view across the house-tops.

The mass of buildings here is large enough, and shelters inhabitants enough to form a town. It includes a royal fortress—the archbishop's residence—a nunnery and monastery, a penal reformatory, besides lodgings of the official functionaries.

A considerable portion of the huge pile is now used

as barracks for infantry and cavalry, and things military abound within its courts. There are sentries on duty, and soldiers off duty lounging about the guard-house, while their muskets lean against a rail painted black and yellow. But you pass unchallenged, and while crossing the quadrangle may see the word SALVE in large characters in the pavement.

In the third court you come to the cathedral, an unfinished edifice dedicated to St. Vitus, still showing marks of Hussite mischief, and of the Great Frederick's cannon-balls. It covers the site of a church built in 930 in honour of the same saint by Wenzel the Holy—he who planted the first vineyard in Bohemia, on the eastern slope of the Hradschin hill. The foundation-stone of the present structure was laid by Charles IV., during the lifetime of his father John; and although the building went on for forty-two years, it was never completed. In 1673 Leopold I. made an attempt to finish it according to the original plan; but he did nothing more than build a few columns in different styles, which stood in the fore-court until 1842, when they were pulled down, as the beginning of a new effort for completing the structure. Stimulated by the zeal of Canon Pesina, a Prague Cathedral Building Union was founded, with Count Francis Thun for chief; and preparations were made for the work, and for raising a million florins to pay for it, when the troubles of 1848—fatal to so many hopes and noble purposes—put a stop to the proceedings.

If the outside disappoint you by sundry additions and contradictory ornaments, which spoil the pure effect of the original Gothic, you will find cause enough for

astonishment inside. At the western end of the nave stands the richly-carved mausoleum, erected in 1589 by Kollin of Nuremberg, at the cost of Rudolf II. It is of Carrara marble, and in magnitude and beauty of sculpture may well vie with Maximilian's tomb in the Court Church at Innsbruck. Royal dust is plentiful in the vault beneath, for therein lie, besides Rudolf himself, Charles IV. and his four wives, Wenzel IV., Ladislaus Posthumus, George von Podiebrad, Ferdinand I. and his wife Anna, Maximilian II., and the Archduchess Maria Amelia, who was buried in 1804. From admiring the manifold carvings, which show the touch of the true artist, you will perhaps look next at the tomb of St. John Nepomuk, on the right near the altar. Surely no other saint, or living bishop, even in this age of testimonials, ever had such a service of plate presented to him as that! It is a small mountain of silver. On high, silver angels hold a canopy over a silver shrine, which, borne aloft by angels, life size, contains the martyr's body in a crystal coffin, set off by shining statues, glittering ornaments, bas-reliefs, and tall candlesticks, all alike made of silver. If current testimony may be relied on, there are nearly two tons of the precious metal therein dedicated to the holy Johannes. No wonder that you see the saint's statue on so many bridges in Bohemia, and even for a few miles beyond the frontiers.

The curiosities of the church are more than can be examined in a brief visit. There are twelve chapels ranged about the nave—the last fitted up as an oratory for the Imperial family. In one of them you may see the foot of a candlestick, which, according to tradition,

was one of those made for Solomon's Temple, from whence it was conveyed to Rome, and afterwards to Milan, where Wladislaus I. seized the precious relic, and he brought it to Prague. At all events, the workmanship shows signs of great antiquity. And near the western end there hangs a "true image"—a head of Christ, the holy placid features showing a trace of sadness, the eyes looking at you with an earnest, though pitying expression. It is a remarkable specimen of early art; much venerated by the devout, who would soon obliterate it by kisses were it not protected by glass. A moustachioed man came up, and, taking off his hat, pressed his lips upon the sacred mouth while I was still looking at the painting.

Frescoes bordered by gems adorn the walls of St. Wenzel's chapel; and here are preserved the saint's helmet and coat of mail, a brass ring to which he clung when he fell murdered by his brother's hand, and other relics. Here also the Bohemian regalia are kept in rigorous security under seven locks: St. Wenzel's sword is among them, and with this, after his coronation, the monarch creates knights of St. Wenzel's order.

The verger gives you his cut-and-dry description; but, as he may omit to tell you a little bit of history, it would be well to remember that in this chapel the Archduke Ferdinand was chosen King of Bohemia in 1526, whereby the kingdom has ever since belonged to the house of Hapsburg.

Further concerning statues, lamps, tombs, and paintings, and the organ, with its 2831 pipes, the treasure-chamber, where, among other things, are sixteen leaves of St. Mark's Gospel in the hand of the Evangelist—the

rest said to be at Venice—the trinary chapel, and the seven bells in the tower, among which “Big Sigmund” weighs thirteen tons, and the octagon chapel, and the pulpit in the fore-court, may be read in guide-books.

Go next to the *Loretto Platz*, and look at the palace which once belonged to Count Czernin, and at the Loretto chapel—an exact copy of the far-famed Holy House in Poppedom. Or perhaps you will take more interest in remembering that in a house near this chapel Tycho Brahe made the observations from which he and Kepler produced the *Tabulæ Rudolphinæ*—a work well known to astronomers; perpetuating in its title the name of their munificent patron.

As old engravings testify, the Hradschin once looked picturesque when its twenty-two high-roofed towers were all standing. Of these only four remain; and in the Black Tower you may see fearsome specimens of mediæval dungeons. If those grim walls could speak, the fate would be known of some of Bohemia’s worthiest, who, within a year after the battle of the White Hill, suddenly disappeared from among their families and friends, and were never more heard of.

You may end your exploration by crossing to the opposite side of the hill, and taking a view of the great range of buildings from the *Staubbrücke*, which crosses the *Hirschgraben*, and commands a prospect over the north-western environs of the city, and of the contrasts between the palace on the hill-top and the frowsy haunts at the foot.

CHAPTER XII.

The Tandelmarkt—Old Men and Boys at Rag Fair—Jews in Prague—
The Judenstadt—Schools and Synagogues—Remote Antiquity—Ducal
Victims—Jewish Bravery—Removal of Boundary Wires.

FROM the Hradschin, with its imperial associations, living and dead, to an Old Clothes Market, is a change over which you may laugh or lament, according to your mood. If you have seen Rag Fair in London, you can form a weak notion of what I saw in the *Tandelmarkt* at Prague on my return to the *Altstadt* from the palatial hill. For, besides the difference of architecture, which heightens the general effect, foreign Jews, whether in consequence of shabbier clothes or dirtier habits, have always a more picturesque appearance than their brethren in England.

What a gabble! accompanied by gesticulations so violent that you would think the traders were coming to blows. Old men bent by age, of venerable aspect and beard patriarchal, stand chaffering as eagerly for cast-off garments as if they had Methuselah's years before them in which to enjoy the proceeds. "It is naught," argues the buyer; and the graybeards whine over their frippery, and turn it about, and display it to the best advantage, and reply in a tone that extorts at last the reluctant coins from the customer's pocket.

Look at the boys! How they ply nimbly hither and thither, picking up stray bargains: adepts already in the craft of their grandsires. Look at their fathers! No whining in their traffic; but hard altercation, in which patient subterfuge proves more than a match for vehemence. Here and there, however, a cunning Czech, by sharp practice with his tongue, and a timely exhibition of his money, succeeds in carrying off a blouse or hosen on his own terms; and the Hebrew, while pouching the coins, sends after him low mutterings, which forebode ill to the next customer.

As you wander among the stalls, and push between the busy groups, noting how much of the merchandise appears utterly worthless, you will find cause enough for laughter and for lamentation.

According to the census of 1850, the number of Jews in Prague is about nine thousand, of whom nearly eight thousand are natives. Besides these, there are many resident in some of the neighbouring villages; but the number is less now than formerly. Daily perambulations of the city with the old, familiar, dingy bag on shoulder, in quest of "clo," and the trade of the *Tandelmarkt*, are the resources to which most betake themselves.

The place assigned for their residence, known as the *Judenstadt* (altered of late years to *Josefstadt*), is a few acres of the *Altstadt*, lying between the *Grosser Ring* and the river: by far the most densely populated part of Prague. It is crowded with houses: traversed by narrow streets not remarkable for cleanliness, and has altogether an uninviting aspect. Your sanitary reformer would here find a strong case of overcrowding: two or

three families in one room, and a dozen, and, in some instances, more than twenty owners for a single house. The number of faces of men, women, and children at the windows, and the many comers and goers along the devious ways and in and out of the darksome passages, leave you no reason to doubt the fact. And in these miserable tenements dwell some of the chiefest men of the community—men appointed to places of trust and honour, who sit in the old Jewish council-house, and officiate in the synagogue.

But even here the ancient complexion and character are changing. New and commodious houses built in a few places are a standing reproach to the rest of the neighbourhood, and to the partisans of dirt. And while prying about you will hear the voices of children in sundry schools, where the teachers talk and work as if they were in earnest. Nor is spiritual culture neglected, for you will see some four or five synagogues, and a *Temple of the Reformed Israelitish God's-worship*.

In Prague, the manners and customs of the Jews are said to retain more of their primeval characteristics than in any other place out of Asia; the chief cause being the bitter persecutions to which the race, as everywhere else, were subjected. Some accounts assign their first settlement here to the fabulous ages of history, and make it seventy-two years earlier than that of the Czechs, or in the year 462 of the present era. And the tradition runs, that on the ground now occupied by the *Judenstadt*, and on part of the *Kleinseite*, the first buildings were erected.

In the early days the Jews lived in whatever quarter of the city suited them best; but, in consequence of

many corrupt practices, Duke Spitignew II. banished them all from Bohemia in 1059. Eight years later, Duke Wratislaw II., moved to pity, granted leave for their return, though not on compassionate conditions. Besides doubling their former amount of yearly tax, they were to pay an annual fine of two hundred silver marks, to purchase twelve houses near the river in the *Kleinseite* for their residence, and to wear a yellow cloak as a distinguishing garment. Their number was never to exceed one thousand; but in a few years it had grown to five thousand, whereupon the surplus were banished; and, to check smuggling among the remainder, they were removed from the *Kleinseite* to their present quarters.

The yellow cloak having fallen into disuse, Ferdinand II. revived the regulation with sharp severity in 1561. From the Second Ferdinand (in 1627) the Jews obtained important privileges, in consideration of a yearly gift of forty thousand gulden: liberty to choose their own magistrates and judges, to establish schools, and multiply in numbers without limit. In 1648 they took a valiant part in the defence of Prague against the Swedes, and the banner won by their bravery is still preserved in the old synagogue. In 1745 they were once more banished, but had permission to return the following year. Joseph II. placed them on an equality with other citizens, and allowed them to buy land, and dress as they pleased.

In the good old times, whenever any turbulence occurred in Prague, it was always made the excuse for plundering or persecution of the Jews; and in this particular their history accords with that of their brethren

in all other cities of Europe. They did but barely escape in the memorable '48. Their town once had nine gates, which were shut at nightfall; and subsequently, wires stretched across the streets, marked the boundary between Hebrew and Christian: these were removed in the year last mentioned, and have not since been replaced.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Jewish Sabbath—The Old Synagogue—Traditions concerning it—
The Gloomy Interior—The Priests—The Worshippers and the Worship
—The Talkers—The Book of the Law—The Rabbi—The Startling
Gun—A Birth at Vienna—Departed Glory.

MY second day in Prague being a Saturday, I went to see the Jews at worship in their synagogue. The *Josefstadt* was comparatively quiet; but few persons in the streets, and those dressed in their best; the boys carrying prayer-books, and the men with what looked like an apron rolled up under their arm. On entering the synagogue, I found that the apron was a white scarf (*talis*), with blue striped ends, which each man put on across his shoulders before taking his seat.

But first, a few words about the building itself. On approaching it along the narrow *Beleles-gasse*, you are struck at once by its appearance of great antiquity—visibly the most ancient among buildings decrepid with age. It is sunk low in the ground, down a flight of some ten or twelve steps, as if the first builders, worshipping in fear, had sought concealment. Of architectural display there is none. Walls blackened by the dust and storms of centuries, with two or three narrow-pointed windows, looking so much more like a bride-

well than a temple of the living God, that not till I had seen the steady procession of men and boys to the door could I believe it to be really the synagogue,

No wonder that its foundation is referred back to days ere Europe had a history. One tradition says, that no sooner was the Temple at Jerusalem destroyed, than angels immediately set about building this synagogue on the bank of the Moldau. According to another, certain people digging in a hill which once covered the spot, came upon a portion of a wall, and, continuing their excavation, cleared away the hill, and found a synagogue built already to their hands. And, as before mentioned, there is the tradition which dates it seventy-two years earlier than the arrival of the Czechs.

It was a remarkable sight that met my eyes as I descended into the building. If the outside conveys an impression of extreme age, much more does the inside. The deep-sunk floor, the dim light, the walls and ceiling as black as age and smoke can make them, are the features of a dungeon rather than of a place of thanksgiving. The height, owing to the low level of the floor, appears to be greater than the length, and, looking up, you can easily believe that cleansing has never been attempted since the first prayer was offered. Old-fashioned brass chandeliers hang from the ceiling, and here and there a brazen shield on the wall. The *almemmar*, or rostrum, occupies the centre of the floor, and in the narrow space on either side and at one end are the seats and stools for the congregation, with numerous reading-stands crowded between. These stands have a shabby, makeshift look, no two being

alike in height or pattern, as if each man had constructed his own. Hence a general look of disorder as well as of dinginess.

The doorkeeper requested me to keep my cap on ; and I saw that all present sat covered. Even the officiating priests wore their hats, and in dress and appearance were in no way different from the hearers. Every man had his *talis* on, and was continually fidgetting and shrugging to keep it on his shoulders, and his Hebrew prayer-book from slipping off the stand. The priests walked restlessly up and down the *almemmar*, but whether they were praying or exhorting I could not tell, for all sounded alike to me—a glib and noisy gabble. And all the while the men on the darksome seats under the gallery kept up a murmur of talk in twos and threes, in a way that sounded very much like a discussion of questions left unfinished on the *Tandelmarkt*. Now and then a “Hush! Hush!” was impatiently ejaculated by one of the devout who sat near with eyes fixed on his book; but the back seats took no heed, and, though in the temple, ceased not to talk of merchandise. Very few were they who maintained a fixed attention; a ceaseless rocking of the body to and fro, as, with half-closed eyes, they went through their recitations, distinguished them from the rest.

Now and then the priests paused in their uneasy walk, drew together, and had a little bit of quiet talk among themselves, seasoned by a pinch of snuff all round. Then they separated, and one, pacing from side to side, gave repeated utterance to a short phrase, in a wailing, sing-song tone, while the others went behind the

veil, and presently came forth again, one bearing what at first sight looked like a thick double roll surmounted by two silver candlesticks. It was the Book of the Law; and no sooner did the bearers appear than a cry of joy was set up by the whole assembly. A shabby wrapper and the silver ornaments were taken off, and then the sacred parchment was seen wound on two cylinders, so that as a portion was read from one it might be rolled up on the other.

The scroll was laid on the table with some formal ceremony, and the priests, unrolling a part, began to read, but in such a snuffling tone and careless manner as indicated but little reverence. After each one had snuffled in turn, the old rabbi, wearing a long gown and fur cap, was assisted on to the *almemmar*, and, bending low over the scroll, he read a few passages solemnly and impressively, though in a voice weak and tremulous with age: audible to all, for the talkers under the gallery held their peace. His task finished, he was led back to his seat: the roll was wound up, and, with the wrapper and ornaments replaced, was returned to its place behind the veil.

The monotonous murmur was renewed: one of the priests commenced a recitation, but he had scarcely opened his lips than the report of a cannon boomed loudly from the Hradschin, startling all within hearing, and making the streets echo again.

“Ah!” cried the talkers, “that’s for the empress. Is it prince or princess this time?”

The priest halted in his recitation as the thunderous shocks succeeded—one, two, three, and so on, up to twenty-five—when, after another pause of listening

expectation, "Ah!" cried the talkers again, "'tis only a princess;" and they took up once more the thread of their murmur.

Then followed more gabbling and snuffling from the rostrum; and, as I listened and looked round from face to face, noting the expression, something like sadness came over me; for were not those slovenly utterances a hopeless lamentation over the glory that had departed? Was it clean gone for ever? Did no trace remain of that solemn and gorgeous ceremonial, instituted when the glory came down and filled the house in the presence of the king, and of the Levites and singers "arrayed in white linen, having cymbals, and psalteries, and harps;" and of the people? When the king prayed, "Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into Thy resting-place, Thou, and the ark of Thy strength: let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let Thy saints rejoice in goodness."

An hour passed, and still the recitations and murmur went on. I had seen enough, and thought, as I stepped forth into the daylight, that the cry, "His blood be on us, and on our children!" had been fearfully avenged.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Alte Friedhof—A Stride into the Past—The Old Tombs—Vegetation and Death—Haunted Graves—Ancient Epitaph—Rabbi Löw—His Scholars—Symbols of the Tribes—The Infant's Coffin—The Playground—From Death to Life.

THE old synagogue and old Jewish burial-ground (*Alte Friedhof*) are but a few yards apart. On my way from one to the other I passed sundry groups, chiefly women, talking with animation about the interesting event signalized from the Hradschin. And more than one expressed a wish that a prince and not a princess had been born to the House of Hapsburg.

The angle of a wall, overtopped within by foliage, marks the site of the burial-ground. The doorkeeper unlocked the gate, and, passing in, I felt as if, instead of merely stepping across a threshold, a long stride had been taken back into the Past. The living world is all shut out, and you are alone with the dead—the dead of long ago.

Beth Chaim, or the House of Life, is the name in Hebrew; but there is no life save that of gnarly elder-trees, gooseberry-bushes, and creeping weeds that struggle up into a wild maze from among the overcrowded.

tombs and gravestones. The stones, thick and massive, are so incredibly numerous, that they are wedged and jammed together in most extraordinary confusion. Some lean on one side; some forwards, some backwards, and many would fall outright were they not propped up by others standing near. Hence all sorts of curious holes and corners, in which grow choking weeds and coarse grass, hiding the inscriptions, and producing a strange impression of neglect and decay.

With this impression comes a sense of the mysterious, heightened by the nature of the ground, which, irregular in outline and very uneven, confines your view to but a small portion at once. Though the enclosure takes up about one-twelfth of the *Judenstadt*, your idea becomes one of a succession of patches of tangled foliage drooping over mouldering tombs. Now the path mounts a broken slope; now dips into a narrow way between the walls of encroaching streets and houses; now enters a widening area, where the fragrant blossoms and branches of the elders droop gracefully over the ancient memorials—or comes to an end in some out-of-the-way nook. Thus you are led on pace by pace, always wondering what will appear at the next turn.

And there is something mysterious in the associations of the place. Tales are told of ghosts that haunt the tombs; unhappy spirits bringing terror and doom to the living, or goblins playing gruesome tricks. And again in its antiquity: anticipating by a hundred years the building of Prague, as proved by a date on a tombstone. No wonder that the ground is heaped high, and full of ups and downs! Thousands of Jews have turned to dust beneath the surface.

Something, however, must be deducted from its antiquity. If, as careful investigation gives reason to believe, the old synagogue was built in the thirteenth century, we may suppose the opening of the burial-ground to have taken place within the same period. The notion arose from misreading the stone, whereby one thousand was subtracted from the date. The inscriptions are in the Hebrew character, and, for the most part, deeply cut. The stone in question is inscribed:

In Elul (August) the 22nd day: lamentation . . . was the ornament of our head snatched away. Sara, whose memory stands in high praise, wife of Joseph Katz, died. She was modest; and reached out her hand to the poor. Her speech was mild and agreeable, without shame or vice. Her desire was after the house of the Creator. She gave herself up to whatsoever is holy, and continued steadfast. She trained up her children according to the law of God.

One of the most remarkable tombs is that of Rabbi Löw (or Lyon)—a handsome temple-formed sarcophagus, distinguished by a sculptured lion, and the beauty of its workmanship. The rabbi himself was a remarkable man in his day; eminent for nobleness of mind and great learning; and it is recorded of him that he was honoured by a visit from the Emperor Rudolf II. in his own house. He lies here in good company; for on both sides of his tomb extends a row of gravestones, thirty-three in number, marking the resting-place of thirty-three of his favourite scholars; and not far off a taller stone shows the grave of his son-in-law.

On many of the slabs you will see curious devices deeply cut, and figures resembling a coat-of-arms. These

indicate the tribe, or family or name of the deceased. There lies one of the house of Aaron, as shown by the two hands; a pitcher denotes the tribe of Levi; and Israel is signified by a bunch of grapes. The name *Fischeles* or *Karpeles* is symbolised by a fish; Lyon by the royal quadruped; and *Hahn* by a domestic fowl; and so forth.

All these and many other noteworthy objects will you see while wandering about this mortal wilderness; and the doorkeeper, if in the mood, will tell you many a legend, and point out the tombs of Simeon the Just, and Anna Schmiedes, concerning whom something might be said should the humour serve. No burials have been permitted since the reign of Joseph II.; and from that date, except that the path is clean, the whole place appears to have been abandoned to the influence of the seasons. Many of the stones are broken; here and there the slabs of the tombs are crumbled away, leaving large holes through which you may look and see green stains and patches of dark mould. In a dry spot at the foot of a wall I saw a bundle nailed up within rough staves of fir; it was a still-born infant in its coffin; and perhaps for such a little hole may still be dug in the ancient ground.

Notwithstanding that the backs of a few old houses look down on the graves, they fit in with the scene, and your impression of deep loneliness remains undisturbed, except in one corner, where the surface is clear and level. It is used at times as a playground for the children, whose voices you hear from the open windows of the schoolroom that encloses one side. Painter and poet might alike make a picture of childhood, full of

mirth and happiness, playing in the sunshine; and in the background, all too near, the haunted tombs of their forefathers.

A few years ago the Jews, finding their quarter much too small for commodious or decent habitation, petitioned the authorities for leave to widen their boundaries, and in answer were recommended to destroy their venerable *Friedhof*, and build houses upon the ground. No willingness has yet been manifested to adopt the recommendation.

As on entering, so on departing, are you aware of a strange impression; from the field of death, from silence and solitude, you pass at once to the noisy life of the streets, and the spell wrought upon you by the brief saunter where sits

“The Shadow cloak’d from head to foot
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,”

is broken with a shock. And by-and-by, when in the noisier thoroughfares, vague fancies will come to you of having had a sepulchral dream.

CHAPTER XV.

The Kolowratstrasse—Piccolomini's Palace—The Museum—Geological Affluence—Early Czechish Bibles—Rare Old Manuscripts—Letters of Huss and Ziska—Tabor Hill—Portraits—Hussite Weapons—Antiques—Doubtful Hussites in the Market-place—The Glückliche Entbindung—A Te Deum—Two Evening Visits—Bohemian Hospitality—The Gaslit Beer-house.

THE *Kolowratstrasse* is one of the finest streets in Prague. It is broad, straight, and well paved; contains the best hotels, the most elegant coffee-houses, the handsomest shops, and a palace or two. It was always known as the *Graben*; for here once flowed the ditch separating the *Alt* and *Neustadt*, and *Graben* it still remains, the folkname prevailing over that of the Imperial minister after whom it was named some twenty years ago.

One of the palaces formerly belonged to Wallenstein's opponent, Count Octavio Piccolomini; the other now contains the Bohemian Museum, which, an honour to the city, is a praiseworthy example of the intellectual movement among the natives. The Museum Company, formed in 1818, to collect works of art, natural productions of the country, curiosities, and antiquities, appointed a committee in 1830 to promote a scientific cultivation of the Czechish language and literature, and to create a section of archæology and natural history.

Under the designation *Matice česká* (Bohemian Mother), a fund was established and vigorously maintained, out of which the desired objects were accomplished; particularly as regards the literature. To call Palacky into activity—a historian of whom Bohemia is justly proud—was no trifling achievement. Up to 1847 the collections were kept in the Sternberg Palace at the Hradschin; but in that year they were removed to their present more convenient and accessible quarters.

Later in the day I went to the Museum: I wished to see with what sort of carnal weapons the Hussites had gained so many victories over their fellow-countrymen. First you enter the department of geology and mineralogy, the richest and most important of the whole collection. The specimens are well arranged, and among them you may see minerals and fossils which give a special interest to the geology of Bohemia.

Concerning these fossils, the late Dean of Westminster says, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*: “The finest example of vegetable remains I have ever witnessed, is that of the coal mines of Bohemia. The most elaborate imitations of living foliage upon the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beauteous profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these instructive coal-mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, flung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The effect is heightened by the contrast of the coal-black colour of these vegetables with the light groundwork of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels himself trans-

ported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees of forms and characters now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigour of their primeval life; their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians."

If you care but little for botany and zoology, with plants, fossils, and creatures from before the Flood, the attendant will lead you at once to the archæological department, and uncover the glass-cases containing rare old manuscripts. Among them are a poem of the ninth century about Libussa, a somewhat mythical Queen of Bohemia, from whom Palacky has cleared away the fable; the *Nibelungenlied* in Czechish; a Latin Lexicon with Bohemian gloss, date 1102; seven editions of the Bible in Czechish, all translated before Luther's, show how the Bohemians profited by the reading of Wycliffe's books which were sent to them from England; and a remarkable hymn-book, written at the cost of different guilds, each of whom ornamented their portion with exquisite paintings in miniature; specimens of the earliest representations of musical notes; and the first book printed in Bohemia, *Historia Trojanska*, 1468.

You will look with interest at the letters by Huss, and the challenge which he hung up on the gate of the University, declaring his religious opinions, and his readiness to maintain them by argument against all

comers: Latin documents, in a stiff, formal hand. Equally stiff is a letter written by Ziska, dated from the Hussite camp at Tabor; but there is a world of suggestion in those hard characters. That rusty leaf sets your memory recalling the events of five hundred years ago: the journey of Huss to face the wicked Council, and martyrdom at Constance, under a safe-conduct granted by the Emperor Sigismund, requiring all men to let the valiant preacher go and come, and tarry freely and unharmed;—the furious outbreak of the Protestants at the accursed condemnation of their teacher to the flames;—their sanguinary battles, and fiery zeal, and avowed determination to root out their enemies, whereby for eighteen years the land was laid waste with fire and sword, and the name of Hussite became a very terror:—and their redoubtable leader, Ziska the one-eyed, standing out from among them in bold relief, a captain most resolute and skilful, the instrument of righteous vengeance upon the execrable Sigismund; who, though he lost that single flashing eye of his, yet never lost a battle, nor the confidence of his followers. We see him amidst his rough and ready fighting men in the camp, on the heights to which, in the pride of their hearts, they gave a name from Scripture; and where they quenched their thirst in the water of Jordan, exulting,

“What hill is like to Tabor hill in beauty and in fame?”

From the letter you turn to look at a portrait of the warrior. It is a miserable painting, very much in the signboard style, yet you can mark the breadth of shoulder beneath the gleaming corslet, the oval face, aquiline nose, large bright eye, and lofty forehead, shaded

by thick, black, curling hair, and picture to yourself a proper hero. There is another and a better portrait in the Strahow monastery, and by noting the best points of each you will improve your idea, though perhaps not to full satisfaction. The attendant, moreover, will call your attention to a portrait of Huss, whose features express but little of the intellectual qualities and the steadfastness by which he was characterized.

A few paces farther, and there are the weapons with which the Hussites fought and won battles in the name of the Lord. Flails, shields, and firelocks of a very primitive construction. And such flails! The short swinging arm is hung by strong iron staples to the end of a stout staff, about six feet in length, and is braced up in iron bands, which bristle with projecting points, the better to make an impression on an enemy's skull. Truly a formidable weapon! Try the weight. The arm must be strong that would wield it with effect; and mighty must have been the motive that sent whole ranks armed therewith rushing to the onslaught as to a threshing-floor. Looking at these things, you realize somewhat of the shock and storm of the events in which they were employed.

Besides the stacks of weapons, the room contains in glass-cases round the walls numerous ivory carvings of singular merit and rarity, and other curiosities with which you may divert your thoughts. And in a neighbouring apartment there hangs an engraved view of Prague as it stood a few years before the fatal day of the White Hill, well worth inspection. The Hradschin and Wyssehrad, at opposite ends of the city, look really picturesque crowned with numerous towers.

Walking afterwards through the markets, and seeing

the dowdies sitting by their stalls under large red umbrellas, and the number of shabby men loitering about, I wondered if they were indeed the descendants of those who, under Ziska's command, had wielded the flails. However, in 1848, the men proved that the fighting-blood still circulated in their veins.

The authorities had lost no time, and on every corner placards were posted, announcing in loyal terms the "*glückliche Entbindung*" of the empress; but though crowds stopped to read, I saw no manifestations of joy. Great was the concourse, too, in the *Grosser Ring*, where a *Te Deum* was offered with pomp and ceremony in presence of the city militia: close ranks of green uniforms interposed between priests and people.

The letter of the Würzburg professor opened for me the hospitable doors of a pleasant house on a hill-slope beyond the city. Father, mother, and the two daughters joined in showing kindness to one who came to them with credentials from son and brother. The young ladies spoke English fluently, and while we sauntered between odorous flower-beds and under drooping cherry-trees, they took pleasure in exercising their acquirement. Then we had tea in a pretty garden-house, all open to the breeze and quivering sunbeams and rustling vespers of the leaves. A Bohemian tea—cutlets, potatoes, salad, cheese, and butter, bottled beer, *Toleranz*, and the fragrant beverage itself poured from a real teapot. *Toleranz* was something new to me: it is a pungent, relishing preparation, in which horseradish is a principal ingredient, and at your first taste you will think it appropriately named.

It was while chatting over this delightful repast that I was told all the pretty women had left Prague for the

watering-places. Two at least were left behind. The conversation of the Czechish servants who waited on us, heard at a short distance, sounded like a screechy quarrel; and on my remarking that I had noticed similar discords during a ramble in Wales, one of the young ladies replied, in explanation, "Our friends often think we are scolding our servants, when all the while we are speaking to them in a quiet, natural tone. Your ear is deceived. There is nothing but good-humour among them."

It was late each evening when I walked back across the fields to the city; just the hour, as it seemed, when the great arched beer-vaults in the *Rossmarkt* were in their prime. There was something striking in the long gas-lit vista viewed from the entrance, every table crowded with tipplers, dimly seen through tobacco-smoke; waiters flitting to and fro with tankards; the damsel at the sausage-stall trying to serve a dozen customers at once; while high above the rumbling, rattling din, sounded the liveliest strains of music. I sat for awhile on an upturned barrel watching the scene. Here workmen and labourers, and those of lower degree, the proletaires of Prague, were enjoying their evening—making merry after the toils of the day. These were the folk who would fight whether or no in 1848; whose bullet-marks are yet to be seen on many of the houses. Either the beer was strong, or they drank too deeply, for many staggered into the street, and went reeling homewards; conquered more hopelessly by their own hand than by Prince Windischgratz's bombardment.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sunday Morning in Prague—Gay Dresses—Pleasure-seeking Citizens—Service in the Hradschin Cathedral—Prayers and Pranks—Fun in the Organ-loft—Glorious Music—A Spell broken—Priests and their Robes—Osculations—A Flaunting Procession—An Old Topographer's Raptures—The Schwarzes Ross—Flight from Prague—Lobositz—Lost in a Swamp—A Storm—Up the Milleschauer—After Dark—The Summit—Mossy Quarters—The Host's Story.

THE streets were alive before the lazy hours approached on Sunday morning. Here and there the walls covered with handbills, red, blue, green, and yellow, presented a gay appearance. The Summer Theatre, in which you sit under the open sky and see plays acted by daylight, was open—*Jubelfest!* ran the announcements: *Health and Prosperity to the House of Hapsburg*. Music and a ball on the Sophia Island—music on the Shooting Island—music at Hraba's Railway Garden—music at the *Pstrossischer* Garden—music at Podol—music at Wrssowitz—music at the *Fliedermühle*—a military band at Bubencz—in short, music everywhere. And everywhere "*Pilsen beer, in Ice.*" And so the streets were alive at an early hour with citizens going to an early mass that longer time might remain for pleasure, or starting for some of the neighbouring villages, or for the White Hill, where a saint's festival was to be celebrated—all dressed in their Sunday clothes, and looking as if they had made up their minds for a holiday.

The morning is bright and the breeze playful, and the sober colours having all chosen to stay at home, there are none but the gayest tints abroad in the sunshine. Pink appears to be the favourite. Pink skirts, pink scarfs, pink ribands, pink bonnets ; but no lack of all besides, and more than make up the rainbow. Not a work-a-day dowdy to be seen. Here come father, mother, and half a dozen children, the sire carrying a basket, and one or two of the youngsters a havresack, all eager with anticipated pleasure. Here half a dozen sweethearts going to make a day of it. Here a troop of lads nimble of foot, noisy in talk, and proud of their orange and purple decorations in waistcoat and necktie, while now and then a *Fiaker* trots past laden with a party who prefer a holiday on wheels; and always there come the eternal soldiers, rank and file, or tramping at liberty.

The spectacle is animated in the spacious area of the *Grosser Ring*, where the gay throngs mingle and traverse from all directions; entering or leaving the *Teinkirche*, where service is performed in the Czechish tongue. Striking is the contrast between them and a group of sunburnt haymakers squatted in the centre, men and women in rustic garments, gazing wonderingly around from amid many-coloured bundles, piles of scythes, and scattered sickles. They look half amazed at finding themselves in a great city, and as if fearful of ever finding their way out again.

All this and much more did I see while on my way to hear the service in the metropolitan church on the Hradschin. The steep stair-flights which, avoiding the narrow, crooked streets, lead directly up to the palace,

were all a-blaze with shining silks and satins, the wearers of which were mounting slowly upwards on dainty feet in the full glare of the hot sun. Already nearly every seat in the church was filled, and as the service went on the aisles were thronged, the women on one side, the men on the other, though with exceptions. The opportunity was favourable for seeing something of the better class of citizens, for of such the congregation appeared chiefly to be. Again I looked for pretty faces along the variegated aisle, and though there was no dearth of grace and animation, I was forced to believe that the beauties had not yet returned from the watering-places. Meanwhile the service went on; three robed priests officiated at the altar, the little bell tinkled, the host was lifted up, every head was bowed, and incense floated around the cross, while the boys set to feed the censers pulled one another's hair on the sly, and played pranks in their corner.

I crept quietly up to the organ-loft when the time for music was near, and saw seedy men take their post at the bellows, and in the front seat of the gallery a row of young men and boys tuning up their fiddles. The great height prevents the twang and scrape from being heard below, and affords, moreover, opportunity for fun, for as they screw and twang they reach across and tweak ears, or prod a cheek with the end of a bow, or bend down and tell some joke which well-nigh chokes them with suppressed laughter. At last the signal is given, and as if by one impulse they strike into a symphony, in which the organ joins at times with a sonorous note. I crept down to the aisle to listen. The harmonies, at first timid, grew gradually in volume

and power, till at length they swelled into glorious music that filled the whole place, and held every ear entranced. Then the organ broke out with an exulting response, and all the echoes of the lofty roof and soaring arches repeated the sound, until there came a sudden pause, in which you presently heard the faintest of tones, like a plaintive wail, from the stringed instruments. Then strength came once more to the trembling notes, and again the strains which angels might have stayed to hearken to floated through the air.

Where could such music come from? I felt constrained to go up again to the organ-loft. There sat the same boys carrying on their sports during the rests and pauses—the same seedy men at the bellows—earthly hands producing heavenly music which held the listeners spell-bound.

For me the illusion was over, and I felt curious to see what sort of men they were who in stately robes had gone through the ceremonial at the altar. Surely they would exhibit signs of spiritual life. I placed myself close to the door by which they would have to pass to the sacristy, and observed them as they withdrew. They were men of sluggish feature, lit by no gleam of spirituality, and walked as if released from a wearisome duty. And the robes which seemed rich and costly in the distance, showed faded and shabby near at hand—unworthy attire for priests of a church that boasts a silver shrine. Here, thought I, we must not look for the Beauty of Holiness.

Many a kiss did I see imprinted on the sacred picture of Christ as the congregation departed; and then, as they streamed forth and dispersed in groups in many

directions, I hastened forwards to catch the view of the many-coloured procession as it descended the great stair, flaunting in the sun between the gray old houses.

While crossing the ancient bridge for the last time, my impression was strengthened that from thence you get the best view of Prague—a view which conceals the damaging features seen from the hills. “Oh! it is a ravishing prospect!” exclaims an old topographer; “your eye knows not whether it shall repose on the mighty colossus of stone which appears to bid defiance to the broad Moldau stream, or whether it shall pasture on that romantic slope, from the summit of which the huge imperial fortress, and the highly-famed cathedral church, together with many palaces and churches, shine down upon you. Surprise, wonder, and bewilderment overcome him who for the first time turns hither and thither to look at the sight.” If your raptures rise not to this lofty pitch, you will hardly fail, even at your last view, to sympathise with the antiquated narrator’s enthusiasm.

The *Schwarzes Ross* has a worthy reputation, and deserves it, for the entertainment is good, the plenshing clean, and the beer excellent. Dinner is served, after the Carlsbad manner, at twenty or more small tables—an arrangement which favours conversation; and after the soup has disappeared, the host enters with his best coat on—a plump man, whose appearance does honour to his own viands—and he makes a solemn bow to every table. I had the happiness of catching his eye on three successive days.

It was not by enchantment—though it seemed like it

—but by steam, that, four hours later, having lost the way, I was trudging about in swampy meadows at the foot of the *Milleschauer*. My mind was confused with pictures of Prague, with glimpses of the journey, and, unawares, I had wandered from the track. At two miles from the city our train was entered by two soldiers, one of whom stood guard at the carriage door, while the other went from passenger to passenger demanding passports, that he might inspect the visas. This done, the *Podiebrad*—so the locomotive was named—hurried us past fruitful slopes, orchards, and poppy-fields; past bends of the river; between hills that come together in one place and form a glen, where tunnels pierce the projecting crags; across a broad plain, till at Raudnitz we saw the Elbe, and peaks and ridges in the distance, indicating our approach to the mountains. At Theresienstadt we stopped twenty minutes for the passing of the train from Dresden, there being but a single line of rails, beguiling the time by looking at the rafts on the river, and the broken line of hills. Then to Lobositz, where the folk appeared less wise than at Prague, for the flour-mill and chicory-factory were rattling and roaring in full work.

I left my knapsack at the *Gasthof zum Fürst Schwarzenberg*, and started for the *Milleschauer*. Half an hour along the Töplitz road, bordered all the way by fruit-trees, and you come in sight of the mountain—a huge cone, two thousand seven hundred feet in height, one of the highest points of the *Mittelgebirge*. At the village of Wellemin you leave the road for an obscure track across uneven slopes; and here it was that, keeping too faithfully to the left, according to direction, I lost the way.

I was trying back, when a fierce squall swept up from the west. The sky grew dark, the rain fell in torrents, the mountain disappeared shrouded in gloom, and from the woods that clothe its sides from base to cope, tormented by the cold wind, there came a roar as of the sea in a storm. I took shelter behind a thick-stemmed willow, and waited; but twilight crept on before the growl ceased. There were paths enough to choose from, too many, in fact, as there commonly are round the base of minor hills; however, by dint of making way upwards, through dripping copse and plashy glades, I came at last to a single track, completely hidden by the woods.

It was part of a great spiral winding round the cone—now rising, now falling, but reaching always a higher elevation. The clouds still hung overhead; the sun had set, and under the trees I could see but a few yards ahead. I stopped at times to listen for some companionable sound, but heard only the heavy drip-drip from the leaves, and melancholy sighs among the branches. A little higher, and there, in the beds of moss around the roots, gleamed the tiny lanterns of swarms of glowworms—more than ever I had seen before—and the way felt less lonely with the pale green rays in view. Moreover, holding my watch near one of the tiny lanterns, it was possible to see the hour—half-past nine. Farther on I came to a little wagon standing in a gap, and then the path became exceedingly steep and hard to climb, and scarcely discernible in the increasing darkness. Steeper and steeper grew the path, and with it the prospect of a bivouac, when the trees thinned away, and a dark barrier stopped further advance. It was a rough stone

wall, along which I felt my way, and coming presently to a door, kicked upon it vigorously. A dog barked. Footsteps approached, and a man's voice asked:

"Who's there?"

"An Englishman."

"Good," replied the voice; and forthwith the bolt was shot, and the door opened. A man, whom I could scarcely see in the darkness, took my arm and led me down a short steep path, and round a corner into a small gloomy room, dimly lighted by a single lamp. Presently he brought another lamp, and then I saw that the seeming gloom was an effect of colour only, for the low apartment was lined with dark brown moss; a settee, thickly covered with the same production, ran from end to end along each side; and overhead you saw, resting on unhewn rafters, the rough underside of a mossy roof.

To find such a sylvan retreat, comfortably warmed, too, by a stove, was an agreeable surprise. I stretched myself on the soft and springy couch, while the man went away to get my supper. He soon returned with a savoury cutlet and a pitcher of good beer; and while I enjoyed the cheer with an appetite sharpened by exercise, he sat down to talk. The place, he said, belonged to him. It comprised a group of huts, all built of poles and moss, in which he had often lodged sixty guests at once. There were a few sitting-rooms and many bedrooms, a garden, a dancing-floor, an oratory, a poultry-yard, pigeon-house, and other benevolent contrivances, as I should be able to see in the morning. The wagon which I had seen at the foot of the steep belonged to him. It was hard work for a horse to drag

it up heavily laden; but harder still to carry the stores from thence on one's shoulder to the summit. He came up in May with his first load, and set to work to repair roofs, walls, and fences, to renew the moss and dry the beds, and then stayed till October busy with guests, who arrived by tens or twenties every day, chiefly from Töplitz, about ten miles distant. The voices we heard from time to time in an adjoining hut were those of a party of four, who had come from the fashionable spa to see the sun set, and had been disappointed by the storm. Perhaps sunrise would repay them. They and I were, as it happened, the only guests this night, so the host had time to talk without interruption.

Supper over, he went before me with a lantern through the cold night wind to a hut some yards distant, where, with a friendly "*Gute Nacht*," he left me. What a snug little mossy chamber! At one end two beds—thick piles of moss with plenty of blankets, and sheets as clean as pure water and mountain breezes can make them. At the other, two washstands, a looking-glass, and little window. I had it all to myself, and was soon sound asleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

Morning on the Milleschauer—The Brightening Landscape—The Mossy Quarters by Daylight—Delightful Down-hill Walk—Lobositz again—The Steam-boat—Queer Passengers—Sprightly Music—Romantic Scenery—Hills and Cliffs—Schreckenstein—How the Musicians paid their Fare—Aussig—The Spürlingstein—Fairer Landscapes—Elbe *versus* Rhine—Tetschen—German Faces—Women-Waders—The Schoolmaster—Passport again—Pretty Country—Signs of Industry—Peasants' Diet—Markersdorf—Rustic Cottages—Gersdorf—Meistersdorf—School—Trying the Scholars—Good Results—A Byeway—Ulrichsthal.

SUNRISE! a bell rings loudly to waken the sleepers; and the host cries "*Frisch auf!*" at the door of the hut. I was up as the first rays from the great luminary streamed across the landscape. Not a cloud dimmed the sky, and it was a grand sight to see the ruddy light kindle on all the lower hill-tops, tremble on the tall clumps of forest, and creep down the slopes, till field after field caught the beams, and ponds glistened and windows twinkled. And anon the thin veil of mist was lifted from the valleys, and farms and villages rejoiced in the new-born day. Every moment the great panorama revealed more and more of its features, and bits of cliff, and glenlike hollows, ruined towers, and miles of road emerged from the obscure.

And while the light strengthened, there stretched towards the west the mighty shadow of the mountain

itself, eclipsing acres of the landscape, which lay dim between the streaming radiance rushing to an apex on either side. But the sun mounts apace, and the shadow grows shorter continually.

The number of cone-like hills is remarkable, and here and there you see one of those circular, flat-topped elevations bristling with dark woods, which characterize much of Bohemian scenery along the Saxon frontier. While gazing on the singular forms, you may imagine them to be the crumbling remains of stupendous columns erected by giant hands in the old primeval ages.

In the distance you see the Elbe, a long, pale stripe, resembling a narrow lake, and you wish there were more of it, for the want of water is a sensible defect in the view. The region is fruitful and well peopled: had it a few large lakes besides, your eye would roam over it with the greater pleasure. The expanse is wide. In very clear weather, so mine host assured me, you can see Prague, and *Schneekoppe* in the *Riesengebirge*, each fifty miles distant.

To enable you to get the view all round clear of the trees a circular wooden tower is built, from the platform of which you may gaze on far and near. Immediately beneath you look down into the walled enclosure, upon the huts, the flower-beds, the potato plot, the sheltering hazel copse, and all the ins and outs of the place. You see mossy arbours open to the south, and little nooks where you may recline at ease and contemplate different points of the view.

I was glad after awhile to take refuge in one of these nooks, for the wind blew so strong and keen that my teeth chattered as I walked round the platform. How-

ever, there is steaming coffee ready to fortify you against the influences which mar the poetry of sunrise.

The garden, sheltered by its wall and screen of hazel, teems with flowers, a pleasing sight as you go and come in your explorations. I surveyed the whole premises from the dairy to the dancing-floor; noted the inscriptions here and there with which the owner seeks to conciliate your good opinion; looked at his bazaar, where you may buy *Recollections of the Milleschauer*, and so round to the little altar under the bell. Here the inscription runs:

Frisch auf!
Zur Arbeit dran,
Gott segne meine Plan:
denn
An Gottes Segen
Ist Alles gelegen.

Two hours passed. I took a farewell view under the broad sunlight, and then, having to meet a steamer at Lobositz, strode merrily down the hill. What a pleasant walk that was! Once below the summit, among the trees, and the temperature was that of a summer morning; and the woods looked glorious, fringed with light reflected from millions of raindrops—memorials of the former evening's storm, now become things of beauty. Beech, birch, and hazel, intermingled with larch and fir, robe the hill from base to cope, through which the path descends with continued windings; an ever-shifting aisle, as it seems, overarched by green leaves, among which you hear the gladsome chirp and warbling of birds. All the breaks and hollows which

appeared so grim and gloomy the night before, the mouths of yawning caverns, now open as narrow glades or twinkling bowers, in which a thousand lights dart and quiver as the cheerful breeze sweeps through, caressing the leaves. Such a walk favours cheerful meditation, and prepares your heart for cloudy weather and dreary prospects; and in after days many a thought born within the wood flits back on the memory.

It was like having been robbed of something to step out of the woods upon the rough grassy slopes at the foot of the hill, and presently to tramp along a hard, beaten road. However, there was the sight of the lofty cone rising in its forest vesture high into the sunlight for repayment; and the lively breeze ceased not to blow.

The ill-favoured clerk at Prague had refused to accredit me beyond Lobositz, so here at nine o'clock I had to go to the *Bezirksamt* for another visa. Again did I request that the name of some place at the foot of the mountains, or beyond the frontier, might be inserted; but no! I was going a trip down the Elbe, with intention to disembark at Tetschen, so for Tetschen the visa was made out, and the clerk, who was very polite, wished me a pleasant journey.

I found a number of passengers waiting at the river side, reclining on the grass or strolling among the trees. Presently came a large flat boat and conveyed us all to an island, where, by the time we had assembled on the rude landing stage, the steamer *Germania* arrived and took us on board; not without difficulty, for the deck was literally choked with queer-looking people and rubbishy baggage. What could such a company be

travelling for? Wedged in among them sat a party of wandering musicians, men and women, with harps, guitars, fiddles, and flute: the space all too narrow for their movements. However, as soon as the vessel resumed her course down the rapid stream they began to play, and kept up a succession of airs that seemed to convert the exhilarating motion, the breeze and the sunshine into frolicsome music.

I got a seat on the top of a heap of bundles, with clear outlook above the heads of the crowd. It was a delightful voyage, between scenes growing more and more romantic at every bend of the river. Now we shoot past scarped hills, split by narrow gullies dark with foliage, from whence little brooks leap forth to the light; now past sheltered coombs where rural homesteads nestle, and vines hang on the sunny slopes; now past variegated cliffs, all ochre and gray, that come near together, and compel the stream to swerve with boiling eddies and long trains of impatient ripples; now past fields and meadows where the retiring hills leave room for fruitful husbandry, and from far your eye catches the speck of colour—the red or blue petticoats of the women around the hay-wagons.

And along the road which skirts the shore there go men and women, horses and vehicles, and there is always something strange to note in costume and appearance. And close by runs the railway, its course marked by the painted wicker balloons hanging aloft on the signal posts, and the bright colour of the jutting rocks through which the way is hewn, or by a train dashing past with echoing snort and tail of cloud.

The hills crowd closer and higher at every bend.

Here and there rises a cliff forming an imposing palisade of rock; then comes a wild mass of crags backed by woods that screen a little red-roofed chapel perched high aloft; then the tower of *Schreckenstein* comes into view, crowning a tall, gray buttress, which gives a finishing touch to the picturesque.

My attention was diverted from the scenery by a leaf of music held out by one of the musicians. Who could refuse a fee for such strains as theirs? Kreutzer after kreutzer, a few small silver coins, and two or three twopenny bank-notes were dropped into the receptacle, which was presently emptied into the ready hands of the fluteplayer. He counted, shook his head, and saying, "Not enough yet!" gave the signal for a fresh burst. Now came forth music singularly wild and inspiring—the reserve, perhaps, for an emergency—and none within hearing could resist its influence. Had there been room, every one would surely have danced; as it was, eyes sparkled, heads wagged, and fingers snapped, keeping time with the measure. There seemed something magical about the leader, and I could not help fancying that her fiddle began to speak before the bow had touched the strings. They speak wisely who bid us go to Bohemia for music.

The leaf went round once more, and not in vain; but the fluteplayer still shook his head, whereupon a song and a duet were sung; and then the flute, brought to a conclusion with his cares, went to the little crib by the paddle-box and bought tickets for the whole party.

Then Aussig came into sight, and I soon ceased to wonder whither the queer-looking crowd were going. It was to Aussig fair. Bundle after bundle was pulled

so rapidly from the heap on which I reclined that I was quickly brought down to the level of the deck, and a scramble and hubbub arose easier to be imagined than described. The musicians made haste to put the leathern covers on their instruments, and along with her fiddle I saw that the leader buckled up a spare stay-bone and a few miscellaneous articles of her toilet. The women carried the harps, and the men huge knapsacks, stuffed with their wives' gear as well as their own, and with a thick-soled boot staring out from either end. Once at the landing, a few minutes sufficed to clear the deck, and no sooner had the vagabonds departed than a boy came with a broom, and all was presently made clean, as behoved in a vessel bound to Dresden.

Half an hour's stay gives you time to look at Aussig, to admire its pleasing environment, its busy boat-builders, and gondola-like pleasure-boats floating on the stream, and to commend the good quality of its beer. Among the passengers who came on board were a party of students, certain of them wearing gowns not larger than a jacket—which, as some say, betoken learning in proportion.

Away we went again, and always with fairer landscapes to greet our eyes. Past great high-prowed barges, towed slowly against the current by horses; past small barges, towed still more slowly by a dozen or twenty men. Past the *Spürlingstein*, and bastion-like cliffs, and hollows, beyond which you catch sight of far-away peaks. Then a village of timbered houses, the fronts showing broad lines of chequer-work and quaint gables, and every house standing apart in its

own garden, among hills hung with woods to the water's edge; and rocks peering out here and there from the shadow of the trees, shutting you in all round as in a lake.

The sight of the varied features which open on you, increasing in beauty at every bend, will suggest frequent comparison. Here among the hills nature hems the Elbe in with loveliness, as if to prepare the great river for its long, dreary course from Dresden to the sea. You see not so many castles, but more variety than on the Rhine; more of untamed scenery, and less of monotonous vine-slopes; and perhaps you will incline to agree with those who hold that from Leitmeritz to Pirna the Elbe excels the far-famed stream that flows past Cologne.

Beautiful is the view of Tetschen, backed by grand wooded hills; the river, spanned by a chain-bridge, making a sudden bend; the castle looking down on the stream from a forward cliff. Though topped by a spire, the castle will inevitably remind you of a factory; and you will be constrained to look away from it to the tunnelled cliff through which the railway passes, and the noisy stream that tumbles in on the opposite side.

It had just struck one when I landed. The passport office was shut for two hours, that the functionaries might have time to dine—a praiseworthy arrangement, though trying at times to a traveller's patience. I dined at the *Golden Crown*, at one side of the great square, and regaled myself with a flask of *Melniker*—a right generous wine. The inn is the starting place for some twenty coaches and vans, and, looking round on

the numerous guests as they went and came, it was easy to see you had left the Czechish for the German part of the population—oval faces for round ones.

In the centre of the square stands a building, which, in appearance a pedestal for a big statue, is a little chapel in which mass is said twice a day. I spent a few minutes in looking at it, then strolled to the castle garden and the bridge, from whence I saw carts backed axle deep into the river to receive cotton bales from a barge, and women loading a boat wading out above their knees with heavy sacks on their shoulders. Then to the school—a sight that gave me real pleasure, so spacious is the building, so numerous are the scholars, so earnest the master in his work. His discourse was that of one who has found his true vocation: he was seldom cast down, and felt persuaded that it was a master's own fault if he had no joy in his scholars. After our few brief words I thought the inscription at the door yet more appropriate:

*Der Schule Saat reift für Zeit und Ewigkeit.**

At three o'clock I sought out the passport clerk, and found him not a whit more willing to give a visa for the mountains, or a place over the border, than his fellows elsewhere. He admitted the argument that one of the pleasures of travel was an unrestricted choice or change of route, but "could not" do more; so I looked at my map, and chose Reichenberg as my next point of departure, and the official stamp and signature were forthwith applied. But the gentleman discovered an

* The school's seed ripens for time and eternity.

irregularity, and did not let me depart till it was rectified—that the leaves containing the visas and the passport were separate sheets. He fastened them together with a broad seal and a loop of black and yellow thread, and then wished me a pleasant journey.

The wish was realized, for the route lies through a pretty country, the most populous and industrious part of Bohemia. It is heavy uphill work soon after leaving Tetschen, but the view from the top over the valley of the Elbe repays the labour, and rivals that from the *Milleschauer*. A little farther, and the prospect opens in the opposite direction, across a great wave, as it seems, of cones, ridges, scars, and rounded heights, sprinkled with spires and hamlets—a cheerful scene that invites you onwards.

At every mile you see and hear more and more of the signs of industry. Men pass you wheeling barrows laden with coloured glass rods—material for beads and fragile toys, to be manufactured at home in their own little cottages, keeping up the olden practice. Now you hear the hiss and whiz of the polishing wheel; now the rattle of looms, and the croak of stocking-weavers. And at times comes a man pushing before him a great barrowful of bread—large, flat, brown loaves—on his way to supply the off hamlets which have no bakery. And now and then old women creep by, bending under a burden of firewood. Two whom I overtook told me they walked three miles twice a week to fetch a bundle of sticks from the forest; and when I asked if they ate meat or cheese, answered with a “*Gott bewahr!*” never. Nothing but bread and potatoes.”

At Markersdorf I left the highway for a cross-road,

leading through a succession of hamlets, so close together that you can hardly tell where one begins and the other ends. Now the signs of labour multiply, and there is a ceaseless noise of the shuttle and polishing wheel. The little houses have a very rustic appearance, built of squared logs black with age, set off by stripes of white clay along all the joints, and a stripe of green paint around the windows. There is variety in their architecture: some imitate the Swiss style, with tall roofs and outside galleries; some exhibit dumpy gables and arched timbers along the lower story; and pretty they look in the midst of their poppy-strewn gardens and embowering orchards, watered by little brooks, which here and there set little mills a-clacking.

Not a hamlet without its school; and you will see with pleasure how the importance of the school is recognised. Over the door of one at Gersdorf I read:

Den Kleinen will die Schule frommen
O laß sie alle, alle kommen.*

At Meistersdorf, a furlong or two farther, on a little hill that overlooks miles of country, the school-house is one of the best buildings in the place. And here again a rhyming couplet, embodying a benevolent sentiment, crosses the lintel:

Kommt hier zu mir ihr Kleinen, O kommt mit frommen
Sinn
Ich führ den Weg des Heilen euch zu dem Vater hin.†

* The school will profit the little ones,
O! let them all, all come.

† Come here to me ye little ones, oh, come with pious mind!
I lead you on the way of salvation to the Father.

And the children really are taught. Scarcely a day passed that I did not stop boys and girls on the highway, and get them to talk about their school and what they learned. Not one did I meet above the age of eight who could not read and write, and do a little arithmetic, or recite the multiplication table, as I fully ascertained by sitting down on the bank and playing the school-master—not a frowning one—myself. They answered readily, and wrote words on a scrap of paper, and seemed pleased to show off what they knew, and still more pleased at finding a kreutzer in their hand when the questions ended. In many of the schools the pupils may learn mathematics if they will, and drawing is taught in all. To this early acquaintance with the rules of art the Bohemian glass engravers are indebted for a resource that enables them to make the most of their skill and ingenuity. The school fees are from one penny to twopence a week.

A short distance beyond the school I left the village road for a rough byeway across fields, and after a walk of five hours from Tetschen came to a row of wooden cottages, or farmsteads, as they might be called, each standing apart in its own ground, flanked by sheds, and fortified by a dungheap close to the door. Were it not for overhanging trees and garden plots they would wear a shabby look.

Ulrichsthal was my destination ; but here was no valley, only a slope. However, on inquiring at the last but one in the row of cottages, I found that I was really in Ulrichsthal, and at the very door I wanted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Hospitable Reception—A Rustic Household—The Mother's Talk—Pressing Invitations—A Docile Visitor—The Family Room—Trophies of Industry—Overheating—A Walk in Ulrichsthal—A Glass Polisher and his Family—His Notions—A Glass Engraver—His Skill and Ingenuity—His Earnings—A Bohemian's Opinion on English Singing—Military Service—Beetle Pictures—Glass-making in Bohemia—An Englishman's Forget-me-Not—The Dinner—Dessert on the Hill—An Hour with the Haymakers—Magical Kreutzers—An Evening at the Wirthshaus—Singing and Poetry—A Moonlight Walk—The Lovers' Test.

I ONCE promised a Bohemian glass engraver, who showed me specimens of his skill under the murky sky of ugly Birmingham, that when the favourable time came I would find out his native place, and have a talk with his kinsfolk. The favourable time had come in all ways, for no sooner did I make myself known to the old man who was summoned to the door, than he took my hand and said, "Be welcome to my house." Suiting action to word, he led me into a large, low room, hot as an oven, where his wife and daughters and a sweetheart sat chatting away the dusk. At first they were somewhat shy; but when I brought out a little letter from the son in England, and the eldest daughter, having lit a candle, read it aloud, the mother, overjoyed at hearing news from "our Wilhelm," sprang up, gave

me a kiss, and cried, "Only think, an Englishman is come to see us!" Here was an end to the shyness; and having shaken hands with all the lasses and the sweet-heart, I became as one of the family.

Of course I would stay all night; they could not think of letting me go to seek quarters at the public-house, unless, indeed, their own rustic entertainment would make me uncomfortable; and the entreaties were accompanied by preparations for supper. Who could resist such hearty hospitality? Not I; and forthwith an understanding prevailed that whatever pleased them best would please me best; excepting, that I should have leave to open one of the casements and sit close to it, for to me the temperature of the room was unbearable. Besides the heat from the stove, there was an odour of kine from the cowstall, which forms one half of the house, separated from the living room only by a passage.

We had merry talk while I ate my supper of eggs, coffee, and bread and butter. "Our Wilhelm" was, however, the mother's favourite topic, and she returned to it again and again. She must tell me, too, of her other sons, one in America, another at Pesth; and how that one night they were all awoke by a loud knocking at the door, and a voice begging for a night's lodging. How that the stranger would not go away, but continued to knock and beseech, until all at once the mother recognised a tone, and cried, "Father, father, open the door! That's our David's voice. Our David, come home to see us, all the way from Hungary!" And then the joyful meeting that followed! Her eyes glistened with tears as she told me this.

There were two beds in a little slip of a chamber

opening from the principal room, of which the one nearest the window was given up to me, as I again had to stipulate for an open casement; and the more so, as notwithstanding the heat, I was expected to bury myself between two feather-beds, as the custom of the country is; the other was occupied by the old man. As for mother and daughters, they retreated to some place overhead, which must have been very like a loft.

Had I slept well? was the question next morning; and this being answered in the affirmative, the family resolved by acclamation that I should stay with them a fortnight at least, nor would they at first believe that I could only spare them a single day. Could not an Englishman do anything? What mattered it if I returned to London a week sooner or later? The theatre at Steinschönau would be opened on Sunday, and it would be such a nice walk to go and see the play. Why should I be in a hurry to reach the mountains? Would it not be the same if I went to the top of all the hills around Ulrichsthal?

So said the daughters, with much more of the like purport, and to resist persuasions backed by bright eyes, good looks, and blithesome voices, was a hard trial for my philosophy. However, I kept my resolution even when the mother rounded up with, "Only a day! that's not long enough to taste all my cookery." The good soul had risen early to make fresh *Semmel* for breakfast.

To pacify them, I promised to eat as much as ever I could, and to let them do whatever they liked with me during the day. Thereupon two of the damsels put on their broad-brimmed straw hats, shouldered their rakes, and betook themselves to the hay-field; the

youngest, a lassie of fifteen, apprenticed to a glass engraver, said, "*Leb' wohl*," and went away to her work; the old man, privileged to be idle through age and infirmity, crept forth to find a sunshiny bit of grass on which to have a snooze; the mother began to bustle with pot and pan about the stove; and the eldest daughter, having put on her hat and a pink scarf, claimed the right to show me all that was worth seeing in Ulrichsthal.

We began with the room itself. Its furniture was simple enough: wooden walls and ceiling; an uncomfortable wooden seat fixed to the wall along two sides; a table and a few wooden chairs; and the old man's polishing-bench, a fixture in one corner. The treadle and crank were still in place, but motionless; half a dozen wheels and sundry tools hung on the wall, memorials of the veteran's forty years of industry, and the bench did duty as dresser and bookshelf. Among the books were *Schiller's Werken*, in sixteen volumes, belonging to "our Wilhelm." With that simple machinery, hoarsely whirring day after day all through the prime of his manhood, had he gained wherewith to buy his two plots of land, and the comfort of repose in declining age. Here, in this overheated room, at once workshop, kitchen, and parlour, had been reared those four comely daughters, and the tall son whom I had met in England; all strong and hearty, in spite of high temperature and certain noxious influences arising out of a want of proper decency in the household economy. "We are used to it," was the answer, when I expressed my surprise that they could bear to live familiar with things offensive, and yet fearful of a passing breath from spring and summer. But this want of perception is not confined

to Ulrichsthal; you cannot help noticing it in many, if not in most, Bohemian villages, and on the Silesian side of the mountains.

But the damsel is impatient. We set off towards a row of houses on a higher part of the slope. Each has its long and narrow piece of land, an orchard immediately behind the house; then patches of wheat, barley, poppies, beetroot, grass, and potatoes, cultivated, with few exceptions, by the several families. But labourers can be hired when wanted, who are willing to work for one or two florins a week.

We went into one of the houses. There sat a family grinding and polishing glass, alternating field-work by a day at the treadles. The operations were not new to me, but there was novelty to see them carried on in such a homely way; to see elegant vases, dishes, goblets, and jugs, fit ornaments for a palace, in the hands of rustics, or lying about on a rough pine shelf. The father, a tall, pale-faced man, with a somewhat careworn expression, stopped the noise of the wheels as soon as he heard of a visitor from London, and talked about that which he understood best—his business. Full thirty years had he sat at the bench, training up his children to the work one after another, but had not realized all the benefits he once hoped for. The brittle ware came to him in boxes from Prague, forty-five miles, and, when polished, was sent back in the same way; he having to bear the loss of whatever was broken while in his hands. "Look here," he said, showing me a large handsome jug; "my daughter spent a whole month over that jug, and then, as you see, broke the handle off. So I must keep it, and lose fifteen florins." To him it was useless: he could only place it apart with other crippled speci-

mens—memorials of misfortune. “Ah! if glass would not break, then he would not be poor. However,” he added, “we always get bread. God be thanked! And our bit of land helps.” Cutters and polishers earn about four florins a week. He thought it good that young men got away to England, for they not only earned great wages, but escaped the remorseless military service. “A young man is not safe here: perhaps he works for twelve, eighteen months, and thinks he will be left quiet for the rest of his term, when all at once comes a sharp order, and he must away to Italy for a year or two.”

Then he set his treadle going, to show me that in Bohemia the polisher holds his glass against the bottom of the wheel, and, consequently, has the work always under his eye; while, in England, he holds it against the top of the wheel, and must be always turning it over to look at the surface.

Higher up the slope we came to another house, where, instead of the harsh sound of grinding, we heard but a faint, busy hum. A change came over Röschen’s manner as she entered, and saw a young man sitting at a lathe; and their greeting, when he looked round, was after the manner of lovers before a witness. On being told that I had come to see glass engraving, the young man plied his wheel briskly, and, taking up a ruby tazza, in a few minutes there stood a deer with branching antlers on a rough hillock in its centre—a pure white intaglio set in the red. I had never before seen the process, and was surprised by its simplicity. All those landscapes, hunting-scenes, pastoral groups, and whatever else which appear as exquisite carvings in the glass, are produced by a few tiny copper wheels,

or disks. The engraver sits at a small lathe against a window, with a little rack before him, containing about a score of the copper disks, varying in size from the diameter of a halfpenny down to its thickness, all mounted on spindles, and sharpened on the edge. He paints a rough outline of the design on the surface of the glass, and, selecting the disk that suits best, he touches the edge with a drop of oil, inserts it in the mandril, sets it spinning, and, holding the glass against it from below, the little wheel eats its way in with astonishing rapidity. The glass, held lightly in the hands, is shifted about continually, till all the greater parts of the figure are worked out; then, for the lesser parts, a smaller disk is used, and at last the finest touches, such as blades of grass, the tips of antlers, eyebrows, and so forth, are put in with the smallest. Every minute he holds the glass up between his eye and the light, watching the development of the design; now making a broad excavation, now changing the disk every ten seconds, and giving touches so slight and rapid that the unpractised eye can scarcely follow them; and in this way he produces effects of foreshortening, of roundness, and light and shade, which, to an eye-witness, appear little less than wonderful.

The work in hand happened to be *tazzi*, and in less than half an hour I saw deer in various positions roughed out on six of them, and three completely finished. Then the engraver fetched other specimens of his skill from up-stairs—a dish with a historical piece in the centre, and vignettes round the rim—a bowl engirdled by sylvan scenes, where fauns and satyrs, jolly old Pan and bacchanals, laughed out upon you from forest bowers and mazy

vineyards—all, even to the twinkling eyes, the untrimmed beards, and delicate tendrils, wrought out by the copper wheels.

The merchants at Prague took care that he should never lack work, and, according to the quality, he could earn from four to eight florins a week, and save money. Beef cost him 11 kreutzers the pound, veal 10, and salt 6 kreutzers. His bread was home-made. The lathe was his own: it cost forty florins; and the house, and the long strip of ground that sloped away behind, half hidden by the orchard. He did no field-work, but left that to his mother, who lived with him, and hired labourers. "It goes better in the house where a woman is," he said, with a glance at Röschen.

The cleanliness and order of his own room—workshop though it was—justified his words. And though old habit would not yet permit him to sit with open door and window, he did not aggravate summer-heat by stove-heat, but had a cooking-place in an outer shed. His house had four rooms, of which two up-stairs, and a loft—all built of wood. The floor of the room above formed the ceiling, all the joints covered by a straight sapling split down the middle, resting on joists big and strong enough to carry a town-hall. Between these massive timbers hung pictures of saints, a drawing of trees, and a guitar. The engraver could play and sing, and recreated himself with music in the evenings, and on Sundays.

He had heard that the English were fond of music, and thought there must be plenty of good singing among the working-people; and it surprised him not a little to be told that the Islanders' love for sweet sounds went far

—far beyond their power of producing them. “Ah!” interrupted Röschen, “my brother writes that there is no music in his English workmates’ singing.”

The engraver thought it a great privation, and could not well comprehend how the evenings could pass agreeably without a little music at home. “And when you are away from home,” he went on, “it seems still better. Like all the young men here, I have been a soldier, have marched to Bucharest, to Pesth, to Trent, and Innsbruck, and what should we do on those long marches, and in dull quarters, if we could not sing?”

Concerning the military service, he thought it a hardship to be obliged to serve, whether or no, but compensated by advantages. It added to a young man’s knowledge and experience to march to distant lands, to see strange scenes, and strange people. You could always tell the difference between one who had travelled, even as a soldier, and a stay-at-home; the one had something to talk about, the other had nothing. Then, the pleasure of coming home again—a pleasure so sweet, that the thought of marching forth once more could hardly embitter it. For his part, he had been at home eighteen months, glad to resume his craft, and for the present saw no prospect of a call to arms. But there remained yet one year of his term unexpired, and he was liable at any moment to get an order requiring him to leave everything, and march. “Who can tell,” he said, “how hard it is to go away so suddenly, to leave the little home, and all friends? Right glad shall I be when the year is over.”

Röschen looked as if she would be glad too, and, to make me aware of all the young man’s cleverness, she

took down the frame of trees from the wall and put it in my hands. I then saw that what looked like a coloured drawing was a picture made of insects. The engraver had a taste for natural history, and with a collection of beetles of all sizes, black, brown, green, gold, and sapphire, had constructed the group of trees which, when looked at from the middle of the room, showed as a highly-finished drawing. You saw here and there a withered branch shooting from the foliage—it was nothing but the horns and legs ingeniously placed, and those deep hollows in the trunks, places where owls may haunt, are produced by an artful arrangement of wings.

Then Röschen would have him fetch down his trays of moths and portfolio of drawings. The moths had all been collected in walks about the neighbourhood, and were carefully preserved and labelled. The drawings showed the hand of an artist. The engraver had begun to learn to draw in school at the age of eleven, and had practised ever since, for without good drawing one could not engrave glass. He spoke of Röschen's youngest sister as a real genius, who would one day outstrip all the engravers in Ulrichsthal.

Bohemia was the first to rival, and soon to excel, Venice in the art of glass-making. In her vast forests she found exhaustless stores of fuel and potash, and quartz and lime in her rocks, and produced a white glass which won universal admiration until about the beginning of last century, when English manufacturers discovered the process for making flint-glass with oxyde of lead as an ingredient. There was nothing superior to this glass, so it has been said, but the diamond, and the Bohemians, finding their craft in danger, introduced

coloured glass, frosted glass, and pleasing styles of ornament. This practice they have since kept up. Their works are mostly situate in the great forests on the Bavarian frontier, where fuel and labour are alike cheap: the managers are well taught, and have a good knowledge of chemistry, and by striving always after something new, reproducing at times long-forgotten Venice patterns, they have achieved a reputation due more to the taste and elegance displayed in the forms of their manufactures than to their quality. From the rude forest villages the articles are sent all across the kingdom to the northern districts, where, as we have seen, the finishing touches that are to fit them for stately halls and drawing-rooms, are applied by the hands of humble cottagers.

We were about to leave, when the engraver asked if I would not like to try my hand at the lathe, and, without waiting for an answer, he brought out a small, plain beaker of thick glass, and begged me to cut a forget-me-not upon it as a memorial of my visit. The process looked so easy, that I thought there would be no great risk in an attempt, so I sat down, spread out my elbows to rest upon the cushions, put my foot to the treadle, and the glass to the wheel. Whiz—skirr-r-r-r, and there was a fine white blur which, by a stretch of fancy, might have been taken for a cloud. Karl—as Röschen called him—took the beaker, and, leaning across me as I sat, speedily converted the blur into a rose, and bade me try again. I presented the opposite side, and this time with better effect, for the result was a very passable forget-me-not. I have seen many a worse on *A Trifle from Margate*.

Röschen then said something about meeting in the evening, and we made haste home, for it was dinner-time. Immediately on arrival she proceeded to roll out a small piece of dry brown dough into a thin sheet, which she cut into strips, and these strips, laid three or four together, and shredded down very thin, produced an imitation of vermicelli, which was thrown into the soup.

Now all was ready, and a proud woman was the mother as the soup was followed by two kinds of meat, stewed and roast—salad, potatoes, and a cool, slightly acid preserve, made from forest berries. And for drink there was pale beer from the *Wirthshaus*. She did not fail to remind me of my promise to “eat a plenty.”

Nor, after we had sipped our coffee, did Röschen fail to remind me of my morning’s surrender, and pointing to the high hill-top, about two miles off, she said, “I mean to take you up there.” So, as my docility remained unimpaired, we braved the hot sun, and had a very pretty walk over broken ground, and down into a bosky valley, watered by a noisy brook, before we reached the hill-foot. Then flowery meads, and presently the shadow of a forest, where we regaled ourselves with a second desert of juicy bilberries and wild strawberries, both growing in profusion. From a little clearing, not far from the top, we saw heaving darkly against the blue, the hills of the Saxon Switzerland. The last bit was steep and pathless; but at length we came out upon a little hollow platform, the summit of a precipice, from which, the trees diverging and sinking on either hand, there was a grand view over the vale we had left, and far away, over field and hamlet, meadow and coppice, to a wavy

line of hills, gray, purple, green, and brown, blended on the horizon. We sat for an hour; and after scanning the principal features Röschen pointed out the details, naming every house and field within a great sweep. Each man's little property lay distinctly mapped out, and we could see the neighbours and her sisters working in the sunshine.

Our way back led us across the hay-field, where the lasses were bustling to finish in time for some evening's diversion, the nature of which was a secret. I proposed to help them, threw off my coat, seized a fork, and flung the hay up to the lass in the wagon quicker than she could trim it. Röschen took a rake, and had enough to do in gathering up the heaps which, pitching too vigorously, I sent clean over the wagon. All at once, as I was stooping, down came a mountain on my back, and the three lasses, taking advantage of my fall, came piling heap on heap above me—Pelion upon Ossa—till I was well-nigh smothered, and they went almost wild with laughter. They sat down to recover themselves; but when they saw me, after laborious thrust and heave, come creeping ingloriously out, their jocund mirth broke out again, and provoked me into a spirit of retaliation.

“As bees flee hame wi’ lades o’ treasure,
The minutes wing’d their way wi’ pleasure.”

Then we fell to work once more, and when the wagon was laden I showed to the ragged urchin who was hired to drive, three of the lumbering old copper coins, bigger than penny-pieces, which pass for kreutzers in the neighbourhood, and at sight thereof he made the old horse drag the load home and come back for another in less

time than horse had ever accomplished the task in Ulrichsthal. The second load was the last: by the time it was all pitched up our shadows grew long, and we followed it up to the house, where the mother had coffee and *Semmel* ready for us.

Now Röschen, reminding me once more of my promise to be tractable, revealed the secret. Karl was coming down, and Gottfried—the sweetheart I had seen the night before—and perhaps another, and then we were all to go to the *Wirthshaus*, about half an hour's walk. Presently the young men came in, and the lasses having changed their rustic garb for holiday gowns and dangling gold ear-drops, we walked in procession across fields to the rendezvous. A shout of welcome greeted our arrival from the young fellows already assembled—the Londoner was duly introduced, and treated by the host with especial favour, and we all sat down to a table, every man with his tankard of beer. The cup circulated literally, the custom being that everybody should drink from everybody's tankard. The lasses took their turn, though modestly and with discretion, as became them. The talk crackled merrily for awhile, and when it flagged a small tray bearing a set of little ninepins which were to be knocked down by a teetotum was placed on the table. The pins were so contrived that they could be all erected at once by pulling a string at one end of the tray, and the game went round not less briskly than the tankards, shouts of laughter repaying him who set the teetotum a-spinning without molestation to the pins. Then I proposed a song, and Karl charmed all ears with a musical ditty: another followed with a harmonious ballad, which had a chorus

for burden, and as the tuneful harmony filled the room I could not help contrasting it with what would have been heard in a similar rustic alehouse in England. The ballad led to a talk about poetry, and one and another recited stanzas of favourite poems, and all seemed familiar with the best authors, drawing illustrations from Bürger's *Lenore*, Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, Goethe's *Erl King*, and one or two ventured upon the *Niebelungenlied*.

The moon was high in heaven when we broke up, and gently the night wind swept across the fields laden with the freshness of dew. As we walked along the narrow paths Gottfried had to undergo a test: his maiden plucked a large ox-eye daisy, pulled the petals off one by one, keeping time with a few spoken surmises:

“ *Du liebst mich vom Herzen,
mit Schmerzen,
ein Wenig,
oder gar nicht.*”

The last petal came off with *vom Herzen*, but yet the inquirer was not quite content. It was all very well to be loved *from the heart*; but *with pain* or *grief* would have been much better. Then nothing would do but Röschen must try the experiment on me, and reciting and plucking she went round the frail circlet, and ended with *gar nicht*. She looked curiously at Karl, and Karl looked as if he were not by any

* Thou lovest me from the heart :
with pain :
a little ;
or not at all.

means dissatisfied that she had got *not at all* for a conclusion.

It was past twelve when we came to our door, and then "farewell" had to be said, and "adieu till to-morrow;" and so ended for me a day of rural life that I shall long remember.

If, reader, you should ever pay a visit of inquiry to the Ulrichsthalers, I feel assured they will tell you that next to themselves the best fellow in the world is an Englishman.

CHAPTER XIX.

More Hospitality—Farewells—Cross Country Walk—Steinschönau—The Playbill—Hayda—All Glass-workers—Away for the Mountains—Zwickau—Gabel—Weisskirchen—A Peasant's Prayer—Reichenberg—Passport again—Jeschkenpeak—Reinowitz—Schlag—Neudorf—A Talk at Grünheid—Bad Sample of Lancashire—Tannwald—Curious Rocks—Spinneries—Populousness—Przichowitz—An Altercation—Heavy Odds—The Englishman Wins—A Word to the Company.

FRESH *Semmel* for breakfast again the next morning, and renewed entreaties for my stay. I could only reply by putting on my knapsack. The old man grieved that infirmity prevented his showing me the shortest way to Hayda, some ten miles distant, where I should strike the main road. "But," he said, "Röschen knows the way, and she will be glad to go. I can trust her with you, for you are an Englishman."

I felt bound to thank him for his compliment to my nationality, and not less for the unexpected pleasure of his daughter's company. Röschen went to put on her round hat, and then the mother said she would like to go too, "just a little half-hour," and tied on her kerchief. Then I had to give a kiss to the rest of the family—barring the old man—and with cordial hand-grip and many a good-bye I stepped from beneath the hospitable roof.

The day was as bright and breezy as heart could

wish, and it was delightful walking in and out, choosing the short cuts across the fields. The "little half-hour" brought us to a great cross by the wayside, where the mother, who lamented all the way that I would not let her carry my knapsack, gave me a hearty kiss, hoped I would soon come again and stay a month, bade Röschen take care of me, and turned away homewards with tears in her eyes.

I thought to myself, if my gracious masters—long may they live!—did but grant me an uncircumscribed holiday, I would stay a month now. And would I not, oh, worthy hearts! strive to repay your hospitality by lessons to that young daughter of yours, who craves to learn English as a hungry man for bread. I had no claim on you: you had never heard of me, and yet you entertained me as if I had been your son. May the love that befalls the cheerful giver dwell ever with you!

Röschen knew all the byepaths and little lanes running through belts of copse, by which, with many a rise and fall among the hills, we took our way, she all the time wondering at my pleasurable emotions at sight of the picturesque cottages and pretty scenery. To her they were nothing remarkable. By-and-by we saw Steinschönau on the left, where the surrounding hamlets buy groceries, hardware, and napery, and resort at times for a holiday. While skirting it we saw here and there on a cottage wall bills of the next Sunday's play. It would be, so states *Herr Direktor Feichtinger*, *In celebration of the highest delighting occurrence of the birth of an Imperial Sproutling, with festive Illumination. First, the Heart-elevating Austrian Folks-hymn: then Hanns Sachs, Shoemaker and Poet, a*

Drama in Four Acts. And he ends with a notification: *Price of Places as always. But to Generosity no Limit will be set.* Röschen promised herself much pleasure from a sight of the play.

Hayda, though a small town, is a place of much importance in the glass trade. You hear the noise of wheels in every house. "None but glass-workers here," said the landlord of the inn where we dined. The repast over, I said good-bye to Röschen, vexed with myself for having occasioned her so long a walk, and taking the road which I had left at Markersdorf, stepped out for the *Riesengebirge*—distant a three days' tramp. The country between teems with manufactures and population—a cheerful country, hill and dale, grain, flax, and fruit-trees, and the people for the most part good-looking. Their faces are round, but not flat, and seemed to me to combine some of the best points of the German and Czech.

You see dye-works and hear looms at Zwickau—not the Saxon town we explored a fortnight ago, but a dull place, with a great dull square; the wooden houses dingy, the brick houses rough and ragged. Beyond, we pass strange-looking rocks and short ranges of cliffs, the castle and grounds owned by Count Clam Gallas, and so to Gabel, a town which bears a *fork* in its coat-of-arms; and is burdened with recollections of disasters from fire and sword. It has of course a great square, in the centre of which stands a tall column, surmounted by a figure of Christ looking towards the domed church. Its aspect is cheerful, notwithstanding that the old wooden houses with projecting gables are blackened by age.

Then the road becomes more hilly, and the distance appears mountainous. We pass a singular mass of boulders—huge compressed bladders turned to stone; and from time to time other strangely formed rocks, betokening extraordinary geological phenomena, as if to prepare us for what we shall see a few days hence at Adersbach.

By-and-by a deep glen, dark with firs above, green with birches below, into which you descend by long zig-zags. Here among the trees sat a cuckoo, piping his name loud enough for all that passed to hear. It was the second time I had heard the gladsome note in Bohemia: the first was on the White Hill, while walking into Prague. Broad views, bounded always by hills, open as you emerge from the last slope, and there in a hollow lies the little village of Weisskirchen, where I tarried for the night. The innkeeper calls his house the *Railway Inn*, although there is no railway within half a day's walk, and in matter of diet all he could offer was smoked sausage—which is my abomination—and bread and butter.

On the way to Reichenberg next morning I saw a small, tasteful iron crucifix, with a lamp, set up on a stone pedestal by the wayside, at the cost, so runs the inscription, of *Gottfried Hermann, Bauer in Rosenthal*; and underneath the devout peasant adds a prayer for the solace of wayfarers:

An dem Abend wie am Morgen,
Unter Arbeit, unter Sorgen,
In der Freude, in dem Schmerz,
In der Einsamkeit und Stille,

Leut' O Christ, mit Dankesfülle
 Zu dem Kreuz, das fromme Herz!*

At ten o'clock I came to Reichenberg: a town pleasantly situate on hilly ground, and animated by many signs of industry. It is the capital of the manufacturing region, and in importance ranks next to Prague. In 1848 the German Bohemians, not relishing the dictatorial tone of the Czechs in the metropolis and southern parts of the kingdom, made it the seat of their Reform Committee, and held meetings, in which speech, intoxicated by sudden, and, as it proved, short-lived freedom, mistook words for things, and, before the mistake was discovered, lay once more fettered—faster than ever.

I found out the *Bezirksamt* at the farther end of the town, and was there told to go back to the middle, and get my passport signed at the *Magistratur*. I had to wait while four others passed the desk. The first, a portly gentleman, evidently of some consideration, was dismissed in half a minute, and treated to a pinch of snuff by the clerk. The second, a petty trader, was kept five minutes, and had to tell why he wished to journey, and what he meant to do. The third, a peasant, was only released after a cross-examination, as if he had been a conspirator; and a rigorous scrutiny of his passport, which occupied a quarter-

* In the evening as at morning,
 Under work, under cares,
 In joy, in sorrow,
 In solitude and silence,
 Lead, O Christ, with thankfulness
 To the Cross, the pious heart.

hour. The fourth, a poor woman, as I have before mentioned, was denied, and went away with tears in her eyes. Then came my turn.

“Where are you going?”

I had always the same answer: “To the *Riesengebirge*.”

But as no visa could be given for mere mountains, I named Landeshut, a few miles beyond the frontier, telling the functionary at the same time that I had no intention of visiting the town, and should in all probability not go thither.

Apparently it mattered not, for the visa was made out and stamped. This done, the clerk took my passport, and withdrew to an inner room. His brother clerks in all the offices I had yet entered had done the same. What did it mean? Is there a secret chamber where some highest functionary sits with a black list before him, in which he must search for suspected names? No one would tell me. After five minutes the clerk returned, gave me back my passport, but, less courteous than his fellows, did not wish me a pleasant journey.

I dined at the *Rothen Adler*; strolled through the market-place and the arcades of the old houses on either side, noting the ways of the crowd who were buying and selling meal, fruit, and vegetables. Groups of countrywomen were passing in and out of the church at the upper end; and countrymen arrived with trains of bullock-wagons—the vehicles so disproportionately small when contrasted with the animals, that you could not look at them without laughing. However, they carry away cotton bales and dyestuffs, of which you see good

store in the warehouses. You see piles of woollen cloth, too, and troops of factory-girls going to dinner.

You will tarry awhile to admire the view from the hill beyond the town, and will, perhaps, think the tall chimneys rising here and there without the crowding roofs rather picturesque than otherwise. All around is hill and dale; the graceful peak of the *Jeschken*, 3000 feet high, is in sight; and away to the north-east, inviting you on, rise heaps of blue mountains. And as you proceed you descend every two or three miles into a charming little valley, where you see little factories, and stripes of linen stretched out to bleach on the grassy slopes. So at Reinowitz; so at Schlag; so at Neudorf; so at Morchenstern. At Grünheid, where I stayed for a half-hour's rest, there was a noticeable appearance of cleanliness. The inn, inviting of aspect, would have satisfied even a Dutchwoman. While drinking my glass of beer I had a talk with the hostesses—two happy-looking sisters, who presently told me they had a brother in England, at Oldham, learning how to spin cotton and manage a factory. Did I know Oldham?—had I ever been there?—could I tell them anything about it?—and so forth. Having visited more than once that hard-working town, I was enabled to gratify their curiosity. Then they told me of an Englishman who was employed in a factory about a mile distant. He had been there three years, yet his manners were so coarse and disagreeable that no one liked him, although at first many would have been his friends. He had learned but very little German, and that of the worst kind, and was over fond of drinking too much beer. “He has been trying for some time,” they said, “to get a wife; but no woman will have him. While good Bohemian husbands are to

be had, who would marry a bad Englishman? And so now he is going to fetch a wife from his own country."

And then they asked, "Are all Englishmen such as he?"

Need I record my answer? It enlightened them as to the real value of the sample they had described, and made them fully aware that I for one did not regard Lancashire as England's model county.

More curious rocks as we drop down towards Tannwald—a place, as its name indicates, of fir forests. It lies deep among hills, watered by a stream brawling along a stony bed, and here and there you see the weatherbeaten heads of huge boulders peering from among the trees. The road makes short and frequent windings by the side of the stream; now skirted by groves of mountain ash, and slopes red with clustering loosestrife; now by feathery larches, green and graceful, contrasting beautifully with the melancholy firs. Then you pass an enormous spinnery, its thousand spindles driven by the dashing torrent; and peeping between the plants and flowers with which nearly every window is adorned, you see an army of girls within, busy at the machinery. Another and another spinnery succeeds; the houses of the masters appear aloft on pleasant sites, and signs of prosperous trade crowded into the bend of a narrow valley. In one place you see a broad alley through the firs to the top of the highest hill, cut at the masters' cost for the recreation of the workpeople. Thickly-strewn cottages betoken a numerous population. "I wish there were more factories," said the landlord of the *Goldene Krone*, "for we have people enough—more than enough." Every year things got dearer, greatly to the folks' surprise. Not many months ago a

traveller has passed through, who told them that things would never be cheap again; but no one would believe him. Some of the best spinners could earn from five to six florins a week: thriftiness, however, was a rare virtue, and to earn the money easier than to save it. Perhaps mine host was the man of all others in Tannwald best able to speak with knowledge on this economical question.

If so minded, you can travel from Reichenberg to Tannwald by *Stellwagen*; beyond, the road becomes more and more hilly, and worsens off to a stony track broken with deep ruts. By taking a short cut directly up the hill you may save a mile or more on the way to the next village—Przichowitz; a name that looks unpronounceable. It is a steep climb for about half an hour, provoking many a halt, during which you enjoy the ever-widening view. From the expanse of hill and dale to the numberless cottages all around you, each fronted by a fenced flower-garden, and haunted by the noise of looms, you will find ample occupation for the eye. And if you wish to observe domestic labour competing with the factory—units with an organized multitude—the opportunity is favourable.

Przichowitz stands on what appears to be the very top of the hill till you see the wooded eminence, *Stephanshöh*, beyond. There are two inns: the *Grünen Baum*, with a fourth share of a bedroom; the *Gasthaus zur Stephanshöh*, somewhat Czechish in its appointments. I quartered myself at the latter; and discovered two redeeming points—good wine and excellent coffee.

At bedtime the landlord demanded my passport, with an intimation that he should keep it in his possession all night. I demurred. He might bring his book

and enter my name if he would: as for giving up to him a document so essential to locomotion anywhere within sight of the black and yellow stripes, I saw no reason why I should, and therefore shouldn't.

"But you must."

"But I won't."

"The gendarme will come."

"Let him come. He will find at least one honest man under your roof."

The hostess came forward and put in her word: the company present, who were topping-off their three hours' potation of *Einfach* with a glass of *Schnaps*, ceased their conversation, and put in theirs:

"Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebaugh we'll face the devil."

The *Kellnerinn* waiting all the while with my bed-candle in her hand. Every one, except the serving-maid, who held her peace, sided with the landlord.

I urged the same reply over and over again, that not having been asked at any other *Wirthshaus* to yield possession of my passport for a night, I could not believe that any regulation to the contrary prevailed for Przychowitz.

At length the company, as it appeared, having exhausted their suggestions, the landlord fetched his book, and had dipped a pen into the inkstand, when two soldiers, who were eating a supper of sausage, brown bread and onions, at a table apart, beckoned him, and whispered something in his ear.

The whisper revived his suspicions, and would have renewed the altercation; but I took up my knapsack, asked what was to pay, and declared for a moonlight walk to Rochlitz.

The demonstration made him pause: he opened the book, dipped the pen once more into the inkstand, and looked wonderingly at my passport, which I held open before him. He tried to spell it out; but in vain. The pen went into the inkstand again; but to no purpose. He was completely bothered; and at last, putting the pen in my hand, he said, not now in a peremptory tone—"Will you enter your own name, if I let you do it?"

It would have served him right had I refused, and left the task entirely to him. However, not to be too hard upon him, I promised not to inscribe Brown, Jones, or Robinson, and wrote what was required.

Then, looking round on the company, I said: "A pretty set of cowards you are! Here are nine of ye, two of them soldiers, and you all take the part of a suspicious landlord against one—and that one a foreigner. No wonder you are all afraid of a gendarme; and submit to ask leave when you want to go a day's journey. Try, in future, and remember that honesty does not become rogue by travelling on foot. Good night!"

"So, now it's settled," said the *Kellnerinn*, who still waited with the candle in her hand; and she led the way up-stairs.

Before sleeping I repented of my speech; for what could be expected from people who never attended a vestry meeting—never saw a general election—never exercised the privilege of hooting a candidate on the hustings?

And never had a *Times* to publish their grievances.

CHAPTER XX.

Stephanshöh—A Presumptuous Landlord—Czechs again—Stewed Weavers—Prompt Civilities—The Iser—A Quiet Vale—Barrande's Opinion of the Czechs—Rochlitz—An offshoot from Tyre—A Happy Landlord—A Rustic Guide—Hill Paths—The Grünstein—Rübezahl's Rose Garden—Dreary Fells—Source of the Elbe—Solitude and Visitors—The Elbfall—Stony Slopes—Strange Rocks—Rübezahl's Glove—Knicholz—Schneeegruben—View into Silesia—Tremendous Cliffs—Basalt in Granite—The Landlord's Bazaar—The Wandering Stone—A Tragsessel—A Desolate Scene—Rougher Walking—Musical Surprises—Spindlerbaude—The Mädelstein—Great Pond and Little Pond—The Mittagstein—The Riesengrund—The Last Zigzags—An Inn in the Clouds.

SOON after six the next morning I was on the top of *Stephanshöh*—about twenty minutes' walk from the inn—prepared to enjoy the view: and did enjoy all that was not concealed by mist. Every minute, too, as the heaving vapour melted away, so did the landscape widen and rejoice in the sunbeams. We are here on the roots of the *Riesengebirge*, and all around is a rolling country, rising higher and higher towards the north. Because of the view the height is famous throughout the neighbourhood; visitors come to it even from Reichenberg.

While I was drinking my early cup of coffee, the landlord came forward, made a bow, and expressed his hope to see me again some day.

"Hope not," I replied, "for besides plaguing folk about their passport, you lodge them between dirty sheets over an unswept floor. Good morning!"

Beware, reader, of Przychowitz!

The road winding along a hill-side leads you onwards high above the valleys that open at every bend. After about an hour it narrows into a footpath, which presently branches off into many paths down the steep slope of a secluded vale. A woman of whom I asked the way shook her head, and answered, "*Böhmisch*," and to my surprise I found myself once more among the Czechs. A Slavonic wedge, so to speak, here cuts between the German-speaking population who inhabit the northern border. With its base in the heart of the kingdom, it stretches away to the Silesian frontier, traceable for the most part by the names of numerous villages ending in *witz*.

I chose a path for myself which led down between patches of clover and rye, beetroot and potatoes, through little orchards, under rows of limes, to a house which, at a distance, had an imposing, spacious appearance; deceitful till you come near. The ground stage is nothing but a rough mass of masonry supporting that which is really the house—a low wooden edifice, swarming with weavers, reared aloft, probably, to keep it out of the way of floods. As I mounted the rude steps in quest of information, a weaver opened a casement and put out his head, letting out, at the same time, a rush of the depraved air in which he and his mates were working. I asked the way.

He shook his head, and answered, "*Böhmisch*."

He did more. He started up from his loom, came

actually forth into the wholesome air, and ran to a cottage some distance off, making signs to me to wait his return. He came presently back wearing a triumphant look, accompanied by another weaver, who could speak German enough to assure me that I was on the right track for Rochlitz, and that the mountain stream flowing so merrily past was the Iser. Poor men! they both had a pale, sodden look, which moved me to recommend fresh air and open windows. But no: they shivered, and could not weave when the windows were open.

A bright stream is the Iser, and plenteous of trout: a water such as the angler loves, now brawling over shallows, now sleeping in hazel-fringed pools. You will pause more than once while climbing the hill beyond to scan the vale. All the greater slopes are broken up with lesser undulations—wherein much is half seen, and thickly-patched with wood; little cottages nestle everywhere among the trees, the little chapel near the summit; and here and there on the outskirts a dark ridge of firs reminds you of the melancholy miles of forest beyond. Here, far from great roads, all breathes of calm and content, all sights and sounds are rural; you hear the water babbling to the whispering leaves, and might fancy yourself in the very home of happiness. But

“The statutes of the golden age,
That lingered faint and long
In sylvan rites of olden time,
So dear to ancient song,
The world hath trampled in its haste
At Mammon’s shrine to bow;
And many a Tyre our steps may find,
But no Arcadia now.”

With the Iser the Czechs are left behind. While

taking leave of the oval-faced people, the opportunity seems fitting to bring forward a few words of testimony concerning them, which may be weighed against that mentioned in a former page. Barrande, the distinguished geologist, says, in his *Silurian System of Bohemia*, that, in 1840, he and his friends commenced a regular exploration of strata, employing native labourers in different parts of the country, either singly making new excavations, or in groups opening quarries. "These labourers," he continues, "provided with the necessary tools, and practically instructed by working with us for some time, soon acquired the knowledge indispensable for distinguishing every organic trace—the objects of our studies—at the first glance. In this respect we have often had occasion to admire the intelligence of the Bohemians (Czechs), even of those belonging to the humblest class. Some among them employed in our researches during ten or twelve years acquired a remarkable skill as seekers of fossils. They gather up and put together the smallest fragments which belong to any specimen broken in splitting the rock; they use a lens to discover the fugitive traces of the minutest embryo, and they know very well how to distinguish all rare or new forms in the district to which they are attached. A sort of nomenclature, improvised by themselves out of the Bohemian language, has served us to designate both the species and formations in which they are found."

Thus, with his rustic Czechs, Mr. Barrande could carry on investigations at a distance, while in his study at Prague he prepared his truly great work for publication. One of the diggers brought in the specimens

once a week; and in this way were discovered fifteen hundred species of what geologists call Silurian and Cambrian fossils, the existence of which in Bohemia was before unknown.

It is not far to Rochlitz—perhaps a mile—but the vale is hidden ere you arrive by the shoulder of the hill. Almost the first house is *Gast und Einkehr Haus zur Linde*, and it has a living sign—a beautiful linden-tree. Here cleanliness prevails, and the speech is German; but the room is so hot from the scorching stove, that I prefer to eat my second breakfast on the grass in the shadow of the lime, and listen to the busy hum of countless bees among the branches. The room, however, was a study—a sort of museum: racks overhead, three glass closets, twenty-four pictures, a sofa, a score of daddy-longlegs chairs, a guitar and fiddle, two beds in view besides one shut off by a screen, and all the sundries common to a public-house. But for good housewifery it would be hideous.

The landlord, a man of friendly speech, came out for a talk. From his orchard we could look down into a charming dell: a sylvan retreat, marred, alas! by an offshoot from Tyre. From among the trees there rose the tall chimney and staring walls of a factory; and while we talked, a dozen men went past, each wheeling a barrow-load of lime, from a distance of two miles, for the building. Mine host felt glad at the prospect of work for the people. "We have nine thousand inhabitants in Rochlitz," he said; "'tis a great place. To walk through it you must take three hours." And he pointed out a cliff overlooking a valley where mining works had just been bought by a Russian for two

hundred thousand florins. "Yes, there would be work enough for the people." Plenty of work at little wages. A weaver earns one florin twenty-four kreutzers a week, and the happy few who achieve two florins are regarded as rich by their neighbours: perhaps with envy and admiration.

Then he pointed out his own ground, and his forest run reaching to the very hill-top, all of which had cost him fifteen thousand florins; and he turned to all quarters of the compass with the air of a man well pleased with himself. "Those," he said, stretching his finger towards a row of short, round, wooden columns with conical roofs—"those are my beehives; come and look at them."

These hives are about four feet high, fixed clear of the ground by stakes driven through the turf, and are constructed in compartments one fitting above the other. The bees begin to work in the lowest, and, when that is filled, ascend into the upper stories. One among them seemed deserted.

"Let us see what's the matter," said the landlord; and he lifted off the top story. Immediately there swarmed out thousands of earwigs.

"Huhu! that's not the sort of bees we want. Coobiddy, coobiddy!" And judging from the lusty crow that followed it, chanticleer and his seraglio must have had a satisfactory repast.

But *Schneekoppe* was yet far off, and there was no time to be lost if I wished to reach that Mont Blanc of German tourists before night. I inclined to leave the rough-beaten track through the valleys for short cuts across the hills, and asked the landlord about a guide.

His woodcutter, who was splitting logs close by, knew great part of the way, and was ready to start there and then and carry my knapsack for a florin. He put a piece of coarse brown bread into a bag, which he lashed to one of the straps, and away we went.

“Good-bye!” said the landlord: “a month later and you would have had company enough; for then students come in herds to see the mountains.”

We struck at once up a grassy hill on the left, and could soon look down on Rochlitz—houses scattered along either side of a narrow road in a deep valley; and, far in the rear, on Hochstadt, a wee town of great trade. Then we came to a *Jägerhaus*, and plunged into a pine forest, walking for two or three miles along winding paths, paved with roots, under a solemn shade where, here and there, sunny gleams sought out the richest brown of the tall, straight stems, and the brightest emerald among the patches of damp moss. At times we came to graceful birches scattered among the firs, and their drooping branches and silvery boles looked all the more beautiful amid companions so unbending.

We emerged on a bare, turfy slope, and came presently to a stony ridge on the right—the *Grünstein*—so-named from a large bright green circle of lichen on the broken rocks which first catch your eye. A little farther along the same ridge, and the guide points to a great ring of stones on the slope as *Rübezahl's* Rose-garden, and the name makes you aware that here is the classic ground of gnomery. You remember the German story-books read long ago with delight, wonder, or fear: the impish pranks, the tricks played upon knaves, the lumps

of gold that rewarded virtue; the marvellous world deep underground, and all the weird romance.

You will perhaps think that imps had a right to be mischievous in such a region. On the left opens a wild, dreary expanse of fells—the coarse brown turf strewn with hassocks of coarser grass, and pale lumps of quartz intermingled, and rushy patches of darker hue showing where the ground is soft and swampy. It has a lifeless aspect, increased by a few scattered bushes of *Kniehholz* that look like firs which have stunted themselves in efforts to grow. Now and then an Alpine lark twitters and flits past, as if impatient to escape from the cheerless scene.

We crossed these fells, guided by an irregular line of posts planted far apart. In places the ground quakes under your foot, and attempts to cut off curves are baffled by treacherous sloughs. On you go for nearly an hour, the view growing wilder, until, in the middle of a spongy meadow, known as the *Naworer Wiese*, you see a spring bubbling up in a circular basin. It is the source of the Elbe.

Here, 4380 feet above the sea-level, the solitude is complete. Here you may lie on your back looking up at the idle clouds, and enjoy the luxury of silence, for the prattle of the water disturbs it not. You will think it no loss that nothing now remains of monuments which the Archdukes Joseph and Rainer once erected here to commemorate their visit: the lonely scene is better without them. There are monuments not far off more to your mind. Towards the south rises the *Krkonosch Berg**—sometimes called the *Halsträger*—and *Kessel-*

* *Krkonoski Hory* is the Czechish name for the whole range of the *Riesengebirge*.

koppe towards the west; great purple-shaded slopes of darkest green.

Not often during the summer will you find real solitude, as we did; for the Germans come in throngs and sit around the little pool to quaff the sparkling water, or pour libations of richer liquor. Is not this the birth-place of the Elbe, the river that carries fatness to many a broad league of their fatherland, and merchandise to its marts? Many a merry picnic has *Krkonosch* witnessed, and many a burst of sentiment. Hither used to come in the holidays—perhaps he comes still—a certain rector of a Silesian school with his scholars; and after their frolics he would teach them that the life of a river was but the symbol of their own life; and then, after each one had jumped across the sprightly rivulet, he bade them remember when in after years they should be students at Wittenberg, how they had once sprung from bank to bank of the mighty stream. The Elbe has, however, two sources: this the most visited. The other is ten miles distant on the southern slope of *Schneekoppe*. They unite their waters in the *Elbgrund*.

A stream is formed at once by the copious spring. We followed it down the slope—

“ Infant of the weeping hills,
Nursling of the springs and rills”—

to a rocky gulf, where it leaps a hundred feet into the precipitous chasm, and chafes onwards in a succession of cascades far below, gathering strength for its rush through the mountain barrier—the Saxon Highlands—and its long, lazy course through the plains of Northern Germany. Here a little shanty is erected, the tenants of

which dam the water, and let it loose for its plunge when tourists arrive who are willing to pay a fee to see Nature improved on. But you may scramble about the rocks and down to the noisy influx of the *Pantsche Fall* as long as you please, and peep over into the deep gulf, without any payment.

Then up a steep stony acclivity to a higher elevation, another of the great steps or terraces which compose the Bohemian side of the mountains. From the top we should have seen *Schneekoppe* himself, had he not been hidden by clouds; however, we saw a mass of gray cumulus behind which old Snowhead lurked, and that was something.

Rougher and rougher grows the way: more and more of the big boulders lying as if showered down; and here and there singular piles of rock appear. Some resemble woolsacks heaped one above another, and flattened; some a pilastered wall, all splintered and cracked, sunken at one end; some heathen tombs and imitations of Stonehenge; and some animal forms hewn by rude people in the ancient days with but indifferent success. On one, an experienced guide—which mine was not—will show you the impression of a large hand, and tell you it is *Rübezahl's* glove.

The path makes many a jerk and twist among the rocks; at times through a dense scrub of *Kniefholz*—a dwarfish kind of fir, crooked as rams'-horns, peculiar to these mountains, and, as travellers tell us, to the Carpathians. To its abundant growth some of the hills owe their dark green garment. Half an hour of such walking brought us in sight of *Rübezahl's* chancel—walls of rocks split into horizontal layers—and strangely piled,

as if by the hands of crazy Cyclopean builders. A fearsome place in olden time; now a shelter to the *Schnee-grubenhaus*, where you will choose to rest and dine before further exploration.

The house stands on the verge of a mighty precipice, from which you have a wide view over the most beautiful and picturesque part of Silesia. It was a glorious sight, miles of hill and dale, forest and meadow stretching far away—yellow and green, and blue and purple—touched here and there by flashing lights where the sun fell on ponds and lakes; villages, seemingly numberless, basking in the warmth of a July sun. The *Hirschbergerthal*, into which we shall travel ere many days be over, lies outspread beneath as in a map; Warmbrunn, with its baths in the midst, five hours distant, and yet apparently so near that you fancy a musket-shot would break one of the gleaming windows. Although, as some say, there is a want of water, you will still think it a view worth climbing the *Riesengebirge* to see. "There is only one Silesia!" cried the Great Frederick, when he looked down upon it from the *Landeshuter Kamm*.

Having feasted your eye with the remote, you will turn to look at the two *Schnee-gruben*—greater and lesser snow-gulfs. To the right and left the precipice is split by a frightful chasm a thousand feet deep, between jagged perpendicular cliffs. Looking cautiously over the edge, you scan the gloomy abyss where the sun never shines except for a brief space in the early morn. You see a chaos of fallen blocks and splinters, where the winter's snow, often unmelted by the summer rains, forms miniature glaciers, from one of which the Kochel

springs to charm wondering eyes with its fall in the lowlands by Petersdorf. You see how the jutting crags threaten to tumble; how the heaps far below are overgrown by treacherous *Kniefholz*, and form ridges which dam the sullen waters of two or three small lakes. A patch of green, a small meadow, smiles up at you from the lesser gulf; and it surprises you somewhat to be told that a painstaking peasant makes hay there, by stacking the grass on high poles, and carries it in winter when snow enables him to use a sledge.

If sure of foot, you may scramble down the ridge and look at the cliffs from below, and on the way at a remarkable geological phenomenon. In the western declivity the ruddy granite is cut in two by a stratum of basalt, which broadens as you descend, its surface cut up by pale gray veins resembling a network. It is said to be the only instance in Europe of basalt found at such a height, and in such intimate neighbourhood with granite. It is laborious walking at the base, and dangerous where vegetation screens the numerous crevices. However, if you take pleasure in botany, there are rare plants to repay the exploit; and if you care only for the romantic, to have been frowned down upon by the tremendous cliffs will suffice you.

When you climb back to the summit the host will ask you to look at his museum, and collection of knick-knacks for sale—memorials of the *Schneeegruben*. There are crystals, and specimens from the neighbouring rocks, and carvings cut out of the *Kniefholz*, an excellent wood for the purpose. Among these latter are heads of *Rübezahl*, with roguish look and bearded chin, to be used as whistles, or terminations for mountain-staves.

Or, if you desire it, he will fire a small mortar to startle the echoes. You may, however, rouse echoes for yourself by rolling big stones into the gulf; but beware lest you meet the fate of Anton, the guide, who, in 1825, while starting a lump of rock, lost his balance, fell over, and was dashed to pieces against the crags.

Such cliffs are said to be characteristic of the *Riesengebirge*. Another example of a *Schneeegrube* occurs near Agnetendorf, which is six hundred feet deep. And close by it is the Wandering Stone, a huge granite block of thirty tons' weight, which has moved three times within memory, to the wonder of the neighbourhood. In 1810 it travelled three hundred feet, in 1822 two hundred, and in 1848, between the 18th and 19th of June, about twenty-five paces.

Another characteristic of these mountains, as I discovered, is that when you have climbed up one of their great steps or terraces, you have to make a deep descent on the farther side before coming to the next, whereby the labour of the ascent is increased. On leaving the *Schneeegruben*, you traverse a level so thickly strewn with boulders and rocky fragments that you fancy more would not lie, till, coming presently to the descent, you find nothing but stone. In and out, rise and fall; now a long stride that shakes you rudely; now a cheating short step—such is the manner of your going down. Nothing but stone! the track in many places scarcely visible though trodden for years. You will think it a terrible stair before you have finished. Near the foot we met a party going up, one a lady seated in a *Trag-sessel*—a sedan-chair without its case—carried by two men. Talk of palanquin-bearers in Hindoostan! their

work must be play compared with that of these Silesian chair-carriers. I pitied them as they toiled up the stony steep, hard to climb with free limbs, much more so with such a burden; and yet they looked contented enough, though very damp. We met three more chairs, each with its lady, in the course of the next two hours.

Nothing has ever realized my idea of utter desolation so entirely as the sight of that stony steep when I looked back on it from below. A great rounded hill of stone, blocks on blocks up-piled to the summit, sullen as despair, notwithstanding the greenish tinge of clinging lichen. I wondered whether the accursed hills by the Dead Sea could look more desolate.

Rough walking now, through straggling *Knieholtz*; across stony ridges, and past more of the uncouth piles of rock that look weird-like in the slanting sunbeams. All at once you hear the noise of a hurdy-gurdy: a surprise in so deserted a region, and you may fancy *Rübezahl* at his pranks again; but presently you see a beggar squatted in the bush, whose practised ear having caught the sound of footsteps before you came in sight, the squeak is set a-going to inspire charity. And now these musical surprises will beset you every half-mile—flageolet, tambourine, clarionet, or fiddle. Where do the musicians live? No signs of a house are visible near their lurking-places.

We came to a *Baude*, a lonely farmstead, with a few fields around: the dwelling roughly built of wood, without upper story. Many similar buildings are scattered among the mountains—cause of thankfulness to weary travellers, for the inmates are always ready with rustic fare and lodging. Here the guide had to ask the way,

having already come farther than he knew. The path led us across swampy ground, where you walk for a mile or two on stepping-stones through open fir woods, always meeting some group of rocks. Another half-hour, and we emerged into a little green vale, shut in by high steep hills and forest, the *Spindlerbaude* standing at the upper end. My guide being afraid to venture farther, I released him, and engaged another; one in full professional costume—tall boots, peaked hat, and embroidered jacket—who undertook to go the remaining distance with me for twenty kreutzers. While I drank a glass of beer, a man and woman made the room ring again with harp and clarionet.

It was past six when we started, and betook ourselves at once to the steep ridge behind the *Baude*. Once up, we saw *Schneekoppe* rising as a dark cone in the distance, and away to the right the *Mädelstein*, so named from a shepherdess having been frozen to death while sheltering under the rock from a snow-storm. On the Bohemian side, towards the south, the view is confined; but northwards, over Silesia, it spreads far as eye can reach, the nearer region in deep shade, for the sun is dropping low. By-and-by we leave the broken stony ground for the grassy ridge of the *Lahnberg*, where the path skirts a cliff, which, curving round to the right and left, encloses the *Grosser Teich*, a black lake, on which you look down from a height of six hundred feet. The inky waters fill an oval basin about twenty-four acres in extent and seventy-five feet deep, and remain quite barren of fish, although attempts have been made to stock it with trout. The superflux forms a stream named the Great Lomnitz.

From hence more rock-masses are in sight: the *Mittagstein*, so named because the sun stands directly over it at mid-day, a sign to the haymakers and turfdiggers; the *Dreisteine*, fifty feet high, resembling the ruin of a castle, split into three by a lightning stroke a hundred years ago; the *Katzenschloss* (Cat's Castle) and others, which the guide will tell you owe their names to *Rübezahl*.

We cross the *Teichfelder* and look down on the Little Pond: a lively sheet of water, for the surface is rippled by a waterfall that leaps down the precipice, and beneath trout are numerous as angler can desire. You will notice something crater-like in the form of the cliffs of both ponds: no traces of lava are, however, to be discovered.

We passed the Devil's Gulf, through which flows the Silver Water, and came to more rough ground, and scrub, and lurking bagpipers. The veil of twilight was drawn over Silesia, and the peaks and ridges on the right loomed large and hazy against the darkening sky. We came to the *Riesenbaude* on the edge of the *Riesengrund* (Giant's Gulf), from which uprears a steeper slope than any we had yet encountered.

It is incredibly steep, the path making short zigzags, as on the Gemmi, fenced by a low wall. On either side you see nothing but loose slabs of stone, which must have made the ascent well-nigh impossible to unpractised feet, before Count Schaffgotsch constructed the new path at his own cost. A hard pull to finish with. However, in about twenty minutes we come to a level, where the wind blows strong and cold, and something that looks like a house and a circular tower looms

through the dusk. The guide steps forward and opens a door, which admits us to a dim passage. He opens another door, and I am dazzled by the lights of a large room, where some forty or fifty guests are sitting at rows of tables eating, drinking, and smoking, while three women with harps sing and play in a corner.

To step from the chill gloom outside into such a scene was a surprise; and after my long day's walk to find a comfortable sofa five thousand feet above the sea, was a solace which I knew how to appreciate.

CHAPTER XXI.

Comforts on the Koppe—Samples of Germany—Provincial Peculiarities—Hilarity—A Couplet worth remembering—Four-bedded Rooms—View from the Summit—Contrast of Scenery—The Summit itself—Guides in Costume—Moderate Charges—Unlucky Farmer—The Descent—Schwarzkoppe—Grenzbäuden—Hungarian Wine—The Way to Adersbach—Forty Years' Experience.

HERE, on the top of *Schneekoppe*, you find the appliances of luxury and elegance as well as of comfort. Many kinds of provisions, good wine, and beer of the best. A bazaar of crystals, carvings, *Rübezahl's* heads, and mountain-staves. Beds for fifty guests, and *Strohlager* (straw-lairs) for fifty more, besides music and other amusements, make up a total which satisfies most visitors. Do not, however, expect a room to yourself, for each chamber contains four beds, in one of which you will have to sleep or accept the alternative of straw. I heard no demur to these arrangements: in fact, most of the guests seemed to like throwing off conventionalities of the nether world while up among the clouds. For water—that is, to drink—you pay the price of beer, and with a disadvantage; seeing that, from being kept in beer-casks, its flavour is beery.

The company, though German, is very mixed: specimens of the men and women-kind from many parts of

Germany. Here are Breslauers, who will say *cha* for *ja*: Berliners, who—cockneys of another sort, give to all their *g*'s the sound of *y*—converting *green* into *yreen*, *goose* into *yoose*: *gobble* into *yobble*: Bremeners, whose Low Dutch has a twang of the Northumbrian burr; besides Saxons, Hanoverians, Mecklenburgers, and a happy couple, who told me they came from Gera—a principality about the size of Rutlandshire. Flat faces and round faces are the most numerous. The Silesians betray themselves by an angular visage and prominent chin. “Every province in Prussia,” says Schulze to Müller, “has its peculiarity, or property, as they call it. Thus, for example, Pomerania is renowned for stubbornness; East Prussia for wit; the Rhineland for uprightness; Posen for mixed humour; the Saxon for softness; the Westphalian for hams and *Pumpernickel*; and Silesia—for good-nature.” And here, on the highest ground in all North Germany, you may any day between Midsummer and Michaelmas bring the humourous philosopher's observations to the test.

Hilarity prevailed: the songstresses sang their best and twanged their strings with nimble fingers, and—came round with a sheet of music. Then a few of the guests migrated into the little chambers which on two sides open from the principal room; then a few more; and I noticed that some stopped to read a label affixed to the wall. I did the same. It bore a couplet:

*Wisse nur des Narren Hand
Malt und schreibt auf Tisch und Wand.**

* Which, changing one word, may rhyme in English—
Know ye, only hand of fool
Paints and writes on wall and stool.

Three hairy faces lay fast asleep on their pillows in the room to which I was shown. The bodies to which they belonged were covered with coats and wrappers, as well as blanket, for the night was very cold, and the wind blew around the house with an intermittent snarl.

I did not rise with the next morning's sun, but two hours later. By that time the mists had cleared off, or become so thin as not to conceal the landscape, and, on going out among the shivering groups, I saw an open view all round the horizon. The Silesian portion is by far the most attractive. To the south-west the *Jeschken* catches your eye, and, far beyond, the swelling outline of the *Erzgebirge*; to the south you see towns and villages in the valley of the Elbe, and in a favourable atmosphere the White Hill of Prague: in like circumstances Breslau can be seen, though forty-five miles distant to the north-east, and Görlitz with its hill—*Landskrone*—almost as far to the north-west, and on rare occasions, it is said, you can see the foremost of the Carpathians.

Not one of the remotest points was visible. I took pleasure in tracing my yesterday's route, in which the *Schneeegruben* is all but hidden by an intervening ridge, and in surveying that which I had now to follow. There, in the direction towards Breslau, lay Schatzlar, and the lonely peak of the *Zobten*—the navel of Silesia, as old writers call it; and miles away easterly the *Heuscheuer*, a big hill on the Moravian frontier, which looks down on Adersbach, where we shall sleep to-night, if all go well. You can see a long stretch of the *Isergebirge*—mountains of the Iser which form part of the range—and deep gulfs, and grim rocky slopes, and pleasant valleys. But it is not the mountain scenery of

Switzerland or Tyrol: you miss the awful precipices, the gloomy gorges thundering ever with the roar of waterfalls, the leagues on leagues of crowding hills, cliffs and forests, rushing higher and higher, till they front the storm zone with great white slopes and towering peaks that dazzle your eye when the sun looks at them. Here no snow remains save one "lazy streak" in a hollow of the crags on the heights above the *Riesengrund*. Imagine Dartmoor heaved up to twice its present elevation, and your idea of the view from *Schneekoppe* will come but little short of the reality.

The summit itself is a stony level, half covered by the inn, with its appurtenances and the chapel, leaving free space all round for visitors. Its height is 4965 Prussian feet above the sea. The boundary line between Bohemia and Silesia, which follows an irregular course along the range, crosses it. A chapel, dedicated to St. Lawrence, was first erected here by Count Leopold von Schaffgotsch, in 1668-81; but only since 1824 have Koppe-climbers found a house on the top to yield them shelter and entertainment. While walking about to get the view from every side you will not fail to be struck by the numerous guides in peaked hats, with broad band and feather, velveteen jackets heavy with buttons and braid; and not less by their coarse rustic dialect than by their costume. Extremes meet, and you will notice much in common, in sound at least, between this very High Dutch and the Low Dutch from Bremen and Hamburg.

The afternoon is the best time for the view. The shadows then fall to the east, as when I saw it yesterday from the *Schnee gruben*; the sun is behind you, looking

aslant into the Silesian vales, searching out whatever they possess of beautiful, and bringing out the lights on towns and villages for leagues around.

I had been told more than once while on the way that the charges on *Schneekoppe* were "monstrous;" but my supper, bed, and early cup of coffee with rusks, cost not more than one florin fifty kreutzers, service included; a sum by no means unreasonable, especially when you remember that all the provant has to be carried up on men's shoulders.

I have always been favoured with fine weather when among mountains, and here was no exception. The *Riesengebirge*, are, however, as much visited by fog, rain, and mist, as the mountains of Wales. Tourists come at times even from the shores of the Baltic, and go back disappointed, through prevalence of clouds and stormy weather. I heard of a farmer living not farther off than Schmiedeberg, who had climbed the *Koppe* thirteen times to look down on his native land, and every time he saw nothing but rain. There came one summer a few weeks of drought; the ground was parched, and fears were entertained for the crops. Thereupon the neighbouring farmers assembled, waited on the persevering mountain-climber, and besought him to go once more up *Schneekoppe*.

"Up *Schneekoppe*! for what?"

"If you do but go, look ye, it will be sure to rain, and we shall be so thankful."

Soon after six I started for the descent into Silesia, in company with two young wool-merchants from Breslau. On this side the slope is easy; but, as on the other side, after falling for awhile, the path makes a

rise to pass over *Schwarzkoppe* (Black Head), a hill rough with heather. To this succeeded pleasant fir-woods, then birch and beech, and before eight we came to *Grenzbäuden* (frontier-buildings), a place renowned for its hospitality wherever lives a German who has seen the mountains. Three houses offer entertainment; but Hübner's is the most resorted to. There you find spacious rooms, a billiard-table, a piano, maps on the walls, and a colonnade for those who prefer the open air; and sundry appliances by which weather-bound guests may kill time. But, by common consent, Hübner's chief claim to consideration is, that Hungarian wine never fails in his cellar.

"Did you taste the Hungarian wine?" is the question asked of all who wander to the Giant Mountains.

The two Breslauers were not less ready for breakfast than myself. We each had a half-bottle of the famous wine, and truly its reputation is not unmerited. If you can imagine liquid amber suffused with sunshine, you will know what its colour is. It looks syrupy, and has the flavour of a sweet Madeira, not, as it appeared to me, provocative of a desire for more. Neither of the Breslauers inclined to try a second half-bottle, notwithstanding their exuberant praises; but one of them, sitting down to the piano, broke out with a

"Vivat vinum Hungaricum"

that made the room echo again. Its price is about twenty pence a bottle; but once across the boundary line, and you must pay three shillings. In winter, when snow lies deep, sledge-parties glide hither from Schmeideberg to drink Hungarian, have a frolic, and then skim homewards down-hill swift as the wind.

I had a talk with *Meinherr* Hübner about the shortest way to Schatzlar. To think of going to Adersbach through Schatzlar was, he assured me, a grand mistake. The road was very hilly, hard to find, and, under the most favourable circumstances, I need not look to walk the distance in less than eighteen hours. My Frankfort map, with all its imperfections, had not yet misled me: it showed the route by Schatzlar to be the shortest, and on that I insisted.

“Take my advice,” rejoined Hübner; “it has forty years’ experience to back it. Go down to Hermsdorf, and from thence through Liebau and Schömberg. That is the only way possible for you. The other will take you eighteen hours.”

The route suggested was that I hoped to follow on leaving Adersbach, and to travel twice over the same ground did not suit my inclination, and it was the longest. Moreover, I wished to keep within the *Schmie-deberger Kamm*; and forty years’ experience to the contrary notwithstanding, I refused to be advised.

I may as well mention at once that by five in the afternoon of the same day I was in Adersbach.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Frontier Guard-house—A Volunteer Guide—A Knave—Schatzlar—Bernsdorf—A Barefoot Philosopher—A Weaver's Happiness—Alten-dorf—Queer Beer—A Short Cut—Blunt Manners—Adersbach—Sin-gular Rocks—Gasthaus zur Felsenstadt—The Rock City—The Grand Entrance—The Sugarloaf—The Pulpit—The Giant's Glove—The Gallows—The Burgomaster—Lord Brougham's Profile—The Breslau Wool-market—The Shameless Maiden—The Silver Spring—The Waterfall—A Waterspout—The Lightning Stroke.

ABOUT a musket-shot below the *Bäuden* stands the frontier guard-house. The two wool-merchants who had left Warmbrunn for the ordinary three days' excursion in the mountains, having no passports to show, were detained, while I, accredited by seven visas, had free passage and wishes for a pleasant journey. I took a road running immediately to the right, and had not gone far when one of Hübner's men came running after, and offered to show me the way to Schatzlar for twenty kreutzers.

"If you mean the road," I answered, "I don't want you. But if you mean the shortest way, across fields, through bush, anywhere to save distance, come along."

He hesitated a moment, and came. We scrambled anywhere; up and down toilsome slopes of ploughed fields, through scrub and brake. We saw the hamlet

of Klein Aupa and the Golden Valley on the right. When, after awhile, *Schneekoppe* came in sight, it appeared from this side to be the crest of a long, gradually-rising earth-wave. After about an hour and a half of brisk walking, we came to a brow, from which the ground fell steeply to a homely, straggling village, embosomed in trees, beneath. "There, that's Schatzlar," said Hübner's man, and, pointing to a lane that twisted down the slope, "that's the way to it."

Hübner's man plays knavish tricks. On descending into the village I found it to be Kunzendorf: however, it was on the right way, and another two miles brought me to Schatzlar, a village of one street, the houses irregular; high, dark, wooden gables, resting on a low, whitewashed ground story, lit by shabby little windows. Here I took a road on the left, leading to Bernsdorf, from which, as it rises, you can presently look back upon the striped hill behind Schatzlar, the castle, now tenanted by the *Bezirksrichter*, and the beechen woods where the Bober takes its rise: a stream that flows northwards and falls into the Oder.

Beech woods adorn this part of the country, and relieve the dark slopes of firs which here and there border the landscape; and everywhere you see signs of careful cultivation. After passing Bernsdorf—a village on the high road to Trautenau—I fell in with a weaver, and we walked together to Altendorf. A right talkative fellow did he prove himself; a barefoot philosopher, clad in a loose garment of coarse baize. He lived at Kunzendorf, where he kept his loom going while work was to be had, and, when it wasn't, did the best he could without. Thought a dollar a week tidy wages;

a dollar and a half, jolly; and two dollars; wonderfully happy. Never ate meat; never expected it, and so didn't fret about it. Bread, soup, and a glass of beer at the *Wirthshaus* in the evening, was all he could get, and a weaver who got that had not much to complain of. All this was said in a free, hearty tone, that left me no reason to doubt its sincerity.

The country was no longer what it had been. Twelve years ago the land to the right and left, all the way from Schatzlar, was covered with forest; now it was all fields, and every year the fields spread wider, and up the hills; and though firewood was dearer, potatoes, beetroot, and rye were more plentiful; and that seemed only fair, because every year more mouths opened and wanted food.

For every cottage we passed my philosopher had a joke; something about the bees' humming-tops, or frogs' hams, that sent the inmates into roars of laughter. I invited him to eat bread and cheese with me at Altendorf: he stared, gave a whoop of surprise, and accepted. Of all the large rooms I had yet seen in a public-house the one in the *Wirthshaus* here was the largest; spacious enough for a town-hall. The groined and vaulted ceiling rests on tall, massive pillars; four chandeliers hang by long strings; in one corner stands a two-wheeled truck; an enormous bread-trough; platter-shaped baskets filled with flour, and a mountain of washing utensils. Trencher-cap brought us two glasses of beer—tall glasses, to match the room, vase-like in form, and fifteen inches high at least. The beer was of the colour of porter, and, as I thought, of a very disagreeable flavour; but the weaver took a hearty pull,

smacked his lips, and pronounced it better than Bavarian, or *Stohnsdorfer*, or any other kind. That was the sort they always drank at Kunzendorf, and wholesome stuff it was; meat and drink too. He emptied my glass after his own—for one taste was enough for me—and then, as he bade me good-bye, and went his way, he expressed a hope that he might meet with an Englishman every time he took the same walk.

From Altendorf a short cut by intricate paths over a wooded hill saves nearly two miles in the distance to Adersbach. It is a pretty walk, up and down slopes gay with loosestrife—*Steinrosen*, as the country folk call it—and among rocks, of which one of the largest is known as the *Gott und Vater Stein*. You emerge in a shallow valley, at Upper Adersbach, and follow the road downwards, past low-shingled cottages, the fronts coloured yellow with white stripes, the shutters blue, and all the rearward portion showing white stripes along the joints of the old dark wood, and crossing on the ends of the beams. The eaves are not more than six feet from the ground, so that where the house stands back in a garden, it is half buried by apple-trees and scarlet-runners, and the cabbages and flowers look in at the windows. The people are as rustic as their dwellings. Ask a question, and a blunt "*Was?*" is the first word in answer; no "*Wie meinen sie?*" as in other places. Good Papists, nevertheless, for they stop and recite a prayer before one of the gaudy crucifixes, which, surrounded by angels bearing inscribed tablets, or ornamented by pictures of the Virgin and St. Anne, stand within a wooden fence at the roadside here and there along the village.

The valley narrows, and presently you see strange masses of stone peering from the fir-wood on the right, more and more numerous, till at length the rock prevails, and the trees grow only in gaps and clefts. The masses present astonishing varieties of the columnar form, some tall and upright, others broken and leaning; and looking across the intervening breadth of meadow, you can imagine doorways, porticos, colonnades, and grotesque sculptures. Here and there, fronting the rest, stands a semicircular mass, as it were a huge grindstone, one half buried in the earth, or a pile that looks like a weatherbeaten, buttressed wall; and, raised by the slope of the ground, you see the tops of other masses, continuing away to the rear.

The spectacle grows yet more striking, for the height and dimensions of the rocks increase as you advance. About a mile onwards and a short range of similar rocks appears isolated in a wood on the left. Here a whitewashed gateway bestrides the road—the entrance to the *Gasthaus zur Felsenstadt* (Rock-City Inn), resorted to every year by hundreds of visitors.

Old Hübner was clearly mistaken. In seven hours of easy walking I had accomplished the distance from Grenzbäuden, and was ready, after half an hour's rest, to explore the wonders of Adersbach.

The custom of the place is, that you shall take a guide whether or no, pay him a fee for his trouble, and another for admission besides; and to carry it out, a staff of guides are always at the service of visitors. Their costume is the same as that of the mountain guides—boots, buttons, hat and feather, and velvetten. You may wait and join a party if you like: I preferred going alone.

The meadow behind the house is planted with trees forming shady walks. Here the guide calls your attention to two outlying masses, one of which he names *Rubezahl*, the other the Sleeping Woman. He talks naturally when he talks, but when he describes or names anything he does it in the showman's style—"Look to the left and there you see Admiral Lyons a-bombardin' of Sebastopol," &c.; and so frequent and sudden were these changes of voice and manner, that at last I could not help laughing at them, even in places where laughter was by no means appropriate. We crossed the brook—*Adersbach*—to an opening about forty feet broad, which forms an approach to the Rock City that makes a deep impression on you, and excites your expectations. It is an avenue bordered on either side by the remains of such buildings and monuments as we saw specimens of in the mountains on our way hither, only here the Cyclopean architects worked on a greater scale, and crowded their edifices together. Here, indeed, was their metropolis; and this the grand entrance, where now vegetation clothes the ruin with beauty.

The road is soft and sandy: everywhere nothing but sand underfoot. The objects increase in magnitude as we proceed. Great masses of cliff look down on us, their sides and summit clothed with young trees—beech, birch, fir, growing from every crevice. The sand accumulated round their base forms a broad, sloping plinth, overgrown with long grass, creeping weeds, and bushes, through which run little paths leading to caverns, vaults, and passages in the rock. Some of the caverns are formed by great fragments fallen one against

the other; some in the solid rock have the smooth and worn appearance produced by the action of the water, as in cliffs on the sea-shore; the galleries and passages are similarly formed; but here and there you see that the mighty rock has been split from head to foot by some shock which separated the halves but a few inches, leaving evidence of their former union in the corresponding inequalities of the broken surfaces.

Presently we step forth into a meadow from which a stripe of open country undulates away between the bordering forest. Here, where the path turns to the left, you see the Sugarloaf, a huge detached rock some eighty feet high, rising out of a pond. Either it is an inverted sugarloaf, or you may believe that the base is being gradually dissolved by the water. Here, contrasted with the smooth green surface, you can note the abrupt outline of the rocks and its similarity to that of a line of sea-cliffs. Here are capes, headlands, spits, bays, coves, basins, and outlying rocks, reefs, and islets; but with the difference that here every crevice is full of trees and foliage, and branches overtop the crests of the loftiest.

As yet we have seen but a suburb; now, having crossed the meadow, we enter the main city of the rocky labyrinth, and the guide, ever with theatrical tone and attitude, sets to work in earnest. He points out the Pulpit, the Twins, the Giant's Glove, the Chimney, the Gallows, the Burgomaster's Head; and bids you note that the latter wears a periwig, and has a snub nose. Some of these are close to the path, others distant, and only to be seen through the openings, or over the top of the nearer masses. The resemblance to

a human head is remarkably frequent, always at the top of a column. I discovered Lord Brougham's profile, and advised the guide to remember it for the benefit of future visitors.

Now the rocks are higher; they crowd close on the path, and presently we come to a narrow passage through a tremendous cliff, where further progress is barred by a door. And here you discover the use of the guide. Before unlocking, he holds out his hand for the twenty-kreutzer fee, which every one must pay for admittance; his own fee will be an after consideration. He then shows you the figure of a Whale in the face of the cliff on the left, then you cross the wooden bridge, and are locked in, as before you were locked out. There is, however, a free way through the water. The little brook that flows so prettily by the side of the path out to the entrance, comes through a vault in the cliff, about thirty yards, and by stooping you can see the glimmer of light from the far end. Three women came that way with bundles of firewood on their backs, and they wade it every time they go in quest of fuel. The water is less than a foot in depth.

The passage is narrow and gloomy between the cliffs. As we emerge, the guide, pointing to a tall rock two hundred and fifty feet in height, names it the Elizabeth Tower of Breslau. Then comes the Breslau Wool-market, from a fancied resemblance in the surrounding rocks to woolsacks. Not far off are the Tables of Moses, the Shameless Maiden, St. John the Baptist, the Tiger's Snout, the Backbone, a long broken column, which forms a disjointed vertebræ. A long list of names might be given were it desirable. For the most part the

resemblances are not at all fanciful; in some instances so complete, that you can scarcely believe the handiwork to be Nature's own. She was, however, sole artificer.

We come to a small grassy oasis, where a damsel offers you a goblet of water from the Silver Spring, and invites you to buy crystals or cakes at her stall. The guide shows you the Little Waterfall, a feeder of the brook struggling in a crevice, and conducts you by a steep, rocky path to a cavern into which the Great Waterfall tumbles from a height of about sixty feet. The rocky sides converge as they rise, and leave an opening of a few feet at the apex through which the water falls into a shallow pool beneath. The margin of this pool, a narrow ledge, is the standing-place.

The quantity of water is not great, but it makes a pretty cascade down the rugged side of the darksome cavern. After you have looked at it for a minute or two, the guide blows a shrill whistle, and before you have time to ask what it means, the gloom is suddenly deepened. You look up in surprise. The mouth of the cavern is entirely filled by a torrent which in another second will be down upon your head. You cannot start back if you would; the rock prevents, and in an instant you see that the water makes its plunge with scarcely a splash on the brim of the pool.

Artificial improvement of waterfalls affords me but little pleasure. Here, however, the effect was so surprising that, as the water gleamed and danced in the dusky cavern, and the rushing roar and rapid gurgle at the outlet filled the place with loud reverberations, and the light spray imparted a sense of coolness, I was made to feel there might be an exception.

In our further wanderings we met sundry parties of visitors all led by guides who had the same theatrical trick as mine. You return by the same way to the locked door; but explorations are being made to discover a new route among objects sufficiently striking. Outside the door all is free, and you may roam and make discoveries at pleasure. There are steep gullies which lead into very wild places, where for want of bridges, galleries, and beaten paths, the labour and fatigue of exploration are sensibly multiplied.

In June, 1844, as inscribed on one of the stones, a waterspout burst over Adersbach, and flooded all the tortuous ways among the rocks to a depth of nine feet. Another inscription records the escape of two Englishmen in 1709. They were sheltering from a thunderstorm, when the rock under which they stood was struck by lightning, and the summit shattered without their receiving harm from the falling lumps. Inscriptions of another sort abound—the initials, or entire name and address, of hundreds of visitors, who with chisel or black paint have thought it worth while to let posterity know of their visit to Adersbach. Some ambitious beyond the ordinary, have climbed up thirty or forty feet to carve the capital letters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Echo—Wonderful Orchestra—Magical Music—A *Feu de joie*—The Oration—The Voices—Echo and the Humourist—Satisfying the Guide—Exploring the Labyrinth—Curious Discoveries—Speculations of Geologists—Bohemia an Inland Sea—Marble Labyrinth in Spain—A Twilight View—After a'.

“WILL it please you to walk to the echo?” asks the guide, when we come back to the meadow. And if you assent—as every one does—he turns to the left and leads you up the open ground above-mentioned to a small temple—the Echo House. You see a man standing near the house playing a clarionet, pausing now and then to recite ; but no answering note or word do you hear. But take your seat on the bench against that perpendicular rock on his right, and immediately you hear a whole orchestra of wind instruments among the rocks. Such delicious music! Soft, wild, warbling, rising and falling, melting one into the other in a way that you fancy could only be accomplished by a band of Kobolds with *Rübezahl* for a leader. And when the player blows short phrases with pauses between, what mocking sprite is that who imitates the sound, flitting from crevice to crevice repeating the tones over

and over again, fainter and fainter, till they seem not to die away, but to float out of hearing ?

Then his companion comes forward and fires a gun, a signal, so you might believe, for a great discharge of musketry among the rocks, platoon after platoon firing a *feu de joie*. One—two—three—four! The two men hold up their hands to signify—Listen yet! then comes the rattle of the fifth round from the short range of rocks which we saw on the left while coming down the valley; and the firing commenced by the troops in camp is ended by the outposts.

Then one of the men makes a short oration about the wonders here grouped by which Nature attracts man from afar and fills him with joy and astonishment; voices repeat the oration among the rocks, and then—he comes to you for his fee. For the gunshot the tax is eight kreutzers; and if you give eight more for the music and oration, the two echo-keepers will not look unhappy.

And now, if still incredulous, you may talk to the echo yourself. My test was perfectly convincing, for it woke up a dozen cuckoos among the rocks. When Schulze, the humourist already mentioned, was here, he questioned the mysterious voice concerning political matters, and got unhesitating answers. For example:

Philosopher. “Wie steht’s um Hellaß?

Echo. Hellaß! Hellaß! Hellaß!

Wat hältst du von Ruffels Worte?

Worte! Worte! Worte!

Wat fehlt in Hesse?

Essen! Essen! Essen!

Was möchten gern die Wallachen?

Lachen! lachen! lachen!

Fließt dort (in Russia) nicht Milch und Honig?

So nich! jo nich! jo nich!

Wann kommt Deutschland zur Harmonie?

O nie! O nie! O nie!

Et fehlt ja man eene Kleinigkeit?

Einigkeit! Einigkeit! Einigkeit!"

Unluckily, the points would all become blunt if translated; I am constrained, therefore, to leave them in the original.

My guide waited to be "satisfied." I asked him what amount of fee he usually received?

"Sometimes," he answered, "I get a dollar."

"But commonly not more than ten kreutzers?"

"*M—m—ja*, that is true."

"Then what would you say to fifteen kreutzers?"

"Sir, I would say that I wish such as you would come every day to Adersbach."

He left me fully "satisfied." And so, reader, you see that the picturesque is burdened with a tariff in Bohemia as it is in certain parts of England, Scotland, and Wales.

I went back to the rocks. The locked door does not shut in all the wonders, and there are miles which you may explore freely. But unless you stick a branch here and there into the sand, or "blaze" the trees, you will never find your way out again. The great height of the rocks surprises you not less than their amazing number. They are intersected by blind alleys, open alleys, and lanes innumerable, intertwisting and crossing

in all directions. Many a cavern, den, and grotto will you see, and many a delightful sylvan retreat, where the solitude is perfect; many a bower which is presently lost. Now you are overcome by wonder, now by awe, for thoughts will come to you of great rock cities and temples smitten by judgments; of the giant race that warred with the gods and were slain by thunder-bolts; of those who worshipped stones and burnt sacrifice on the loftiest rocks.

A few paces farther, and seeing how tall trees grow everywhere among the stony masses, how smaller trees and shrubs shoot from the crevices, and moss enwraps pillar and buttress, and fringes the cliffs, you will think of Nature's silent revolutions; of the ages that rolled away while the labyrinth of Adersbach was formed. Here, so say the geologists, currents of water running for innumerable years, have worn out channels in the softer parts of a wide stratum of sandstone, and produced the effects we now witness. The stratum must have been great, for the rocks extend, more or less crowded, away to the *Heuscheuer*, a distance of three or four leagues. The mountain itself presents similar phenomena even on its summit.

A supposition prevails, based on much observation, that the whole of Bohemia was once covered by a vast lake, or inland sea. The conformation of the country, its ring-fence of mountains—whence the term *Kessel Land* (Kettle Land) among the Germans—broken only where the Elbe flows out, while almost every stream within the territory finds its way into that river, besides the fossil deposits so abundantly met with, are facts urged by the learned in favour of their views. It may have

been during the existence of this great sea that the rocks were formed.

It might be interesting to inquire whether the rocky labyrinth at Torcal, not far from Antequera, in Spain, presents phenomena similar to those of Adersbach. The rocks, as I have read, are of marble, covering a great extent of ground in groupings singularly picturesque.

It was dusk when I had finished my prowl, for such it was, accompanied by much scrambling. Then I climbed to the top of one of the outlying crags for a view across the maze, and when I saw the numerous gray heads peering out from the feathery fir-tops, here and there a bastion, a broken pillar, and weather-stained tower, the fancy once more possessed me that here was a city of the giants—its walls thrown down, its buildings destroyed, and its rebellious inhabitants turned to stone.

Gradually the hoary rocks looked spectral-like, for the dusk increased, the clouds gathered heavily, and rain began to fall. I walked back to the inn, feeling deeply the force of the Ettrick Shepherd's words, "After a', what is any description by us puir creturs o' the works o' the great God?"

Adersbach rocks 9 miles W N W of

Braunau

CHAPTER XXIV.

Baked Chickens—A Discussion—Weckelsdorf—More Rocks—The Stone of Tears—Death's Alley—Diana's Bath—The Minster—Gang of Coiners—The Bohdanetskis—Going to Church—Another Silesian View—Good-bye to Bohemia—Schömberg—Silesian Faces and Costume—Picturesque Market-place—Ueberschar Hills—Ullersdorf—An amazed Weaver—Liebau—Cheap Cherries—The Prussian Simplon—Ornamented Houses—Buchwald—The Bober—Dittersbach—Schmiedeberg—Rübezahl's Trick upon Travellers—Tourists' Rendezvous—The Duellists' Successors—Erdmannsdorf—Tyrolese Colony.

Adersbach As *Grenzbäuden* is renowned for Hungarian wine, so is Adersbach for baked chickens, and every guest, unless he be a greenhorn, eats two for supper. They are very relishing, and quite small enough to prevent any breach of your moderate habit.

Visitors were numerous: some reading their guide-books, some beginning supper, some finishing, some rounding up the evening with another bottle—for Hungarian is to be had in Adersbach. A party near me sat discussing with much animation the demerits of the taxes which impoverish, and of the beggars who importune, travellers around the City of the Rocks, and they drew an inference that the landlord's charges would not be parsimonious. Then they wandered off into the question of temperature—the temperature of *Schneekoppe*. Not one of them had yet trodden old Snow-

head, so they went on guessing at the question, till I mentioned that it had been very cold up there in the morning.

"In the morning! This morning? *Heut*, mean you?"

"Yes, this very morning; for I was up there."

"*Heut! Heut! Heut! Heut!*" ejaculated one after another, the last apparently more surprised than the first.

"Yes, this very day."

They would not believe it. I took up a sprig of heather from the side of my plate, which I had gathered on *Schwarzkoppe*, and showed them that as a token; and explained that the distance was, after all, not so very great, and might have been shortened had I descended directly from the *Koppe* into the *Riesengrund*, and laid my course through the village of Dorngrund.

They believed then; but having travelled the road prescribed to me by Father Hübner, could not imagine the distance from the mountain to be but about twenty miles.

By rising early the next morning, when all was bright and fresh and the dust laid by the night's rain, I got time for another stroll among the rocks, and to walk two miles farther down the valley to Weckelsdorf, where another part of the rocky labyrinth is explorable. The rocks here are on a greater scale than at Adersbach, and rising on the slope of a hill, their romantic effect is increased, as also the difficulty of wandering among them. The proprietor, Count von Nummerskirch, has, however, taken pains to render them accessible by bridges, galleries, and stairs. A sitting figure, whose head-dress

resembles that of the maidens of Braunau, is named the Bride of Braunau; near her is the Stone of Tears; the *Todtengasse* (Death's Alley) is never illumined by a ray of sunshine; there is the Cathedral, and near it Diana's Bath; and at last the Minster, a natural temple, the roof a lofty pointed arch, where, while you walk up and down in the dim light, an organ fills the place with a burst of sound. It is sometimes called the Mint, or Money Church, because of a gang of coiners having once made it their head-quarters. The rocks have been a hiding-place for others as well as rogues. During the Hussite wars, many families found a refuge within their intricate recesses, little liable to a surprise, at a time when entrance was hardly possible owing to the numerous obstructions.

As at Adersbach, there is a fee to pay for unlocking a door; there is an echo which answers the guide's voice, his pistol and horn, and has to be paid for. Nevertheless, you will neither regret the outlay of time and kreutzers in your visit to Weckelsdorf. If able to prolong your stay, you may take an excursion of a few hours to the *Heuscheuer*, and see a smaller Adersbach on its very summit—the highest of these extraordinary rock-formations. Or there is the ruin of Bischoffstein, within an easy walk, once the stronghold of the Bohdanetski family, who held half a score of castles around the neighbourhood, and made themselves obnoxious by their Protestantism and robberies, and envied for their wealth. They suffered at times by siege and onslaught from their neighbours, and at length their castles were demolished, and forty-seven Bohdanetskis and adherents were hanged by the emperor's command. The

rest of the family, it is said, took flight, and settled in England. Is Baddenskey, who sits wearily at his loom down there in joyless Spitalfields, a descendant?

I returned to the *Felsenstadt* for my knapsack. For supper, bed, and breakfast the charge was equal to three and threepence, in which was included an extra fifteen kreutzers for the bedroom, which I had insisted on having all to myself. When guests are very numerous they have to sleep four in a room. Take your change in Prussian money, for "*Kaiserliches geld*," as the folk here call it—that is, imperial money—will not be current where you stop to dine.

I retraced my steps for about a mile along the road by which I came yesterday, and at the church took a road branching off to the right. It leads through Ober Adersbach. The villagers were going to church: the men wearing tall polished boots and jackets, the women with their heads ungracefully muffled in red, blue, green, or yellow kerchiefs, and displaying broad, showy skirts and aprons, and clean white stockings. Now and then came an exception: a man in a light-blue jacket, and loose, baggy breeches; a woman with a stiff-starched head-dress, not unlike those worn in Normandy.

The road continually rises, and by-and-by you cannot tell the main track from the byeways among the cottages. Still ascending, however, you come out a short distance farther on the brow of a precipitous hill, where you are agreeably surprised by another Silesian view—broad, rolling fields of good red land, bearing vetches, clover, flax, and barley, the little town of Schömberg in their midst, and always hills on the horizon. From the brow, a deep lane and a path

through the fir-wood on the clifty hill-side, lead you down to the road where finger-posts, painted black and white, indicate that we have exchanged the Austrian eagle for the Prussian. I must have crossed the frontier two or three times yesterday and to-day, but I saw no custom-house anywhere, and no guards, except at *Grenzbäuden*.

Other signs showed me on nearing Schömberg that I had left Bohemia. The men are tall, of sallow complexion, and angular face. They wear long dark-blue coats and boots up to their knees, and stiff blue caps with a broad crown, and they carry pink or blue umbrellas. The women wear the same colour, and do not look attractive; and there is an *Evangelische Kirche*, in which the preaching is of Protestant faith and doctrine.

The town has two thousand inhabitants, some of whom dwell in houses that are a pleasure to look upon, around the market-place. The gables—no two alike—are painted pale green, white, gray, or yellow, and what with the ornaments, the broken outlines, and arcades of wood and brick, the great square makes up a better picture than is to be seen in many a famous city. Although Sunday, the mill turned by the Kratzbach clacks briskly; there are stalls of fruit, bread, and toys under the arcades, and by the side of two or three wagons in the centre a group of blue-coated men. They look sedate, and talk very quietly, as if they felt the day were not for work.

From hence the road, planted with beeches, limes, and mountain-ash, leads across well-cultivated fields, and between wooded slopes of the Ueberschar hills to Ullers-

dorf, where *Schneekoppe* is seen peeping over a dark ridge on the left. I asked one of the weavers who inhabit here if he earned two dollars a week.

“*Gott bewahr!*” he exclaimed, opening his eyes and holding up his hands apparently in utter amazement, “that would be too gladsome (*frolich*). No; I can be thankful for one dollar.”

Content with one dollar a week, which means a perpetual diet of rye bread and potatoes.

Liebau and Schömberg, about five miles apart, are in many respects twin towns. If Liebau has not a strikingly picturesque market-place, nor a reputation for *Knackwürsten* (smoked sausage), it has a new Protestant church, some good paintings in the Romish church, and a *Kreuzberg*, once the resort of thousands of pilgrims. The neighbouring *Tartarnberg* was, according to tradition, the site of a Tartar camp in 1241. Rusty, half-decayed horseshoes and arrow-heads are still found at times upon it.

After dining at the *Sonne*, I bought a dessert at a stall under the arcade: the woman gave me nearly a gallon of cherries for three-halfpence, with which I started for Schmiedeberg, ten miles farther. Numbers of villagers were walking on the road, all the women bedecked with pink aprons, and looking healthy and happy. Perhaps out of twenty or more chubby-faced children, who manifested a lively appetite for fruit, two or three will remember that they met a strange man who gave them a handful of cherries, and how that their mothers became all of a sudden eloquent with thanks, and bade them kiss their hands, and do something pretty. Unluckily, by the time I had gone two miles there was an end of the cherries.

The road runs between the *Schmiedeberger Kamm* and the *Landeshuter Kamm*. The main road, which crosses the latter from Schmiedeberg to Landeshut, is called the Prussian or Silesian Simplon, for it is the highest macadamized road in Prussia, its summit being at an elevation of more than 2200 feet. Extra horses are required to pass it; and the saying goes that millions of dollars have been paid on a stone at the top, known as the *Vorspannsteine*.

Among rural objects you see huge barns; a tiled roof resting on tall, square pillars of brick, the intervals between which are boarded. And here and there a farm, with all the homestead enclosed by a high whitewashed wall, which has two arched entrances. The cottages are low, their roofs a combination of thatch and shingle, their shutters an exhibition of rustic art, bright red, with an ornamental wreath in the centre of the panels; and the wooden column, on which a saint stands by the wayside, displays a flowery spiral on a ground of lively green. To a man who was leaning over his gate, I said that it was very stupid to mar the effect of such artistic decorations by a slushy midden at the front door.

"We don't think so: we are used to it," was his answer.

Now and then you meet a little low wagon, the tilt-hoops painted blue, and the harness glittering with numerous rings and small round plates of brass. In the village of Buchwald the mill was at work, and the men were busy at the grindstone grinding their scythe-blades in readiness for the morrow. Here we come upon the Bober, grown to a lively stream, running along the edge of the far-spreading meadows on the left. About

half a mile farther a wagon-track slants off to the right, making a short cut over the *Kamm* to Schmiedeberg. It leads you by pleasant ways along hill-sides, across fields and meadows, into lonely vales and solitary lanes, that end on shaggy heather slopes. To me the walk was delightful, for uninterrupted sunshine, a merry breeze, and rural peace, favourable to the luxury of idle thought, lent a charm to pretty scenery.

From Dittersbach the road ascends the *Passberg*, which, on the farther side, sends down a steep descent to Schmiedeberg. The town lies in a deep valley, and is so long from one extremity of its scattered outskirts to the other that you will be nearly an hour in walking through it, while, for the most part, it is little more than one street in width. It has an ancient look, and, owing to the many gardens and bleaching-grounds among the houses, combines country with town. The *Rathhaus* is a fine specimen of tasteful architecture.

From working in iron, the Schmiedebergers have turned to the making of shawls and plush, and the entertainment of holiday travellers. The iron trade began in an adventure on the *Riesengebirge*. Two men were crossing the mountains, when one, whose shoes were thickly nailed, found himself suddenly held fast on the stony path, unable to advance or return. He shook with terror. What else could it be than a spell thrown over him by *Rübezahl*? At length, by the other's assistance, he broke the spell; and the two having brought away with them the stone of detention, it was recognised as magnetic iron stone; and already, in the twelfth century, iron works were established, around which Schmiedeberg grew into a town. It now numbers four thousand inhabitants.

Black Ross Hither come tourists from far to see the mountains; and during your half hour's rest at the *Schwarzes Ross*, you will be amused by witnessing the eager manifestations of the newly-arrived, their exuberant gestures while bargaining with a guide, and the liberal way—the bargain once made—in which they load him with rugs, cloaks, coats, caps, bonnets, bags, bundles, umbrellas, parasols, and other travelling gear, until he carries a mountain on his own shoulders. Besides the trip to *Schneekoppe*, some mount to the great beech-tree and the *Friesenstein*, on the *Landeshuter Kamm*; or visit the laboratories at Krummhübel, where liqueurs, oils, and essences, are distilled and prepared from native plants: chemical operations first set on foot in 1700 by a few students of medicine who fled from Prague to escape the consequences of a duel. And some go beyond Krummhübel to look at Wolfshau, a place in the entrance of the *Melzergrund*, so shut in by wooded hills that it never sees the sun during December. And some to the village of Steinseifen, where, among iron-workers and herbalists, dwell skilful wood-carvers; one of whom for a small fee exhibits a large model of the *Riesengebirge*—a specimen of his own handiwork.

On the left, as you leave Schmiedeberg, is the Ruheberg, a small castle standing in a bosky park belonging to a Polish prince, where the townsfolk find pleasant walks. Two miles farther, and the leafy slopes of Buchwald appear on the right, embowering another castle, and a park laid out in the English style, and with such advantages of position, among which are fifty-four ponds, that it has become an elysium for the neighbourhood.

Once clear of the town, and the mountain-range

opens on the left—rounded heights, ridges, scars, and peaks stretching away for miles on either side of the *Koppe*. Another hour, and turning from the main road which runs on to Hirschberg, you see houses scattered about the plain, built in the Alpine style, with outside stair and galleries, and broad eaves. We are in the village of Erdmannsdorf—the asylum granted by the King of Prussia to about a hundred Tyrolese families, who, in 1838, had to quit their native country for conscience' sake. They were Protestants hated by their bigoted neighbours, and disliked by the priests; and so became exiles. Nowhere else in Prussia could they have seen mountains at all approaching in grandeur those which look down on their native valley, and yet they must at first have deeply mourned the difference.

Remembering my former year's experiences, I wished to find myself once more among the Tyrolese. True enough, there they were in their picturesque costume, in striking contrast with the Silesians; but there was a degenerate look about the *Wirthshaus*, as if they had forgotten their original cleanliness, which repelled me, and I went on to the *Schweizerhaus*, a large inn near the royal *Schloss*. As usual, it was overfull, so great is the throng of visitors, and I had to try in another direction, which brought me to the *Gasthof und Gerichtskretscham*, where the landlord promised me a bed if I would not mind sleeping in the billiard-room.

CHAPTER XXV.

Schnaps and Sausage—Dresdener upon Berliners—The Prince's Castle at Fischbach—A Home for the Princess Royal—Is the Marriage Popular?—View from the Tower—Tradition of the Golden Donkey—Royal Palace at Erdmannsdorf—A Miniature Chatsworth—The Zillerthal—Käse and Brod—Stohnsdorf—Famous Beer—Rischmann's Cave—Prophecies—Warmbrunn.

AT Fischbach, in a pleasant valley, about an hour's walk from Erdmannsdorf, stands a castle belonging to Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, which is shown to curious tourists. A Dresdener, who thought it worth the trouble of the walk, asked me to accompany him next morning, and we started after an early breakfast. Early as it was a party of Silesian peasants were breaking their fast with *Schnaps*, sausage, and rye bread. Think of *Schnaps* and sausage at seven in the morning!

The Dresdener beguiled the way by laughing at the peculiarities of three Berliners, whom we had left behind at the *Gasthof*. A Prussian cockney, he said, was sure to betray himself as soon as he began to talk, for nothing would satisfy him but the most exalted superlatives. "When you hear," he continued, "a man talk of a thing as gigantic—incomprehensibly beautiful—ravishingly excellent—insignificantly scarcely visible—set him

down at once as a Berliner. You heard those three last night, how they went on; as we say in our country, hanging their hats on the topmost pegs. Yracious yoodness! what yiyantic yabble!" And the Saxon cockney laughed as heartily at his own wit as if it had been good enough for *Punch*.

The castle is an old possession of the Knights Templars, repaired and beautified. It has towers and turrets, and windows of quaint device; a small inner court, and a surrounding moat spanned by a bridge at the entrance. Outside the moat are shady walks and avenues of limes, and the gardens, which did not come up to my notion of what is royal either in fruits or flowers. With plantations on the hills around, and in the park, the whole place has a pleasant bowery aspect.

As we crossed the bridge, there seemed something inhospitable in the sight of two large cannon guarding the entrance; but the portress told us they were trophies from Afghanistan, captured at the battle in which Prince Waldemar was wounded—a present from the British government. The fittings of the room are mostly of varnished pine, to which the furniture and hangings do no violence. There are a few good paintings, among them a portrait of the Queen of Bavaria, which you will remember for beauty above all the rest; nor will you easily forget the marble head copied from the statue of Queen Louisa in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg. From looking at the rarities, the portress called us to hear the singing of an artificial bird, and seemed somewhat disappointed that we did not regard it as the greatest curiosity of all.

"A snug little place," said the Dresdener, as we walked from room to room. "Not quite what your Princess Royal has been used to, perhaps; but she will be able to pass summer holidays here agreeably enough."

And quickly the question followed: "But what do you think of the marriage in England. Is it very popular?"

"Not very," I answered; "your Prussian Prince would have stood no chance had the King of Sardinia only been a Protestant. Nothing but her wholesome ingredient of Protestantism saves Prussia from becoming an offence to English nostrils."

"*So-o-o-o-o!*" ejaculated the Dresdener, while he made pointed arches of his eyebrows. "That sounds pretty in the Prince's own castle."

We went to the top of the tower, and looked out on the domain, the mountain chain, and the encircling hills—among which the rocky Falkenstein—the climbing test of adventurous tourists—rises conspicuous. According to tradition, great things are in store for the quiet little village of Fischbach; it is destined to grow into a city. In the *Kittnerberg*, a neighbouring hill, a golden donkey is some day to be found, and when found the city is forthwith to start up, and the finder to be chosen first burgomaster.

Erdmannsdorf, once the estate of brave old Gneisenau, was bought by the former King Frederick William III., who built in a style combining Moorish and Gothic the *Schloss*, or palace, which, with its charming grounds and bronze statues of men-at-arms at the entrance keeping perpetual guard with battle-axes, rivals the Tyrolese

and their houses in attracting visitors. No barriers separate the grounds from the public road, and you may walk where you please along the broad sandy paths, under tall groves, through luxuriant shrubberies, round rippling lakes, and by streams which here and there tumble over rocky dams. The place is a miniature Chatsworth, with its model village. Within the limits of the smooth green turf and well-kept walks stands the church, an edifice with a tall square tower in the Byzantine style. The palace, too, has a tall tower, from the top of which, on our return to Erdmannsdorf—that is the Dresdener and I—we got a view of the royal domain, and the scattered houses of the Tyrolese, and always in the background the *Riesengebirge*.

Remembering their native valley, the Tyrolese named their settlement Zillerthal, and many a one comes here expecting to see a romantic valley. But all immediately beneath your eye is a great plain watered by the Lomnitz—the stream which flows out of the Big Pond up in the mountains—cut up by fields and meadows, crowded with trees around the palace, and in the deer-park adjoining. Only in Ober-Zillerthal, which lies nearer to the mountains, do the colonists have the pleasure of ascending or descending in their walks.

The Tyrolese themselves built their first house entirely of wood, after the old manner; and this served as model for all the rest, which, with stone walls for the lower story, have been erected at the king's expense. The colonists find occupation in cattle-breeding and field-work, or in the great linen factory, the tall chimney of which is seen from far across the plain; and are well cared for in means of education and religious worship. In their

Friedhof you may see the first Tyrolese grave, the resting-place of Jacob Egger, a blind old man of eighty-three, who died soon after the immigration.

Not far from the palace is a singular group of rocks named *Käse und Brod* (*Cheese and Bread*), on the way to which you pass a stone quarry, where you can pick up fine crystals of quartz, and see men digging feldspar for the china-manufacturers at Berlin.

Here I parted from the Dresdener and took the road to Warmbrunn—about six miles distant. Half way, at the foot of the rocky *Prudelberg*, lies the village of Stohnsdorf, famed for its beer; and not without reason. But while you drink a glass, the landlord will tell you that clever folk in distant places—Berlin or Dresden—damage the fame by selling bottled *Stohnsdorfer* brewed from the waters of the Spree or Elbe.

If inclined for a scramble up the *Prudelberg*, take a peep into Rischmann's Cave among the rocks, for from thence, in 1630, the prophet Rischmann delivered his predictions with loud voice and wild gestures. He was a poor weaver, who fancied himself inspired, and, although struck dumb in 1613, could always find speech when he had anything to foretel. Woe to Hirschberg was the burden of his prophecy: war, pestilence, and famine! The tower of the council-house should fall, and the stream of the Zacken stand still. Honour and reverence awaited the weaver, for everything came to pass as he had foretold. The Thirty Years' War brought pestilence and famine; the tower did fall down; and the Zacken being one of those rivers with an intermittent flow, its stream was subject to periodical repose.

After frequent ups and downs, you come to the brow

of a hill which overlooks a broad sweep of the Hirschbergerthal, and the little town of Warmbrunn, chief among Silesian spas—lying cheerfully where the valley spreads itself out widest towards the mountains. You will feel tempted to sit down for awhile and gaze on the view—for it has many pleasing features—touches of the romantic with the pastoral, and the town itself wearing an unsophisticated look. Seume said of the Hirschberg Valley—“Seldom finds one a more delightful corner of the earth; seldom better people.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Three Berliners—Strong Beer—Origin of Warmbrunn—St. John the Baptist's Day—Count Schaffgotsch—A Benefactor—A Library—Something about Warmbrunn—The Baths—Healing Waters—The Allée—Visitors—Russian Popes—The Museum—Trophies—View of the Mountains—The Kynast—Cunigunda and her Lovers—Served her right—The Two Breslauers—Oblatt—The Baths in the Mountains.

I HAD gone a little way along the street when I heard voices crying, "*Eng-lischmann! Eng-lischmann! Eng-lischmann!*" and, looking about, I saw the three Berliners at the window of an hotel. "You must come up!" "You must come up!" "You must come up!" cried one after the other; so up I went. We had half an hour of yood-natured yossip about our morning's adventures, not forgetting the merits of Stohnsdorf; and one of them said something about the famous beer that justified the Dresdener's criticism. "Isn't it yood? Isn't it strong? Why it is so strong that if you pour some into your hand, and hold it shut for ten minutes, you can never open it ayain!"

The old story. Some time in the twelfth century, Duke Boleslaw IV., while out hunting, struck the trail of a deer, and following it, was led to a *Warmbrunn* (Warm Spring), in which, as by signs appeared, the

animals used to bathe. The duke bathed too, and perhaps with benefit; for near by he built a chapel, and dedicated it to the patron saint of Silesia—John the Baptist. The news spread, even in those days; and with it a belief that on St. John's Day the healing properties of the spring were miraculously multiplied. Hence, on the 24th of June, sick folk came from far and near to bathe in the blessed water, and some, thanks to the energy of their belief, went away cured. And this practice was continued down to the year 1810.

Such was the origin of the present *Marktfleck* (Market Village) Warmbrunn. In 1387 King Wenzel sold it to Gotsche Schoff—Stemfather, as the Germans say, of Count von Schaffgotsch, who now rules with generous sway over the spa and estates that stretch for miles around. It was he who built the *Schnee-grubenhaus*; who made the path up the Bohemian side of *Schneekoppe*; who opens his gardens and walks to visitors, and a library of forty thousand volumes with a museum for their amusement and edification; who established a bathing-house with twenty-four beds for poor folk who cannot pay, and who spares no outlay of money or influence to improve the place and attract strangers.

Warmbrunn now numbers about 2300 inhabitants, who live upon the guests during the season, and the rest of the year by weaving, bleaching, stone-polishing, and wood-carving. Of hotels and houses of entertainment there is no lack; the *Schwarzer Adler* and *Hôtel de Prusse* among the best. But as at Carlsbad, nearly every house has its sign, and lets lodgings, dearest close to the baths, and cheaper as the distance increases, till in the outskirts, and they are not far off, you can get a

room with attendance for two dollars a week, or less. Of refectioners there is no lack in the place itself, or about the neighbourhood.

There are six baths. The Count's and Provost's—or Great and Little Baths—are near the middle of the village, separated by the street. These are the oldest. The water bursts up clear and sparkling from openings in coarse-grained, flesh-red granite, at a temperature of 94 degrees Fahrenheit in the great basin, and 101 degrees in the little basin. It is soft on the palate, with a taste and odour of sulphur, and in saline and alkaline constituents resembles the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle and Töplitz. It is efficacious in cases of gout, contractions, skin diseases, and functional complaints; in some instances with extraordinary results. I heard of patients who come to Warmbrunn so crooked and crippled that they can neither sit nor stand, nor lie in a natural posture, who have to be lifted in and out of the bath, and yet, after two months' bathing, have been able to walk alone.

Although patients bathe a number together, the throng is so great in the hot months that many have to study a lesson in patience till their turn comes. Some, to whom drinking the water is prescribed, resort to the *Trinkquelle*; and in the other bathing-houses there are all the appliances for douche, showers, vapour, and friction. One room is fitted up with electrical and galvanic apparatus, to be used in particular cases.

With so many visitors Warmbrunn has an appearance of life and gaiety; the somewhat rustic shops put on an upstart look, or a timid show of gentility. The *Allée*, a broad tree-planted avenue opening from the main street,

by the side of the Count's *Schloss*, is the favourite promenade. Here, among troops of Germans, you meet Poles and Muscovites, some betraying their nationality by outward signs. I saw three men of very dingy complexion and sluggish movement, clad in shabby black coats, with skirts reaching to their heels, who seemed out of place among well-dressed promenaders. They were Russian popes. Great personages have come here at times in search of health, and on such occasions the little spa has grown vain-glorious. In 1687 the queen of John Sobieski III. came with one thousand attendants. In 1702 came Prince Jacob, their son, and stayed a year; and since then dignitaries without number, among the latest of whom was Field-Marshal Count von Ziethen, who took up his abode here in 1839.

There are a few paintings worth looking at in the Romish church: one of them represents the rescue of a Count Schaffgotsch from drowning; and in the Evangelical church hang two portraits, one of the present king, the other of Blucher. But the museum established in the same building with the library, by the liberality of the Count, is the great attraction. Among the weapons you may see the scimitar which Sobieski snatched with his own hand from the grand vizier's tent when he raised the siege of Vienna; and near it a horsetail standard, a trophy of the same event, brought home by Johann Leopold von Schaffgotsch, one of the Count's ancestry. In other rooms are a collection of coins, of maps and charts—among them a few old globes, interesting to geographers—the Lord's Prayer in one hundred different languages, a model of the *Riesenge-*

birge, and other curiosities, which, with the library, afford abundant means for instruction and amusement. Then there is music twice a day in the *Schloss* garden, and the theatre is open in the evening, besides the numerous excursions to the hills and mountains around.

The *Allée*, about six hundred paces long, commands a striking view of the mountain chain from its farther end, where the ground falls away with gentle slope. I could see the prominent points which I had walked over a few days before; and nearer—about half an hour's walk—the Kynast, that much-talked-of ruin, crowning a dark-wooded hill. It attracts visitors as much by its story as by its lofty and picturesque situation. There once lived the beautiful but stony-hearted Cunigunda, who doomed many a wooer to destruction; for none could win her hand who had not first ridden his horse round the castle on the top of the wall. One after another perished; but she had vowed a vow, and would not relent. At last came one whose handsome face and noble form captivated at once the lady's heart. She would have spared him the adventure, but her vow could not be broken, and she watched with trembling heart while the stranger knight rode along the giddy height. He accomplished the task in safety; she would have thrown herself into his arms; but with a slap on her face, and a reproach for her cruelty, the Landgrave Albert of Thuringia—for he it was, who had a wife at home—turned his horse and galloped away.

While sauntering, I met the two Breslauers—my companions on the descent to the *Grenzbäuden*—and under their guidance explored yet more of the neighbourhood. The guard at the frontier had treated them mercifully, and after half an hour's detention in a little room up-

stairs, let them go. Since then they had been making the usual round of excursions: to the fall of the Zacken, to the Norwegian church at Wang, to the Annakapelle, to Hirschberg, and other places—all within two or three hours' walk. Two days more and they would have to return to the counting-house at Breslau. Near the refreshment-houses in the fields young girls followed us offering packets of *Oblatt* for sale. This is a crisp cake, of agreeable flavour, thinner and lighter than the unleavened bread of the Jews, friendly to the enjoyment of a glass of beer on a hot afternoon; as we proved by eating a few packets while emptying our tankards in full view of the mountains, under an airy colonnade.

On our return to the village we met the *Wirth* from *Schneekoppe*, who had come down from his cloudy dwelling to bury a relative. I took the opportunity to send my compliments to Father Hübner, with a hint that his topographical information had not appeared to me of much more value than his man's morality.

Mineral springs are frequent in the mountains. Flinsberg, a quiet village on the Queiss, about four hours from Warmbrunn, in the *Isergebirge*, is resorted to by women, to whom the saline water impregnated with iron is peculiarly beneficial. One of the springs is so highly charged with carbonic acid gas that the villagers call it the *Bierbrunnen* (Beer Spring). And a short distance beyond Flinsberg, on the Bohemian side of the mountains, is Liebwerda, a romantic village, where springs of health bubble up, and Wallenstein's castle is within a walk. Quietest of all is Johannisbad, on the southern slope below *Schneekoppe*, not far from Marschendorf. There the fountains are lukewarm, and their influence is promoted by complete seclusion and repose.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Hirschberg—The Officers' Tomb—A Night Journey—Spiller—Greifenberg—Changing Horses—A Royal Reply—A Griffin's Nest—Lauban—The Potato Jubilee—Görlitz—Peter and Paul Church—View from the Tower—The Landskrone—Jacob Böhme—The Hidden Gold—A Theosophist's Writings—The Tombs—The Underground Chapel—A Church copied from Jerusalem—The Public Library—Loebau—Herrnhut.

IT was so dark when the omnibus from Warmbrunn arrived at Hirschberg—about five miles—that I lost the sight of its pretty environment, watered by the Bober and Zacken, and of its old picturesque houses, the gables of which were dimly visible against the sky. The town has more than seven thousand inhabitants, and for trade ranks next to Breslau. Its history is that of most towns along this side of Silesia: so much suffering by war, that you wonder how they ever survived. A memorial of the latest scourge is to be seen in the Hospital churchyard—a cast-iron monument in memory of three Prussians, who, wounded at Lützen in 1813, died here on the same day. Under their names runs the inscription: *They died in an Iron time for a Golden.*

Not being able to see anything, I booked a place by *Stellwagen* for Görlitz, and supped in preparation for a

night of travel. We started at eleven, a company numerous enough to fill three vehicles, those lowest on the list taking their seats in the hindmost. As these hindmost carriages are changed at every stopping-place with the horses, I and other unfortunates had to turn out at unseasonable hours, and to find, in two instances, that we had not changed for the better—soft seats and cleanliness for hard seats and fustiness. So at Spiller: so at Greifenberg.

It adds somewhat to one's experiences to be roused from uneasy slumber at midnight with notice to alight. You feel for umbrella and knapsack, and step down into the chill gloom of a summer night; and while the leisurely work of changing goes on, stroll a little way up or down the roughly-paved street, looking at the strange old houses, all so still and lifeless, as if they were fast asleep as well as their inmates. Why should you be awake and shivering when honest folk are a-bed? and you feel an inclination to envy the sleepers. If you turn a corner and get out of sight of the Posthouse, the houses look still more lonely and unprotected: not a glimmer to be seen, and it seems unfair that every one should be comfortable but you. Or from the outside of a house you picture to yourself those who inhabit it; or, perhaps, you get a peep into the churchyard, or venture through a dark arch to what looks like an ancient cloister, and your drowsy thought gives way to strange imaginings.

But the night is chilly. Let us go into the Posthouse. There is comfort by the stove in the inner room, and the woman who has sat up to await our arrival brings an acceptable refreshment of coffee and

cakes. Steaming coffee, with the true flavour; and not sixpence a cup, but six kreutzers. Then the driver blows his horn, and each one takes his allotted seat, to slumber if he can through another jolting stage.

Greifenberg, a town of three thousand inhabitants, on the Queiss, is proud of four things: manufacture of fine linen and damask, a griffin in its coat-of-arms, and a right royal word of the Great Frederick. Certain deputies having appeared before the monarch to thank him for his prompt and generous aid in restoring the town after a great fire in 1783—"For that am I here!" was his kingly reply.

About two miles distant is the Greifenstein, a basaltic hill, so named from a nest of young griffins found on the top of it at a date which no one can remember. It is now crowned by the ruins of a castle which was given by the Emperor Charles IV., in the fourteenth century, as a reward for service to the brave Silesian knight Schaffgotsch. Were it daylight we might see in the Romish church a vault which has been the burial-place of the Schaffgotsch family since 1546.

It was early morning when we came to Lauban, and changed carriages by the side of the grass-grown moat at a break in the old round-towered wall. The view from the adjacent *Steinberg* is described as equal in beauty to any other scene in Prussia. Unfortunately I had not time to judge for myself; but hope to go and see some future day. Perhaps, while waiting here, you will be reminded that Lauban was one of the Silesian towns which, on the 19th of August, 1836, held a jubilee to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the introduction of the potato into Europe by the

famous circumnavigator Drake—as the promoters said. Of course potatoes cooked in many ways appeared plentifully at every table over half the province.

We reached Görlitz at eight, and for some reason, perhaps known to the driver, went through the streets in and out, up and down, across the Neisse to the *Postamt* in the new quarter, at a slow walking pace. I had three hours to wait for a train, and to improve the time, after comforting myself at the *Goldenen Strauss*, mounted to the top of the Peter and Paul church tower. Erected on a rocky eminence, rising steeply from the river, it commands a wide prospect. The town itself, a busy place of more than 18,000 inhabitants, closely packed, as in the olden time, around the church; spreading out beyond into broad, straight streets and squares, well-planted avenues, and pretty pleasure-grounds; and in this roomy border you see bleaching-greens, the barracks, the gymnasium, and observatory. From thence your eye wanders over the hills of Lusatia to the distant mountains—a fair region, showing a thousand slopes to the sun. About two miles distant the *Landskrone* rises from the valley of the Neisse—a conspicuous rocky hill bristling with trees. We got a glimpse of it from *Schneekoppe*; and now you will perhaps fancy it a watch-tower, midway between the Giant Mountains and the romantic highlands of Saxony.

The sight of that hill recalls the name of the “Teutonic philosopher”—Jacob Böhme. He was born at Alt-Seidenberg, about a mile from Görlitz, in 1575; and he relates that one day when employing himself as herdboyl, to relieve the monotony of shoemaking, he discovered a cool bosky crevice on the *Landskrone*, and

crept in for shelter from the heat of the sun. Inside, to his great surprise, he saw a wooden bowl, or vase, full of money, which he feared to touch, and went presently and told certain of his playmates of the discovery. With them he returned to the hill; but though they searched and searched again, they could never find the cleft, nor the wonderful hoard. A few years later, however, there came a cunning diviner, who, exploring with his rod, discovered the money and carried it off; and soon after perished miserably, for a curse had been declared on whomsoever should touch the gold.

Fate had other things in store for Jacob, and allured him from his last to write voluminous works on theosophy, wherein he discusses the most mysterious questions about the soul, its relations to God and the universe, and such like; and great became the poor shoemaker's repute among the learned. Some travelled from far to confer with him; some translated his books into French and English; some studied German that they might read them in the original; and even Isaac Newton used at times to divert his mind from laborious search after the laws of gravitation by perusal of Böhme's speculations. That Jacob was not a dreamer on all points is clear from what he used to pen for those who begged a scrap of his writing:

*" Wem Zeit ist wie Ewigkeit,
Und Ewigkeit wie die Zeit,
Der ist befreit von allem Streit."**

There is something to be seen in the church itself as

* To whom time is as eternity,
And eternity as time,
He is freed from all strife.

well as from the top of the tower. It is a singularly beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture of the fifteenth century. The great height of the nave, with the light and graceful form of the columns and arches, produce an admirable effect, to which the high altar, the carved stone pulpit, and the large organ do no violence. It is one of those buildings you could linger in for hours, contemplating now its fair proportions, now the old tombs and monuments, and quaint devices of the sculptor's art. Below the floor at the eastern end is an underground chapel, a century older than the church itself, hewn out of the solid rock. Preaching is held in it once a year. The attendant will make you aware in the dim light of a spring that simmers gently up and fills a basin scooped in the solid stone of the floor.

The church of the Holy Cross in the Nicolai suburb is remarkable as having been built, and with a sepulchre, after the original at Jerusalem by a burgomaster of Görlitz, who travelled twice to Jerusalem, in 1465 and in 1476, to procure the necessary plans and measurements for the work. There is a singularity about the sepulchre: it is always either too long or too short for any corpse that may be brought to it, and yet appears large enough for a Hercules.

The town possesses two good libraries, each containing about twenty thousand volumes. In the *Rathsbibliothek* you may see rare manuscripts, among them the *Sachsen-spiegel*; and a book which purports to have been printed before the invention of printing, bearing date 1400! The other library belongs to the Society for the Promotion of Science, who have besides a good collection of maps, fossils, minerals, and philosophical instruments.

Perhaps here in England writers and scholars in provincial towns will some day be able to resort to libraries and museums as easily as in the small towns of Germany. Many an English student would be thankful to find in his native town even one such library as those at Görlitz.

The train from Breslau kept good time. It dropped me at Loebau, where there is a church in which service is performed in the Wendish tongue. From hence a branch line runs to Zittau. I stopped half way at Herrnhut, the head-quarters of the Moravians: a place I had long wished to see.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Head-Quarters of the Moravians—Good Buildings—Quiet, Cleanliness, and Order—A Gottesdienst—The Church—Simplicity—The Ribbons—A Requiem—The Service—God's-Field—The Tombs—Suggestive Inscriptions—Tombs of the Zinzendorfs—The Pavilion—The Panorama—The Herrnhuters' Work—An Informing Guide—No Merry Voices—The Heinrichsberg—Pretty Grounds—The First Tree—An Old Wife's Gossip—Evening Service—A Contrast—The Sisters' House—A Stroll at Sunset—The Night Watch.

I HAD seen the Moravian colony at Zeist near Utrecht, and was prepared for a similar order of things at Herrnhut. A short distance from the station along the high road to Zittau, and you come to a well-built, quiet street, rising up a gentle ascent, where, strange sight in Saxony, the footways are paved with broad stone slabs. Farther on you come to a broad opening, where two other main streets run off, and here the inn, *Gemeinlogis*, and the principal buildings are situate, all substantially built of brick. Everywhere the same quietness, neatness, and cleanliness, the same good paving, set off in places by rows and groups of trees, and hornbeam hedges.

The innkeeper—or steward as he may be called, for he is a paid servant of the brotherhood—told me there would be a *Gottesdienst* (God's service) at three o'clock, and suggested my occupying the interval with the

newspapers that lay on the table. There was the *Görlitzer Anzeiger*, published three times a week, Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, four good quarto pages, for fifteen pence a quarter; and equally cheap the *Zittauische Wochentliche Nachrichten*. But I preferred a stroll through the village and into the spacious gardens, which, teeming with fruit, flowers, and vegetables, stretch away to the south, and unite with the pleasure-walks in the bordering wood.

At three I went to the church. Outside no pains have been taken to give it an ecclesiastical look; inside it contains a spacious hall, large enough to contain the whole community, with a gallery at each end, and on the floor two divisions of open seats made of unpainted fir placed opposite a dais along the wall. Whatever is painted is white—white walls, white panelling, white curtains to the windows, and a white organ. Something Quaker-like in appearance and arrangement. But when a number of women came in together wearing coloured cap-ribbons, passing broad and full under the chin, a lively contrast was opposed to the prevailing sobriety of aspect. The colours denote age and condition. The unmarried sisters put on cherry-red at sixteen, and change it after eighteen for pink. The married wear dark blue, and the widows white. Many a pretty, beaming face was there among them, yet sedate withal.

The choir assembled on each side of a piano placed in the opening between the benches, for the organ was undergoing a course of repair. No practical jokes among them, as in the cathedral on the Hradschin; but all sedate too. Presently came in from the door on the left five dignified-looking sisters, and took their seats

on one half of the dais; then seven brethren, among whom a bishop or two, from the door on the right, to the other half; and their leader, a tall man of handsome, intelligent countenance, to the central seat at the desk.

The service was in commemoration of a sister whom in the morning the congregation had followed to her resting-place in the *Gottesacker* (God's acre). The choir stood up, all besides remaining seated, and sang a requiem, and sang it well; for the Moravians, wiser than the Quakers, do not cheat their hearts and souls of music. A hymn followed, in which the whole assembly joined, the several voices according to their part, till one great solemn harmony filled the building. Then the preacher at the desk, still sitting, began an exhortation, in which a testimony concerning the deceased was interwoven with simple Gospel truth. His word and manner were alike impressive; no passion, no whining. Rarely have I heard such ready, graceful eloquence, combined with a clear and ringing voice. He ended suddenly: a hymn was sung, at the last two lines of which every one stood up, and with a few words of prayer the service was closed. It had lasted an hour. The congregation, which numbered about three hundred, dispersed quietly, the children walking as sedately as their parents.

All the roads leading out of Herrnhut are pleasant avenues of trees—limes, oaks, beech, and birch. A short distance along the one leading to Berthelsdorf you come to a wooden arch bearing the inscription, "Christ is risen from the dead." It is the entrance to *God's field*; and if you turn on entering, you will see written on the inside of the arch, "And become the firstling

of them that slept." The ground slopes gently upwards to the brow of the *Hutberg*, divided into square compartments by broad paths and clipped limes. Within these compartments are the graves; no mounds; nothing but rows of thick stone slabs, each about two feet in length, by one and a half in width, lying on the grass. All alike; no one honoured above the rest, except in some instances by a brief phrase in addition to the name, age, and birthplace. The first at the corner has been renewed, that a record of an interesting incident in the history of the place may not be lost. The inscription reads: *Christian David, the Lord's servant, born the 31st December, 1690, at Senfleben in Moravia. Went home the 3rd February, 1751.*

A carpenter: he felled the first tree for the building of Herrnhut, the 17th June, 1722.

Went home and fell asleep are favourite expressions occurring on many of the stones. *A member of the Conference of Elders* is a frequent memorial on the oldest slabs, numbers of which are blackened, and spotted with moss by age. There are two counts and not a few bishops among the departed, but the same plain slab suffices for all. The separation of the sexes is preserved even after death, some of the compartments being reserved exclusively for women. As you read the names of birthplaces, in lands remote, from all parts of Europe and oversea, the West Indies and Labrador, you will perhaps think that weary pilgrims have journeyed from far to find rest for their souls in peaceful Herrnhut.

There is, however, one marked exception to the rule of uniformity as regards the slabs. It is in favour of

Count Zinzendorf and his wife and immediate relatives—a family deservedly held in high respect by the Brethren. Eight monumental tombs, placed side by side across the central path, perpetuate the names of the noble benefactors. Of the count himself it is recorded: *He was appointed to bear fruit, and a fruit that yet remains.*

On the summit of the hill, beyond the hedge of the burial-ground, a wooden pavilion is built with a circular gallery, from whence you get a fine panoramic view of the surrounding country. The innkeeper had given me the key, and I loitered away an hour looking out on the prospect. Now you see the *Gottesacker*, with its fifteen formal clipped squares, some yet untenanted, and room for enlargement; the red roofs and white walls of the village; and beyond, the fir-topped *Heinrichsberg*, and planted slopes which beautify the farther end of the place. Berthelsdorf, the seat of the *Unität*, stands pleasantly embowered at the foot of the eastern slope. You see miles of road, two or three windmills, and umbrageous green lines thinning off in the distance, the trees all planted by the Herrnhuters; and the fields, orchards, and plantations that fill all the space between, testify to the diligent husbandry of the Brethren.

Every place and prominent object within sight is indicated by a red line notched into the top rail of the balustrade, so that, while sauntering slowly round, you can read the name of any spire or distant peak that catches your eye. The summits are numerous, for hills rise on every side; among them you discover the Landskrone by Görlitz, and the crown of the *Tafelfichte* in the *Isergebirge*, the only one of the mountains within sight.

It is a view that will give you a cheerful impression of Saxony.

The doorkeeper of the church had noticed a stranger, and came up for a talk. I asked him how much of what lay beneath our eyes belonged to the Brethren. "About two hundred acres," he answered, pointing all round, and to an isolated estate away in the direction of Zittau; "enough for comfort and prosperity." Once started, he proved himself no niggard of information. To give the substance of his words: "I like the place very well," he said, "and don't know of any discontent; though we have at times to lament that a brother falls away from us back into the worldly ways. Each fulfils his duty. We are none of us idle. We have weavers, shoemakers, harness-makers, copper-smiths, goldsmiths, workers in iron, lithographers, and artists; indeed, all useful trades; and our workmanship and manufactures are held in good repute. I am a cabinet-maker, and keep eight journeymen always at work. Each one from the age of eighteen to sixty takes his turn in the night-watch; and, night and day, the place is always as quiet as you see it now. You don't hear the voices of children at play, because children are never left to themselves. Whether playing or walking, they are always under the eye of an adult, as when in school. We do not think it right to leave them unwatched. We have service three times every Sunday, and at seven o'clock every evening; besides certain festivals, and a memorial service like that of this afternoon. The preacher you heard is considered a good one: his salary is four hundred dollars a year."

He interrupted his talk by an invitation to go and

see the grounds of the *Heinrichsberg*. As we walked along the street, I could not fail again to remark the absence of sounds which generally inspire pleasure. No merry laughter, accompanied by hearty shouts and quick foot-tramp of boys at play. No running hither and thither at hide-and-seek; no trundling of hoops; no laughing girls with battledore and shuttlecock. I saw but two children, apparently brother and sister, and they were walking as soberly as bishops. I should like to know whether such a repressive system does really answer the purpose intended; for I could not help questioning, in Goldsmith's words, whether the virtue that requires so constant a guard be worth the expense of the sentinel.

The *Heinrichsberg* is behind the *Bruderhaus* and the street leading to Zittau. Here the fir forest, which once covered the whole hill, has been cut down, and replaced by plantations of beech, birch, hazel, and other leafy trees, and paths are led in many directions along the precipitous slopes, by which you approach a pavilion erected on the commanding point, as at the *Gottesacker*. The situation is romantic, overhanging the brown cliffs of a stone quarry, with a view into a deep wooded valley, spanned by the lofty railway viaduct. Here the Brethren have shown themselves wise in their generation, and, working with skilful hand, and eye of taste, have made the most of natural resources, and fashioned a resort especially delightful in the sultry days of summer.

When my communicative guide left me to attend to his duties, I strolled up the Zittau road to the place where, in a small opening by the wayside, stands a

square stone monument, on which an inscription records an interesting historical incident:

*On the 17th June, 1772, was
on this place for the building
of Herrnhut the first tree felled.*

Ps. lxxxiv. 4.

It was cool there in the shade; and sitting down on a seat overhung by the trees, I fell into a reverie about things that had befallen since Christian David's axe wrought here to such good purpose. At that time all was dreary forest; no house nearer than Berthelsdorf, and little could the poverty-stricken refugees have foreseen such a result of their struggle as Herrnhut in its present condition. All at once I was interrupted by an elderly woman, who, returning to her village, sought a rest on the plinth of the monument, and proved herself singularly talkative. Perhaps she owed the Brethren a grudge, for she wound up with: "Nice people, them, sir, in Herrnhut; but they know how to get the money, sir."

About two hundred persons, mostly youthful, were present at the evening service. The dais was occupied as before, but by a lesser number. The preacher, the same eloquent man, gave an exposition of a portion of the *Epistle to the Romans*, elucidating the Apostle's meaning in obscure passages, which lasted half an hour. He then pronounced a brief benediction, and delivered the first line of a hymn, which was sung by all present, and, as in the afternoon, only at the last two lines did any one stand up.

I was deeply impressed by the contrast between the

two services here in the unadorned edifice, and what I witnessed at Prague. Here no ancient prejudice, or ancient dirt, or slovenly ritual, as in the synagogue; but the outpouring of hope and faith from devout and cheerful hearts. Here no showy ceremonial; no swinging of censers, or kissing of pictures, or endless bowings and kneelings, or any of those mechanical observances in which the worshipper too often forgets that it has been given to him to be his own priest, and with full and solemn responsibility for neglect of duty.

The service over, I went and asked permission to look over the Sisters' House: I had seen the Brothers' House at Zeist. It was past the hour for the admission of strangers; but the stewardess, as a special favour, conducted me from floor to floor, where long passages give access on either side to small sitting-rooms, workrooms, and one great bedroom; all scrupulously clean and comfortably furnished. The walls are white; but any sister is at liberty to have her own room papered at her own cost. I saw the chapel in which the inmates assemble for morning and evening thanksgiving;—the refectory where they all eat together;—the kitchen, pervaded by a savoury smell of supper;—and the ware-room in which are kept the gloves, caps, cuffs, and all sorts of devices in needlework produced by the diligent fingers of the sisters. There were some neither too bulky nor too heavy for my knapsack, and of these I bought a few for sedate friends in England.

The unmarried sisters, as the unmarried brothers, dwell in a house apart; and as they eat together, and purchase all articles of consumption in gross, the cost to each is but small. Two persons are placed in authority

over each house; one to care for the spiritual, the other for the economical welfare of the inmates. There are, besides, separate houses for widowers and widows.

As the sun went down I strolled once more to the *Gottesacker* and dreamt away a twilight hour on the gallery of the pavilion. As the golden radiance vanished from off the face of the landscape, and the stillness became yet more profound, I thought that many a heart weary of battling with the world might find in the *Work and Worship* of Herrnhut a relief from despair, and a new ground for hopefulness.

When I went back to the inn I found half a dozen grave-looking Brethren smoking a quiet pipe over a tankard of beer. We had some genial talk together while I ate my supper; but as ten o'clock approached they all withdrew. The doors were then fastened; and not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night. The watchers began their nightly duty; but they utter no cry as they go their rounds, leading a fierce dog by a thong, while three or four other dogs run at liberty. Should their aid be required in any house from sickness or other causes, a signal is given by candles placed in the window.

CHAPTER XXIX.

About Herrnhut—Persecutions in Moravia—A Wandering Carpenter—Good Tidings—Fugitives—Squatters on the Hutberg—Count Zinzendorf's Steward—The First Tree—The First House—Scoffers—Origin of the Name—More Fugitives—Foundation of the Union—Struggles and Encouragements—Buildings—Social Regulations—Growth of Trade—War and Visitors—Dürninger's Enterprise—Population—Schools—Settlements—Missions—Life at Herrnhut—Recreations—Festivals—Incidents of War—March of Troops—Praise and Thank-Feasts.

WHILE I sat by the monument of the first tree, and lingered in the glow of sunset at the pavilion, a desire came upon me to know something more of the history of Herrnhut. I partly gratify it in the present chapter.

When the sanguinary Hussite wars ended in the triumph of the Jesuits, there remained in Bohemia and Moravia numbers of godly-minded Protestants, who, as the oppressor grew in strength, were forbidden the free exercise of their religion. They worshipped by stealth, hiding in caves and thickets, and suffered frightful persecution; but remained steadfast, and formed a union among themselves for mutual succour, and became the United Brethren. Their chief settlements were at Fulnek, in Moravia, and Lititz, in Bohemia. Though professing the principles of the earliest Christian church, many of them embraced the doctrines of Luther and Calvin, whereby they subjected themselves to ag-

gravated persecutions; and cruelly were they smitten by the calamities of the Thirty Years' War.

About 1710 a Roman Catholic carpenter set out from the little Moravian village, Senfleben, to fulfil his three "wander-years," and gain experience in his trade. While working at Berlin, he frequented the Evangelical Lutheran church; and afterwards at Görlitz the impression made on his mind by a Lutheran preacher was such that he went back to his home a Protestant. He was a bringer of good tidings to some of his relatives who were among the persecuted. He could tell them of a kingdom beyond the frontier where they might worship unmolested; of a youthful Count Zinzendorf, who had large estates in the hill-country of Saxony, and was already known as a benefactor to such as suffered for conscience' sake.

It was on Whit-Monday, 1722, that Christian David—so the carpenter was named—brought the news. Three days later, two families, numbering ten persons, abandoned their homes, and under David's guidance came safely to Görlitz, after a nine days' journey. On the 8th of June the four men travelled to Hennersdorf, the residence of Zinzendorf's grandmother, who placed them under charge of the land-steward, with instructions that houses should be built for them. But as the steward wrote to his master, "the good people seek for the present a place only under which they may creep with wife and children, until houses be set up." After much consideration, it was resolved to build on the *Hutberg* a hill traversed by the road from Loebau to Zittau—then a miserable track, in which vehicles sank to their axles. "God will help," replied the steward to one of

his friends, who doubted the finding of water on the spot; and on the two following mornings he rose before the sun and went upon the hill to observe the mists. What he saw led him to believe in the existence of a spring; whereupon he took courage, and, as he tells the Count, "I laid the miseries and desires of these people before the Lord with hot tears, and besought Him that His hand might be with me, and prevent wherein my intentions were displeasing to Him. Further I said, On this place will I build the first house for them in thy name."

A temporary residence was found for the fugitives; the benevolent grandmother gave a cow that the children might have milk; and on June 17th, as already mentioned, the first tree was felled by Christian David. On the 11th of August the house was erected; the preacher at Berthelsdorf took occasion to refer to it as "a light set on the hill to enlighten the whole land;" and in October it was taken possession of with prayer and thanksgiving, the exiles singing from their hearts—

"Jerusalem! God's city thou."

The steward, writing about this time to inform the Count of his proceedings, says: "May God bless the work according to His goodness, and procure that your excellency may build on the hill called the *Hutberg* a city which not only may stand under the *Herrn Hut* (Lord's protection), but all dwellers upon the *Lord's watch*, so that day and night there be no silence among them." Here we have the origin of the name of the place.

Meanwhile, the neighbourhood laughed and joked

about the building of a house in so lonely a spot, where it must soon perish; and still more when the digging for the spring was commenced. The land-steward had much ado to keep the labourers to their work. Fourteen days did they dig in vain; but in the third week they came to moist gravel, and soon water streamed forth in superabundance.

On December 21st the Count arrived with his newly-married wife, and was surprised at sight of a house in a place which he had left a forest. He went in; spoke words of comfort to the inmates, and falling on his knees, prayed earnestly for protection.

In the next year, Christian David journeyed twice into Moravia. The priests, angered at the departure of the first party, had worried their relatives, and forbade them to emigrate under penalty of imprisonment. Would not let them live in peace at home, nor let them go. Aided, however, by the messenger, twenty-six persons forsook their little possessions, their all, and stole away by night. "Goods left behind," says the historian, "but faith in their Father in the heart." They reached the asylum, where, by the spring of 1724, five new houses were ready to receive them.

In this year came other fugitives, experienced in the church discipline of the old Moravian Brethren; and as the number yet increased, they besought the Count to institute the same constitution and discipline in Herrnhut. But differences of opinion arose, and for three years the harmony and permanence of the colony were seriously endangered. The Count, however, was not a man to shrink from a good work; he was remarkable for his power of influencing minds; and on the 12th of May,

1727, after a three hours' discourse, he succeeded in reconciling all differences, and the Reformed Evangelical United Brotherhood of the Augsburg Confession was established. This day, as well as the 13th of August of the same year, when the whole community renewed and confirmed their union in the church at Berthelsdorf, are days never to be forgotten by the Brethren.

The success of Herrnhut was now secure. The number of residents had increased to three hundred, of whom one half were fugitives from Moravia. But they had still to endure privation; for they had abandoned all their worldly substance, and trade and tillage advanced but slowly: in the first six months, all that the two cutlers took from the passers-by was but two groschen: a lean twopence. Friedrich von Watteville, however, a much-beloved friend of the Count's, took a room in one of the houses that he might live among the struggling people, and help them in their endeavours.

Of the thirty-four small wooden houses which then stood on both sides of the Zittau road not one now remains. In their place large and handsome houses of brick have risen, which, though the place be but a village, give it the appearance of a city. Besides those which have been mentioned, there are the *Herrschaftshaus*, the *Vogtshof*—a somewhat palatial edifice—the *Gemeinhaus*, the *Apotheke*, the *Pilgerhaus*, and others. An ample supply of water is brought in by wooden pipes, and two engines and eight cisterns in different quarters are always ready against fire. There are covered stalls for the sale of meat and vegetables; a common wash-house and wood-yard, and a dead-house, all under the charge and inspection of a *Platzaufseher*—an overseer

who most undoubtedly does his duty. If ædiles in other places would only take a lesson from him, their constituents would have reason to be proud and grateful. An almoner is appointed to succour indigent strangers. In 1852 he relieved 3668 tramping journeymen.

Year by year the Herrnhuters improved in circumstances, though often at hard strife with penury. However, they preferred hunger, with freedom of conscience, to the tender mercies of the Jesuits at Olmutz. The weavers of Bernstadt sent them wool to spin. In 1742 an order for shoes for the army was regarded as a special favour of Providence. The Seven Years' War, that brought misery to so many places, worked favourably for Herrnhut. In one day a hundred officers visited the place. Prince Henry of Prussia came and made large purchases, for the work of the shoemakers and tailors, not being made merely to sell, was much prized; and it sometimes happened that from 1500 to 2000 dollars were taken in one day. Austrians and Prussians—fierce foes—rode in alternately to buy; and while Herrnhut flourished, many erroneous notions which had prevailed concerning it were removed by what the visitors saw of the simple life and manners of the Brethren.

To Abraham Dürninger, who established a manufacture of linen cloths, and whose skill and enterprise as a merchant were only matched by his ceaseless activity, the colony owed the mainstay of its commercial prosperity. Brother Dürninger's linen and woven goods were largely exported, particularly to Spain, South America, and the West Indies, and esteemed above all others in the market for the excellence of their quality.

The trade has since fallen off, but not the reputation, as gold and silver medals awarded to the Herrnhuters by the governments of Prussia and Saxony for honest workmanship amply testify.

In 1760, notwithstanding that many colonies and missions had been sent out, the population numbered 1200. This was the highest. The number remained stationary until the end of the century; since then it has slowly decreased, owing, as is said, to the decline of trade. In 1852 it was 925. No new buildings have been erected since 1805, so that Herrnhut has the appearance of a place completely finished. The streets were paved, and flagged footways laid down, eighty years ago; and since 1810 all the roads leading from the village have been planted and kept in good condition.

Well-managed elementary schools supply all that is needful for ordinary education. Pupils who exhibit capabilities for higher training are sent to the *Pedagogium* at Nisky, a village built by Bohemian refugees near Görlitz. Theological students are trained at the seminary in Gnadenfeld, in the principality of Oppeln; and those for the missions at Klein Welke, a village near Budissin, established as a dwelling-place for converts from among the Wends.

Fifty-seven Moravian settlements and societies in different parts of the continent of Europe—Russia, Sweden, Holland, Germany, some founded by emigrants from Herrnhut, and all taking it for their pattern, mark the growth of the principles advocated by the Brethren. In England they have eleven settlements, among which Fulneck, in Yorkshire, renews the name

of the old Moravian village; and Ockbrook, in Derbyshire, is the seat of the conference which directs the affairs of the British settlements, but always with responsibility to the Conference of Elders at Berthelsdorf. Scotland has one community—at Ayr; and Ireland seven. At the last reckoning, in 1848, the number of real members, exclusive of the societies, was 16,000.

Besides these, there are seventy foreign missions, the duties of which are fulfilled by 297 Brethren. The number of persons belonging to the several missions is 70,000. That in North America was commenced in 1734; Greenland, 1733; Labrador, 1770. The others are in the West Indies, Musquito territory, Surinam, South Africa, and Australia. At the instance of Dr. Gutzlaff, who visited Herrnhut in 1850, two missionaries have been sent to Mongolia.*

Although life at Herrnhut may appear tame and joyless to an ordinary observer, it is not so to the Herrnhuters. A lasting source of pleasure to them are the cheerful situation of the place itself, and the delightful walks fashioned and planted by their own hands. Lectures, the study of foreign languages, and of natural history, and music, are among their permanent recreations. They excel in harmony, and find, as their celebrations partake more or less of a religious character, in the singing of oratorios, choruses, and hymns, an animating and elevating resource. They observe the anniversary of the foundation of Herrnhut, and of all other important incidents of its history, and thus have nume-

* According to the Report for 1851, the latest I have been able to get, the contributions received for missions in that year amounted to 86,221 dollars; the expenditure to 83,419 dollars.

rous festival days. In some instances, instrumental music, decorations of fir-branches, and an illumination; heighten the effect.

Betrothals are times of gladness; baptism and marriage of solemn joy. Weddings always take place in the evening; and in the evening also are held, once in four weeks, the celebrations of the Lord's Supper. On these occasions the whole community are present. Three or four brothers who have received ordination, wearing white gowns, break the thin cakes of unleavened bread and distribute to the assembly, and when the last is served all eat together. The cup is then blessed and passed in order from seat to seat.

On certain festive occasions love-feasts are held, after the manner of the *Agapæ* of the earliest Christian churches. At these gatherings, which are intended to show the family ties which unite the members of the community with the spiritual head of the church, suitable discourse is held, hymns are sung; and cakes and tea—with at times wine and coffee—are partaken of.

The Easter-morning celebration is especially remarkable. On that morning the whole brotherhood assemble before sunrise in the church, should the weather prove unfavourable; if fine, in the open air. Then they walk two by two, the trumpets sounding before them, to the hill of the *Gottesacker*, to watch from thence the rising of the sun. Arrived on the height, they form into a great square: the prayers and praises of the Easter-morning liturgy are then prayed and sung; meanwhile the sun appears above the dim and distant horizon; a spectacle in which the beholders see a foretoken of that

glorious resurrection where, in the words of a brother, "the grave is not, nor death." Then the names of those who died during the past year are read, and with affectionate remembrances of them the celebration closes.

The service on New Year's Eve is so numerously attended from all the neighbourhood round, that the church will hardly contain the throng. At half-past eleven a discourse is begun, in which the events of the year about to close are passed in review, with other subjects appropriate to the time, until, as the clock strikes twelve, the trumpet choir sound hail! to the new year. Then the verse

"Now all give thanks to God"

is sung, and with a prayer the service ends.

Burials are characterized by a simplicity worthy of all imitation; in striking contrast to the vain and oft-times ludicrous proceedings, by which folk in some other places think they do honour to the dead. The Brethren assemble—wearing no kind of mourning except in their hearts—in the church, where a short discourse is delivered, and a narrative of the deceased's life is read. The procession is then formed, preceded by the trumpet-band, who blow sacred melodies; and the corpse is carried on a bright-coloured bier, covered with a striped pall, by four brothers, dressed in their usual clothes. The nearest relatives follow, and behind them the community, according to kin. They form a circle round the grave and sing a hymn, accompanied by the trumpets, during which the coffin is lowered. The burial service is then read, and the simple rite concludes with a benediction.

Not least interesting among the annals of Herrnhut are incidents arising out of the wars which have afflicted Germany since the place was founded. All day the Brethren heard the roar of cannon when Frederick won his great victory at Lowositz; and a few days later, forty-eight of them had to keep watch against an apprehended foray of Trenck's wild Pandours. In 1757, General Zastrow quartered suddenly four thousand men upon them spitefully, and in defiance of a royal order to the contrary, keeping the peaceful folk in alarm all night; but the troops were withdrawn in the morning, and an indemnity was paid for the mischief they had committed. At times, long trains of men, horses, and artillery would pass through without intermission for a whole day—now Prussians, now Austrians, now heathen Croats. In the same year three thousand officers visited the place, among whom, during three weeks of the summer, were thirty-four princes, seventy-eight counts, and one hundred and forty-six nobles of other degree. Numbers of them attended the religious services of the Brethren. The Abbé Victor was one of the visitors, and on his return to Russia he said so much in praise of the Herrnhuters, that the emperor gave him permission to establish the colony of Sarepta in Southern Russia, which still exists.

In 1766 came the Emperor Joseph II., and by his pleasing manners and friendly inquiries made a "lasting impression" on the minds of the Brethren. In October, 1804, Francis I.—the Franzl of the Tyrolese—with his wife. In 1810, Gustaf Adolf IV. of Sweden, who expressed a wish to become a member. In 1813 the Emperor Alexander came as a visitor, and examined all

things carefully; and it is recorded of him that while the children sang he stood among them bareheaded. He was followed by three of the famous marshals—Kellermann, Victor, and Macdonald.

This was a terrible year. With the retreat from Moscow came train on train of wounded Saxons on the way to Dresden. Requisition on requisition was made for linen and provisions; and one day, when no more wagons were left, the Brethren had to supply two hundred wheelbarrow-loads of rations. Night after night they saw the lurid glow of fires, for seventy-one places were burnt in the circles of Bautzen and Görlitz. Then came Cossacks, Calmucks, and squadrons of savage Bashkirs, armed with bows and arrows. Then Poniatowsky with his Poles, and Saxon Uhlans; and a review was held in a meadow behind the *Schwesternhaus*, and the sisters made hundreds of little pennons for the Polish lances.

In August, Napoleon was at Zittau. Daily skirmishes took place among Prussians, Poles, and Russians, for possession of the *Hutberg*—the best look-out for miles around. In September, Blucher came with Gneisenau and Prince Wilhelm, and had the Prussian head-quarters here for five days.

On the whole, Herrnhut suffered but little in comparison with other places; yet the Brethren were not slow to rejoice for the evacuation of Germany by the enemy, and the restoration of peace. "Praise and Thank-feasts" were held, with illuminations and fireworks; some of the fires being green and white, to represent the national colours of Saxony.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Word with the Reader—From Herrnhut to Dresden—A Gloomy City—The Summer Theatre—Trip to the Saxon Switzerland—Wehlen—Uttewalde Grund—The Bastei—Hochstein—The Devil's Kettle—The Wolfsschlucht—The Polenzthal—Schandau—The Kuhstall—Great Winterberg—The Prebischthor—Herniskretschen—Return to Dresden—To Berlin—English and German Railways—The Royal Marriage Question—Speaking English—A Dreary City—Sunday in Berlin—Kroll's Garden—Magdeburg—Wittenberg—Hamburg—A-top of St. Michael's—A Walk to Altona—A Ride to Horn—A North Sea Voyage—Narrow Escape—Harness and Holidays.

I FEAR, good-natured reader, that you will find this chapter too much like a catalogue. I am, however, admonished by the number of my pages that a swift conclusion is desirable. Moreover, my publisher—an amiable man in most respects—is apt to be dogmatic on questions of paper and print, fancying that he knows best, so I have no alternative but to humour him; and, after all, you will perhaps say that it is well to get over the ground as fast as possible when one comes again upon much-beaten tracks.

From Herrnhut I travelled by rail to Dresden—Pianopolis as some residents call it. Taken as a whole, it is a singularly heavy-looking and gloomy city: some of the principal streets reminded me of back-streets in Oxford. I saw the picture-gallery and the great library;

and desirous to see what our forefathers used to see at the Globe—a play acted by daylight in a roofless play-house—I went to the summer theatre in the *Grossen Garten*. It is an agreeable pastime in fine weather, for you can see green tree-tops all round above the walls, and feel the breeze, and enjoy your tankard of *Waldschloess*—that excellent Dresden beer—while looking at the performance. A clever actress from Berlin made her first appearance; she played in the two pieces, and by her vivacity made amends for the miserable music, which was unworthy of Pianopolis, and of the leader's intense laboriousness in beating time.

I should like to take you with me in my walk through the Saxon Switzerland; but can only glance thereat for reasons already shown. If you have read Sir John Forbes's picturesque description of that romantic country published last year in his *Sight-Seeing in Germany*, you will not want another. I may, however, tell you, that you may visit all the most remarkable places in two days. Leave Dresden by steamer at six in the morning; disembark at Wehlen, walk from thence through the *Uttewalde Grund* to the *Bastei*, where, from the summit of a bastion rock springing from the Elbe, you have a magnificent view, with enough of water in it. You will see numerous specimens of those flat-topped hills, resembling the bases of mighty columns, such as we saw from the *Milleschauer*, and crag on crag, ridge on ridge, the gray stone shaded by forest for miles around. You will perceive Adersbach on a great scale; the same sort of sandstone split up in all directions, but the precipitous masses wide apart, isolated, and with glens and vales between all, glad with foliage and running water, instead of crevices and alleys.

From the *Bastei* you plunge down the zigzags among the crags to the *Amselgrund*, past the waterfall, and by wild ways to the *Teufelsbruch* and the *Hochstein*, an isolated crag, from which you look down into the Devil's Kettle, 350 feet deep. Then down through the *Wolfschlucht*, a crevice in the cliff, which, where you descend by ladders, looks very much like a wolf's-gully. It brings you into the *Polenzthal*, where on the grassy margin of a trout stream, beneath the shade of birches, precipitous cliffs towering high aloft, something grand and beautiful at every bend, you will believe it the loveliest scene of all. Then up the *Brand*—another out-look, and from thence down to Schandau, where you pass the night.

On the second day, walk up the *Kirnitschthal* to the *Kuhstall*, a broad arch in a honeycombed rock on the top of a hill; from thence to the Little Winterberg and Great Winterberg, the latter more than 1700 feet high—the highest point of the district, commanding a grand prospect over hill and hollow, crag and forest. While gazing around in admiration, you will perhaps wish that the old name—Meissner Highlands—had not been changed, for there is but little of the real Switzerland in the view.

Then on to the *Prebischthor*, crossing the frontier on the way into Bohemia at a lonely spot, uninfested as yet by guards or barrier. The *Prebischthor* is a huge arch, more than a hundred feet high, also on a hill-top, 1300 feet above the sea. Two mighty columns support a massive block, a hundred feet in length, forming a marvellous specimen of natural architecture. You can walk under and around its base, and look at the landscape through the opening, or mount to the summit and

look down sheer eight hundred feet into the *Prebischgrund*. Here, as everywhere else, you find an inn, good beer, and musicians, a throng of tourists, and an album filled with names, and rhyming attempts at wit and sentiment.

From the *Prebischthor* you descend by the valley of the Kamnitz to Herniskretschen, a village built on a narrow level between tall frowning cliffs and the Elbe. I arrived here in time for the steamer at two o'clock, by which I returned to Dresden. I had seen the Saxon Switzerland from all the best points of view, and saw all the romantic course of the river, except the eight miles from Tetschen to Herniskretschen. A pleasanter two days' trip could not well be imagined. Once at Wehlen, the places to be visited are but from three to four miles apart; the way from one to the other is easy to find, and there is constant diversity of scenery, to say nothing of the talkative groups of Germans with whom you may join fellowship. But, in truth, it is a region to loiter in, and you will wish that weeks were yours instead of scanty days.

Soon after noon of the next day I was in Berlin. Travel the same route, and you will no longer wonder at the rapturous excitement of the Germans in the *Riesengebirge*. The country is one great plain—little fields, marshes, sluggish streams, ponds covered with water-lilies, windmills and sandy wastes sprinkled with a few trees that look miserable at having to grow in such a dreary land. Here and there a winding road—a mere deep-rutted track—winds across the landscape, making it look, if possible, still more melancholy. Look out when you will, you see the same monotonous features.

In our own happy country you would have the additional sorrow of an uncomfortable carriage. To know what outrageous inflictions can be perpetrated by railway monopoly, and endured by your long-suffering countrymen, just ride for once from London to Lowestoft in an Eastern Counties third-class carriage—you will have more than enough of North German scenery and of English discomfort, but without the compensations of German beer and German coffee. Or vary your experiences by a journey to Winchester in a second-class on the South-Western line, and try to enjoy the landscape through the wooden shutter which the Company give you for a window. Go to Euston-square—anywhere in fact—and you find that the passenger with most money in his pocket is the one most cared for. Even the Great Western and South-Eastern Companies, who have outgrown the short-sighted habit of building dungeons and calling them carriages—even these mighty monopolists condemn their second-class passengers to a wooden seat.

But on the line from Dresden to Berlin the third-class carriages are far more commodious than any second-class I have ever seen in England—except two or three at the Great Exhibition, which, perhaps, were meant only for show. The seats are broad, hollowed, and not flat, and with space enough between for the comfortable placing of your legs. The roof is lofty. You can stand upright with your hat on. At either end a broad shelf is fixed for small packages and light luggage; and more than all, the same civility and attention are extended by all the functionaries to third-class passengers as to the first. We brag of our liberty, and not without reason; but let

us remember that the foreigner, though afflicted with passports, travels at less cost and with more comfort than we do.

Here, too, my fellow-passengers made merry over the "*Palmerston gehänget*" story; and many questions had I to answer concerning the coming marriage of the Prussian Prince and English Princess. I gave the same reply as to the Dresdener in the palace at Fischbach. One of the company, who told us he was a professor of literature at Berlin, inclined to be saucy. It was all a mistake to suppose that there was one jot more liberty in England than in Prussia. He could speak English, and knew all about it. Unluckily, by way of proving how well he could speak English, he said we should arrive at "Twelve past half;" whereupon I set the others laughing to take the conceit out of him. He relapsed into German, and looked so unhappy, that, by way of consolation, I told him of a countryman of his in England who went to keep an appointment at "clock five."

Berlin is a dreary, malodorous city, or rather an enormous village beginning to try to be a city; and fortunate in being the residence of men of taste and real artists who know what architecture and sculpture ought to be, as demonstrated by the improvements and embellishments around the palace and in the approach to that fine street *Unter den Linden*. You can hire a droschky to take you anywhere within the walls for fivepence; but be patient, for whether droschky or omnibus, the pace is as slow as if the drivers had to work for nothing. *Pour le roi de Prusse*, as the French say.

Many a portrait of the English Princess Royal, along

with that of her future consort, did I see in the print-sellers' windows; and on the morrow I saw how the Berliners pass their Sunday: not with shops open all the day as in Paris, but with much beer, music, and tobacco in the environs. I was simple enough to walk out to the Zoological Garden—a few pens very widely scattered in a neglected forest plantation, containing specimens of swine, poultry, goats, and kine, all made as much of as if they were in Little Pedlington. From thence I walked out to Charlottenburg, notwithstanding the offensive drains which border the road the whole distance, and saw the tasteful mausoleum in the palace grounds, and the lazy carp in the big pond. The Opera House was open in the evening with *Satanella*, a “fantastic ballet,” in three acts; and crowds made their way out to Kroll's Garden—the Cremorne of Berlin—where a play was acted in the theatre, and two orchestras outside kept up a constant succession of lively music: one striking up as the other ended. The number of tall people among the throng was remarkable, and not less so the rapidity with which beer and coffee, cakes and cutlets, were consumed. The numerous troop of waiters had not an idle moment.

I wished to see the place where the most terrible tragedy of the Thirty Years' War had been acted—where Tilly and Pappenheim—Bloodthirsty and Fero-cious—sacked a flourishing city just as the foremost of the Swedish horse, commanded by Gustavus the Aven-ger, came within sight of its walls. So I journeyed to Magdeburg: always the same great plain on either side; but hereabouts fertile, and among the best of the corn-land of Europe. The early train travels quickly:

it accomplished the distance in a little more than three hours.

I went directly to the cathedral, and, after a view of its noble interior, mounted to the gallery, which runs all round the top without a break. I stayed up there two hours pacing slowly round, surveying the busy town, the bustle of boats and barges on the Elbe, the citadel, the long line of fortification, and thinking over the history of the terrible siege. Besides the cathedral, the town contains but little to repay an exploration, and the people generally have a shabby look, as I proved by experiment, so I walked up the river bank to one of the suburban pleasure-gardens till the hour of departure approached. At five in the afternoon—away by train for Hamburg. Always the same great plain, heaved here and there into gentle swells. We slept at Wittenberg, and were off again the next morning long before the dew was dry. The plain abates somewhat of its monotony in Mecklenburg, and breaks into low hills with green valleys and pleasant woods between; and here, instead of groschen and dollars, we found schillings and marks—schillings worth a penny apiece. Shortly before eleven our long journey ended.

I went to the steam-boat office; took a place for London; asked one of the clerks which was the tallest church in Hamburg; left my knapsack under his desk, and made my way through the maze of picturesque old streets to St. Michael's. The tower is 460 feet in height, and you have to mount hundreds of stairs, the last flight, quite open to the sky, running in a spiral round the pillars of the belfry. Some weak heads turn back here; but if you continue, the view from the little

chamber at the top will reward you. A vast panorama meets the eye. Miles away into Hanover and Holstein, all the territory of Hamburg, across Mecklenburg, and down the broad river well-nigh to the sea, sixty miles distant. The city itself is an interesting sight: the contrast between the old and new so great; the bustle on the Elbe and in the streets; the numerous canals, basins, dams, and havens; the planted walks, all enclosed by green and undulating environs, make up a picture that you will be reluctant to leave. Some of the windows of the little chamber are fitted with glass of different colours, so that at pleasure you may look out on a fairy scene below. The charge for the ascent is one mark.

Afterwards, when perambulating the streets, you will discover that Hamburg is a city not less interesting when viewed from the ground. The narrow streets, the old architecture, the variety of costumes, the curious ways of the traders, will arrest your attention at every step. And you will find much to commend in the building of the new quarter, and in the well-kept grounds and walks by the Exchange and around the Alster.

Seeing all this, I regretted that my stay would be but for a few hours: however, I improved those hours as diligently as possible. I walked out to Altona, and lived for an hour under the sovereignty of Denmark while looking at the old council-house and some other quaint specimens of architecture. Then turning in the opposite direction I rode out to Horn by omnibus; walked from thence across the heath and through the groves to Wansbeck, and rode back by a different road

—a little trip in which I saw much to admire in the pretty wayside residences of the Hamburgers, situate so pleasantly among gardens and trees, and the inmates taking their evening meal on the grass-plot in front.*

I kept up my explorations till the approach of midnight warned me that it was time to embark. The watch at the city-gate let me out on payment of the accustomed toll—twopence at ten o'clock, a shilling at eleven—and I groped my way along the quay to the steamer *Countess of Lonsdale*. When I woke the next morning the pilot was being landed at Glückstadt; and we steamed across the North Sea with no other incident than that of nearly running down a Flemish fishing-boat in broad daylight; and yet we had a man on the look-out. But for the quick eye of the captain—who was telling amusing stories about the German fleet to a party of us lounging around him on the quarter-deck—and his sudden “hard a-port!” the little vessel would have been cut in two. As it was, she escaped but by a few inches.

During the lazy leisure of a day at sea, I reckoned the sum of my journeyings and outlay. I had walked three hundred and fifty miles, and expended—up to Hamburg—fourteen pounds. The passage to London, with etceteras, including an unconscionable steward's-fee, amounted to nearly three pounds more.

A voyage of forty-eight hours brought us to London;

* There is something suggestive concerning the resources of different populations in the following table of depositors in savings banks: In Bohemia there is 1 depositor for every 64 of the population; in Berlin, 1 in 12; in Frankfort, 1 in 10; in Hamburg, 1 in 6; in Leipsic, 1 in 5; in Altona, 1 in 3.

and at four in the morning of the 1st of August we stepped on shore at St. Katherine's Wharf. It was a lovely morning: even London looked picturesque in the clear rosy light. The opportunity was favourable, and I took it for an hour's study of the busiest phenomena of Billingsgate. Then I walked awhile, and sat on a certain doorstep reading Goldsmith's *Traveller* till the maid came down, very early, at a quarter-past seven. Then I exchanged thick boots and a comfortable coat for the garb of Cockneydom. And then—sensations of liberty tingling yet in every limb, and swarming with happy recollections through my brain—I went and crept once more into the old official harness.

Harness in which I earn glorious holidays.



I N D E X.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p style="text-align: center;">A.</p> <p>Adersbach, 228 Agnetendorf, 213 Alt, 59 Altenburg, 16, 25 Altendorf, 23, 227 Altona, 299 Amselgrund, the, 293 Aschaffenburg, 3 Auersberg, the, 50 Aussig, 167</p> <p style="text-align: center;">B.</p> <p>Bamberg, 14 Bastei, the, 292 Beer, 49 Berlin, 296 Bernsdorf, 226 Berthelsdorf, 273 Bober, the, 226 Bohemia, Geology of, 147, 238 Bohemian Frontier, 55 Böhme, Jacob, 265 Bread and Semmel, 73 Breslau, 220 Buchau, 81 Buchwald, 246, 248</p> <p style="text-align: center;">C.</p> <p>Carlsbad, 59 Carpathians, the, 220 Costumes, 20, 41, 44 Czechs, the, 57, 98, 102, 120, 204</p> | <p style="text-align: center;">D.</p> <p>Dittersbach, 247 Dreikreuzberg, 70 Dresden, 291</p> <p style="text-align: center;">E.</p> <p>Ebersdorf, 31 Eckersbach, 33 Elbe, the, 166 ——— Source of, 208 ; fall of, 209 Elterlein, 30 Engelhaus, 76 Erdmannsdorf, 249 Erzgebirge, 17, 43, 50, 55 Eybenstock, 48</p> <p style="text-align: center;">F.</p> <p>Fischbach, 250 Flinsberg, 261 Frankfort, 1</p> <p style="text-align: center;">G.</p> <p>Gabel, 192 Geese, 86 Gersdorf, 172 Glass-workers, 179, 192 Glückstadt, 300 Görlitz, 265 Greifenberg, 264 Grenzbäuden, 223 Grünheid, 196</p> <p style="text-align: center;">H.</p> <p>Hamburg, 298</p> |
|--|--|

Hanau, 3
 Hartenstein, ruin, 88
 Hayda, 192
 Herniskretschen, 294
 Herrnhut, 269
 Heuscheuer, the, 220
 Hildburghausens, 25
 Hirschberg, 262,
 Hirschenstand, 56
 Hirschsprung, the, 73
 Hohenstaufens, 25
 Hohensteiner Bad, 41
 Holstein, 299
 Horn, 299
 Horosedl, 99
 Hradschin, the, 126, 130

I.

Iser, the, 203
 Isergebirge, the, 220, 261

J.

Jeschken, the, 196
 Jews, 107, 131
 Johannisbad, 261
 Judenstadt, 132

K.

Kirnitschthal, the, 293
 Knieholz, 208
 Krkonosch Berg, 208
 Kruschowitz, 102
 Kunzendorf, 226
 Kunz von Kauffungen, 28, 37
 Kynast, the, 260

L.

Landskrone, the, 265
 Lauban, 264
 Liebau, 245
 Liebkowitz, 89
 Liebwerda, 261
 Lobositz, 158
 Loebau, 268
 Lohr, 4
 Lubenz, 89
 Luther, 24, 27, 39

M.

Mädelstein, 215
 Magdeburg, 297
 Markersdorf, 171
 Mecklenburg, 298
 Meistersdorf, 172
 Milleschauer, the, 158
 Mineral Springs, 40, 41, 62, 258,
 261
 Mittagstein, 216
 Mittelgebirge, the, 158
 Morchenstern, 196
 Mulde, the, 33
 Music, 47, 153, 155, 167, 235

N.

Neudeck, 58
 Neudorf, 196
 Neustädt, 47
 Neu Straschitz, 102
 Newspapers, 51
 Niederkainsdorf, 40

O.

Oberhaselau, 42
 Oberkainsdorf, 40

P.

Planitz, 40
 Polenzthal, the, 293
 Prague, 114
 Prebischthor, the, 293
 Princes' Oaks, 17
 Prinzenhöhle, 23
 Prinzenraub, 18, 28, 35
 Przychowitz, 198

R.

Railways, 295
 Raudnitz, 158
 Reichenberg, 194
 Reinowitz, 196
 Rentsch, 102
 Riesengebirge, 213
 Rochlitz, 205
 Rock-labyrinth, 229
 Rübezahl, 207

S.

Saal, the, 4
 Saxon Switzerland, 292
 Schandau, 293
 Schatzlar, 226
 Schlag, 196
 Schmiedeberg, 247
 Schneeberg, 45
 Schneeegruben, 211
 Schneekoppe, 215
 Schömberg, 243
 Schools, 53, 170, 172
 Schreckenstein, the, 167
 Schwanhildis, Princess, 39
 Schwarzkoppe, 223
 Simplon, the, of Prussia, 246
 Spessart, Forest of, 4
 Spiller, 263
 Spindlerbaude, 215
 Sprudel, the, 66
 Spürlingstein, the, 168
 Steinschönau, 191
 Stein Wine, 5
 Stephanshöh, 201
 St. Killian, 13
 Stohnsdorf, 254
 Synagogue, the, 136

T.

Tandelmarkt, the, 131
 Tannwald, 197

Taunus Mountains, 3
 Tetschen, 169
 Theresienstadt, 158
 Triller, the, 32, 34, 37

U.

Ueberschar Hills, 244
 Ullersdorf, 244
 Ulrichsthal, 173
 Uttewalde Grund, 292

W.

Wansbeck, 299
 Warmbrunn, 256
 Weckelsdorf, 241
 Wehlen, 292
 Weisskirchen, 193
 Wends, the, 19, 22, 39
 White Hill, the, 111
 Wildenthal, 49
 Wilhelmsbad, 3
 Willenz, 90
 Winterberg, Great and Little,
 293
 Wittenberg, 298
 Würzburg, 4

Z.

Zillerthal, 253
 Zwickau, 33

THE END.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.



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